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Old Man waited a long time for the wolf to come back, 539 and then went to look for him. He asked all the birds he met if they had seen him, but they all said they had not.

At last he saw a kingfisher, who was sitting on a limb overhanging the water. "Why do you sit there, my young brother?" said Old Man. "Because," replied the kingfisher, "the Chief Bear and his brothers have killed your wolf; they have eaten the meat and thrown the fat into the river, and whenever I see a piece come floating along, I fly down and get it." Then said Old Man, "Do the Bear Chief and his brothers often come out? and where do they live?" "They come out every morning to play," said the kingfisher; "and they live upon that island."

Old Man went up there and saw their tracks on the sand, where they had been playing, and he turned himself into a rotten tree. By and by the bears came out, and when they saw the tree, the Chief Bear said: "Look at that rotten tree. It is Old Man. Go, brothers, and see if it is not." So the two brothers went over to the tree, and clawed it; and they said, "No, brother, it is only a tree." Then the Chief Bear went over and clawed and bit the tree, and although it hurt Old Man, he never moved. Then the Bear Chief was sure it was only a tree, and he began to play with his brothers. Now while they were playing, and all were on their backs, Old Man leaned over and shot an arrow into each one of them; and they cried out loudly and ran back on the island. Then Old Man changed into himself, and walked down along the river. Pretty soon he saw a frog jumping along, and every time it jumped it would say, "*Ni'-nah O-kyai'-yu!*" And sometimes it would stop and [533] sing: —

"*Ni'-nah*	*O-kyai'-yu!*	*Ni'-nah*	*O-kyai'-yu!*
Chief	Bear!	Chief	Bear!
Nap'-i	*I-nit'-si-wah*	*Ni'-nah*	*O-kyai'-yu!*"
Old Man	kill him	Chief	Bear!

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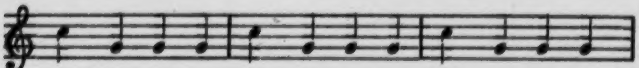
my power, and I gave it to him, and he gave me this necklace. It is very heavy and pulled me down. That is why I fell into the creek." 539

Then the people began to shout and talk again, some saying to kill the bird, and some not, when Old Man shouted out: "Wait, listen to me. What's the use of quarrelling or killing anybody? Let us go back, and I will doctor the child alive."

Good words. The people were glad. So they went back, and got ready for the doctoring. First, Old Man ordered a large fire built in the lodge where the dead girl was lying. Two old men were placed at the back of the lodge, facing each other. They had spears, which they held above their heads and were to thrust back and forth at each other in time to the singing. Near the door-way were placed two old women, facing each other. Each one held a *puk'-sah-tchis*,[1] — a maul, — with which she was to beat time to the singing. The other seats in the lodge were taken by people who were to sing. Now Old Man hung a big roll of belly fat close over the fire, so that the hot grease began to drip, and everything was ready, and the singing began. This [533] was Old Man's song: —


Ahk-sa'-kē-wah, Ahk-sa'-kē-wah, Ahk-sa'-kē-wah, etc.
I don't care, I don't care, I don't care.

And so they sung for a long time, the old men jabbing their spears at each other, and the old women pretending to hit each other with their mauls.

After a while they rested, and Old Man said: "Now I want every one to shut their eyes. No one can look. I am going to begin the real doctoring." So the people shut

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[1] A round or oblong stone, to which a handle was bound by rawhide thongs, used for breaking marrow bones, etc. [412]

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105 wheel reached the log at the opposite end of the track, and
512 points were counted according as the arrow passed between
525 the spokes, or when the wheel, stopped by the log, was in contact with the arrow, the position and nearness of the different beads to the arrow representing a certain number of points. The player who first scored ten points won. It was a very difficult game, and one had to be very skilful to win.

Another popular game was what with more southern tribes is called "hands"; it is like "Button, button, who's got the button?" Two small, oblong bones were used, one of which had a black ring around it. Those who participated in this game, numbering from two to a dozen, were divided into two equal parties, ranged on either side of the lodge. Wagers were made, each person betting with the one directly opposite him. Then a man took the bones, and, by skilfully moving his hands and changing the objects from one to the other, sought to make it impossible for the person opposite him to decide which hand held the marked one. Ten points were the game, counted by sticks, and the side
[533] which first got the number took the stakes. A song always accompanied this game, a weird, unearthly air,—if it can be so called,—but when heard at a little distance, very pleasant and soothing. At first a scarcely audible murmur, like the gentle soughing of an evening breeze, it gradually increased in volume and reached a very high pitch, sank quickly to a low bass sound, rose and fell, and gradually died away, to be again repeated. The person concealing the bones swayed his body, arms, and hands in time to the air, and went through all manner of graceful and intricate movements for the purpose of confusing the guesser. The stakes were sometimes very high, two or three horses or more, and men have been known to lose everything they possessed, even to their clothing.

000 The children, at least the boys, played about and did as

The children, at least the boys, played about and did as 105
they pleased. Not so with the girls. Their duties began 512
at a very early age. They carried wood and water for their 857
mothers, sewed moccasins, and as soon as they were strong 562
enough, were taught to tan robes and furs, make lodges,
travois, and do all other woman's — and so menial — work. 868
The boys played at mimic warfare, hunted around in the [462]
brush with their bows and arrows, made mud images of animals, and in summer spent about half their time in the water. In winter, they spun tops on the ice, slid down hill on a contrivance made of buffalo ribs, and hunted rabbits.

Shortly after noon, the hunters began to return, bringing 105
in deer, antelope, buffalo, elk, occasionally bear, and, some- 512
times, beaver which they had trapped. The camp began to [224]
be more lively. In all directions persons could be heard shouting out invitations to feasts. Here a man was lying back on his couch singing and drumming; there a group of young men were holding a war dance; everywhere the people were eating, singing, talking, and joking. As the light faded from the western sky and darkness spread over
the camp, the noise and laughter increased. In many [535]
lodges, the people held social dances, the women, dressed in [533]
their best gowns, ranged on one side, the men on the other; all sung, and three or four drummers furnished an accompaniment; the music was lively if somewhat jerky. At intervals the people rose and danced, the "step" being a bending of the knees and swinging of the body, the women holding their arms and hands in various graceful positions.

With the night came the rehearsal of the wondrous doings 105
of the gods. These tales may not be told in the daytime. 512
Old Man would not like that, and would cause any one who 537
narrated them while it was light to become blind. All 538
Indians are natural orators, but some far exceed others in [784]
their powers of expression. Their attitudes, gestures, and signs are so suggestive that they alone would enable one to

766 that he might have plenty to ride on his journey to the
768 Sand Hills, and to use after arriving there. If a man had a
[775] favorite horse, he might order it to be killed at his grave, and
his order was always carried out. In ancient times, it is
said, dogs were killed at the grave.

765 Women mourn for deceased relations by cutting their hair
562 short. For the loss of a husband or son (but not a daughter),
they not only cut their hair, but often take off one or more
joints of their fingers, and always scarify the calves of their
legs. Besides this, for a month or so, they daily repair to
some place near camp, generally a hill or little rise of ground,
and there cry and lament, calling the name of the deceased
● [533] over and over again. This may be called a chant or song,
[152] for there is a certain tune to it. It is in a minor key and
very doleful. Any one hearing it for the first time, even
though wholly unacquainted with Indian customs, would at
once know that it was a mourning song, or at least was the
utterance of one in deep distress. There is no fixed period
for the length of time one must mourn. Some keep up this
daily lament for a few weeks only, and others much longer.
I once came across an old wrinkled woman, who was
crouched in the sage brush, crying and lamenting for some
one, as if her heart would break. On inquiring if any one
had lately died, I was told she was mourning for a son she
had lost more than twenty years before.

Men mourn by cutting a little of their hair, going without leggings, and for the loss of a son, sometimes scarify their legs. This last, however, is never done for the loss of a wife, daughter, or any relative except a son.

551 Many Blackfeet change their names every season. When-
[553] ever a Blackfoot counts a new *coup*, he is entitled to a new
name. A Blackfoot will never tell his name if he can avoid
it. He believes that if he should speak his name, he would
be unfortunate in all his undertakings.

415 These buckets were shaped somewhat like our wooden ones, and were of different sizes, some of them holding four or five gallons. They were more or less flexible, and when carried in a pack, they could be flattened down like a crush hat, and so took up but little room. If set on the ground when full, they would stand up for a while, but as they soon softened and fell down, they were usually hung up by the bail on a little tripod. Cups were made in the same way as buckets, but on a smaller scale and without the bail. Of course, nothing hot could be placed in these vessels.

415 It is doubtful if the Blackfeet ever made any pottery
324 or basket ware. They, however, made bowls and kettles of
[323] stone. There is an ancient children's song which consists of
[285] a series of questions asked an elk, and its replies to the same.
●[533] In one place, the questioner sings, "Elk, what is your bowl
[539] (or dish)?" and the elk answers, "*Ok-wi-tok-so-ka*," stone
[252] bowl. On this point, Wolf Calf, a very old man, states that in early days the Blackfeet sometimes boiled their meat in a stone bowl made out of a hard clayey rock.[1] Choosing a fragment of the right size and shape, they would pound it with another heavier rock, dealing light blows until a hollow had been made in the top. This hollow was made deeper by pounding and grinding; and when it was deep enough, they put water in it, and set it on the fire, and the water would boil. These pots were strong and would last a long
[171] time. I do not remember that any other tribe of Plains Indians made such stone bowls or mortars, though, of course, they were commonly made, and in singular perfection, by the Pacific Coast tribes; and I have known of rare cases in which basalt mortars and small soapstone ollas have been found on the central plateau of the continent in southern Wyoming. These articles, however, had no doubt been obtained by trade from Western tribes.

415 Serviceable ladles and spoons were made of wood and of

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[237] [1] See The Blackfoot Genesis, p. 141.

covered with juniper twigs and long grass. The skin of a 223 wolf, coyote, or fox, is stuffed with grass, and made to look as natural as possible. A hole is cut in the wolf skin and a rope is passed through it, one end being tied to a large piece of meat which lies by the skin, and the other passing through the roof down into the pit. The bait is now covered with grass, and the man returns to his lodge for the night.

During the night, he sings his eagle songs and burns [782] sweet grass for the eagles, rubbing the smoke over his own body to purify himself, so that on the morrow he will give [533] out no scent. Before day he leaves his lodge without eat- [783] ing or drinking, goes to the pit and lies down in it. He uncovers the bait, arranges the roof, and sits there all day holding the rope. Crows and other birds alight by the bait and peck at it, but he pays no attention to them.

The eagle, sailing about high in air, sees the bait, and settles down slowly. It takes it a long time to make up its mind to come to the bait. In the pit, the man can hear the sound of the eagle coming. When the bird settles on the ground, it does not alight on the bait, but at one side of it, striking the ground with a thud—heavily. The man never mistakes anything else for that sound. The eagle walks toward the bait, and all the other birds fly away. It walks on to the roof; and, through the crevices that have been left between the sticks, the man can see in which direction the bird's head is. He carefully pushes the stick aside and, reaching out, grasps the eagle by the two feet. The bird does not struggle much. It is drawn down into the pit, and the man wrings its neck. Then the opening is closed, and the roof arranged as before. So the man waits and catches the eagles that come through the day. Sometimes he sits all day and gets nothing; again he may get eight or ten in a day.

When darkness comes, the man leaves his hiding-place, [782]

Just before a war party sets out, its members get together 721
and sing the "peeling a stick song," which is a wolf song. [533]
Then they build a sweat lodge and go into it, and with
them goes in an old man, a medicine-pipe man, who has [756]
been a good warrior. They fill the pipe and ask him to [782]
pray for them, that they may have good luck, and may accomplish what they desire. The medicine-pipe man prays [304]
and sings and pours water on the hot stones, and the war- [782]
riors with their knives slice bits of skin and flesh from their bodies, — their arms and breasts and sometimes from the tip of the tongue, — which they offer to the Sun. Then, after the ceremony is over, all dripping with perspiration from their vapor bath, the men go down to the river and plunge in.

In starting out, a war party often marches in the daytime, 721
but sometimes they travel at night from the beginning. 484
Often they may make an all night march across a wide prairie, in passing over which they might be seen if they
travelled in the day. They journey on foot, always. The [724]
older men carry their arms, while the boys bear the moccasins, the ropes, and the food, which usually consists of dried meat or pemmican. They carry also coats and blankets and their war bonnets and otter skin medicine. The leader has but little physical labor to perform. His mind is occupied in planning the movements of his party. He is treated with the greatest respect. The others mend his moccasins, and give him the best of the food which they carry.

After they get away from the main camp, the leader selects the strongest of the young men, and sends him ahead to some designated butte, saying, "Go to that place, and look carefully over the country, and if you see nothing, make signals to us to come on." This scout goes on ahead, travelling in the ravines and coulées, and keeps himself well hidden. After he has reconnoitred and made signs that he sees nothing, the party proceeds straight toward him.

The party usually starts early in the morning and travels

given in the earlier pages of this book, many of the attributes 825
of the different animals are clearly set forth. 778

There were various powers and signs connected with these
animals so held in high esteem by the Blackfeet, to which 825
the people gave strict heed. Thus the raven has the power 787
of giving people far sight. It was also useful in another way. 778
Often, in going to war, a man would get a raven's skin and stuff the head and neck, and tie it to the hair of the head behind. If a man wearing such a skin got near the enemy without knowing it, the skin would give him warning by tapping him on the back of the head with its bill. Then he would know that the enemy was near, and would hide. If a raven flew over a lodge, or a number of lodges, and cried, and then was joined by other ravens, all flying over the camp and crying, it was a sure sign that during the day some one would come and tell the news from far off. The ravens often told the people that game was near, calling to the hunter and then flying a little way, and then coming back, and again calling and flying toward the game.

The wolves are the people's great friends; they travel with the wolves. If, as they are travelling along, they pass close to some wolves, these will bark at the people, talking to them. Some man will call to them, "No, I will not give you my body to eat, but I will give you the body of some one else, if you will go along with us." This applies both to wolves and coyotes. If a man goes away from the camp at night, and meets a coyote, and it barks at him, he goes back to the camp, and says to the people: "Look out now; be smart. A coyote barked at me to-night." Then the people look out, and are careful, for it is a sure sign that something bad is going to happen. Perhaps some one will be shot; perhaps the enemy will charge the camp.

If a person is hungry and sings a wolf song, he is likely to 789
find food. Men going on a hunting trip sing these songs, 533 ●
which bring them good luck.
825
777

825 778 The bear has very powerful medicine. Sometimes he takes pity on people and helps them, as in the story of Mik'-api.[A]

821 789 ● [533] Some Piegans, if they wish to travel on a certain day, have the power of insuring good weather on that day. It is supposed that they do this by singing a powerful song. Some of the enemy can cause bad weather, when they want to steal into the camp.

People who belonged to the *Sin'-o-pah* band of the *I-kun-uh'-kah-tsi*, if they were at war in summer and wanted a storm to come up, would take some dirt and water and rub it on the kit-fox skin, and this would cause a rain-storm to come up. In winter, snow and dirt would be rubbed on the skin and this would bring up a snow-storm.

778 782 Certain places and inanimate objects are also greatly reverenced by the Blackfeet, and presents are made to them.

823 [115] [776] The smallest of the three buttes of the Sweet Grass Hills is regarded as sacred. "All the Indians are afraid to go there," Four Bears once told me. Presents are sometimes thrown into the Missouri River, though these are not offerings made directly to the stream, but are given to the Under Water People, who live in it.

Mention has already been made of the buffalo rock, which gives its owner the power to call the buffalo.

Another sacred object is the medicine rock of the Marias. It is a huge boulder of reddish sandstone, two-thirds the way up a steep hill on the north bank of the Marias River, about five miles from Fort Conrad. Formerly, this rock rested on the top of the bluff, but, as the soil about it is worn away by the wind and the rain, it is slowly moving down the hill. The Indians believe it to be alive, and make presents to it. When I first visited it, the ground about it was strewn with decaying remnants of offerings that had been made to it in the past. Among these I noticed, besides fragments of clothing, eagle feathers, a steel finger

[A] [See Category 116, pp. 61-69--Analyst]

796 woman has a son or husband away at war, and is anxious
782 about him, or if she has a dangerously sick child, she may
make to the Sun a vow in the following words: —

"Listen, Sun. Pity me. You have seen my life. You know that I am pure. I have never committed adultery with any man. Now, therefore, I ask you to pity me. I will build you a lodge. Let my son survive. Bring him back to health, so that I may build this lodge for you."

The vow to build the Medicine Lodge is repeated in a loud voice, outside her lodge, so that all the people may hear it, and if any man can impeach the woman, he is obliged to speak out, in which case she could be punished according to the law. The Medicine Lodge is always built in summer, at the season of the ripening of the sarvis berries, and if, before this time, the person for whom the vow is made dies, the woman is not obliged to fulfil her vow. She is regarded with suspicion, and it is generally believed that she has been guilty of the crime she disavowed. As this cannot be proved, however, she is not punished.

796 When the time approaches for the building of the lodge, a suitable locality is selected, and all the people move to it, putting up their lodges in a circle about it. In the meantime, at least a hundred buffalo tongues have been collected, cut, and dried by the woman who may be called the Medicine Lodge woman. No one but she is allowed to take part in this work.

Before the tongues are cut and dried, they are laid in a
[782] pile in the medicine woman's lodge. She then gives a feast
to the old men, and one of them, noted for his honesty, and
well liked by all, repeats a very long prayer, asking in
substance that the coming Medicine Lodge may be acceptable
to the Sun, and that he will look with favor on the people,
and will give them good health, plenty of food, and success
● [533] in war. A hundred songs are then sung, each one different
from the others. The feast and singing of these songs lasts
a day and a half.

bed, clearing away the underbrush, weeds and grass and 249
leaves and sticks, raking the ground till the earth is thoroughly pulverized. Elk, deer, and mountain sheep droppings are collected, pounded fine, and mixed with the seed which is to be sown.

On the appointed day all the men gather at the bed. 249
Each one holds in his hand a short, sharp-pointed stick, with 796
which to make a hole in the ground. The men stand in a row extending across the bed. At a signal they make the holes in the ground, and drop in some seed, with some sacred
sarvis berries. The tobacco song is sung by the medicine [533]
men, all take a short step forward, make another hole, a foot in front of the last, and then drop in it some more seed. Another song is sung, another step taken, and seed is again planted; and this continues until the line of men has moved all the way across the bed, and the planting is completed.
The tobacco dance follows the planting. [535]

After the seed has been planted, they leave it and go off after the buffalo. While away during the summer, some important man — one of the medicine men who had taken part in the planting — announces to the people his purpose
to go back to look after the crop. He starts, and after he [782]
has reached the place, he builds a little fire in the bed, and offers a prayer for the crop, asking that it may survive and do well. Then he pulls up one of the plants, which he takes back with him and shows to the people, so that all may see how the crop is growing. He may thus visit the place three or four times in the course of the summer.

From time to time, while they are absent from the tobacco patch in summer, moving about after the buffalo, the men gather in some lodge to perform a special ceremony for the protection of the crop. Each man holds in his hand a little
stick. They sing and pray to the Sun and Old Man, asking [782]
that the grasshoppers and other insects may not eat their plants. At the end of each song they strike the ground with

249 their sticks, as if killing grasshoppers and worms. It has
796 sometimes happened that a young man has said that he does
not believe that these prayers and songs protect the plants,
that the Sun does not send messengers to destroy the worms.
To such a one a medicine man will say, "Well, you can go
to the place and see for yourself." The young man gets on
his horse and travels to the place. When he comes to the
edge of the patch and looks out on it, he sees many small
children at work there, killing worms. He has not believed
[761] in this before, but now he goes back convinced. Such a
young man does not live very long.

At length the season comes for gathering the crop, and, at a time appointed, all the camps begin to move back toward the tobacco patch, timing their marches so that all may reach it on the same day. When they get there, they camp near it, but no one visits it except the head man of the medicine men who took charge of the planting. This man goes to the bed, gathers a little of the plant, and returns to the camp.

249 A small boy, six or eight years old, is selected to carry
796 this plant to the centre of the circle. The man who gathered
852 the tobacco ties it to a little stick, and, under the tobacco, to
the stick he ties a baby's moccasin. The little boy carries
this stick to the centre of the camp, and stands it in the
ground in the middle of the circle, the old man accompanying
249 him and showing him where to put it. It is left there all
796 night. The next day there is a great feast, and the kettles
of food are all brought to the centre of the camp. The
●[533] people all gather there, and a prayer is made. Then they
sing the four songs which belong especially to this festival.
The first and fourth are merely airs without words; the
second has words, the purport of which is, "The sun goes
with us." The third song says, "Hear your children's prayer."
After the ceremony is over, every one is at liberty to go and
gather the tobacco. It is dried and put in sacks for use during
the year. The seed is collected for the next planting.

Crows who had taken a large band of horses from the 796
Piegans the day before. The ceremony was a very impres- 782
sive one, and prayers were offered not only for the success of 756
this war party, but also for the general good, as well as for
the welfare of special individuals, who were mentioned by
name. The concluding words of the general prayer were
as follows: "May all people have full life. Give to all
heavy bodies. Let the young people grow; increase their
flesh. Let all men, women, and children have full life.
Harden the bodies of the old people so that they may reach
great age."

In 1879, Mr. Schultz saw a sacred pipe unwrapped for the 756
benefit of a sick woman, and on various occasions since he 755
has been present at this ceremony. All accounts of what
takes place agree so closely with what I saw that I give only [115]
one of them. Mr. Schultz wrote me of the first occasion:
"When I entered the lodge, it was already well filled with
men who had been invited to participate in the ceremony.
The medicine man was aged and gray-headed, and his feeble
limbs could scarcely support his body. Between him and
his wife was the bundle which contained the medicine pipe,
as yet unwrapped, lying on a carefully folded buffalo robe.
Plates of food were placed before each guest, and after all
had finished eating, and a common pipe had been lighted to
be smoked around the circle, the ceremony began.

"With wooden tongs, the woman took a large coal from
the fire, and laid it on the ground in front of the sacred stem.
Then, while every one joined in singing a chant, a song of [533] ●
the buffalo (without words), she took a bunch of dried sweet
grass, and, raising and lowering her hand in time to the music,
finally placed the grass on the burning coals. As the thin [783]
column of perfumed smoke rose from the burning herb, both
she and the medicine man grasped handfuls of it and rubbed
it over their persons, to purify themselves before touching
the sacred roll. They also took each a small piece of some

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756 root from a little pouch, and ate it, signifying that they puri-
755 fied themselves without and within.

[783] "The man and woman now faced each other and again
began the buffalo song, keeping time by touching with the
756 clenched hands — the right and left alternately — the wrap-
755 pings of the pipe, occasionally making the sign for buffalo.
●533 Now, too, one could occasionally hear the word *Nai-ai'*[1] in
[201] the song. After singing this song for about ten minutes, it
was changed to the antelope song, and, instead of touching the roll with the clenched hands, which represented the heavy tread of buffalo, they closed the hands, leaving the index finger extended and the thumbs partly open, and in time to the music, as in the previous song, alternately touched the wrappers with the tips of the left and right forefinger, the motions being quick and firm, and occasionally brought the hands to the side of the head, making the sign for antelope, and at the same time uttering a loud '*Kuh,*' to represent the whistling or snorting of that animal.

"At the conclusion of this song, the woman put another bunch of sweet grass on a coal, and carefully undid the wrappings of the pipe, holding each one over the smoke to keep it pure. When the last wrapping was removed, the man gently grasped the stem and, every one beginning the pipe song, he raised and lowered it several times, shaking it as he did so, until every feather and bit of fur and scalp hung loose and could be plainly seen.

756 "At this moment the sick woman entered the lodge, and
755 with great difficulty, for she was very weak, walked over to
the medicine woman and knelt down before her. The
medicine woman then produced a small bag of red paint, and
painted a broad band across the sick woman's forehead, a
stripe down the nose, and a number of round dots on each
[782] cheek. Then picking up the pipe stem, which the man had
laid down, she held it up toward the sky and prayed, saying,

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[1] My shelter; my covering; my robe.

'Listen, Sun, pity us! Listen, Old Man, pity us! Above 756
People, pity us! Under Water People, pity us! Listen, 755
Sun! Listen, Sun! Let us survive, pity us! Let us sur- [782]
vive. Look down on our sick daughter this day. Pity her
and give her a complete life.' At the conclusion of this
short prayer, all the people uttered a loud *m-m-m-h*, signify-
ing that they took the words to their hearts. Every one now [533]
commenced the pipe song, and the medicine woman passed
the stem over different parts of the sick woman's body, afte
which she rose and left the lodge.

"The medicine man now took a common pipe which had [782]
been lighted, and blew four whiffs of smoke toward the sky,
four toward the ground, and four on the medicine pipe
stem, and prayed to the Sun, Old Man, and all medicine
animals, to pity the people and give them long life. The [533]
drums were then produced, the war song commenced, and
the old man, with a rattle in each hand, danced four times [535]
to the door-way and back. He stooped slightly, kept all his
limbs very rigid, extending his arms like one giving a
benediction, and danced in time to the drumming and
singing with quick, sudden steps. This is the medicine pipe
dance, which no one but a pipe-owner is allowed to perform.
Afterward, he picked up the pipe stem, and, holding it
aloft in front of him, went through the same performance.
At the conclusion of the dance, the pipe stem was passed [782]
from one to another of the guests, and each one in turn held
it aloft and repeated a short prayer. The man on my right
prayed for the health of his children, the one on my left for
success in a proposed war expedition. This concluded the
ceremony."

Disease among the Blackfeet is supposed to be caused by 753
evil spirits, usually the spirits or ghosts of enemies slain in 775
battle. These spirits are said to wander about at night, and
whenever opportunity offers, they shoot invisible arrows into
persons. These cause various internal troubles, such as

756 come and doctor him." Sometimes the fee may be several
759 horses, and sometimes a gun, saddle, or some article of
wearing-apparel. This fee pays only for one visit, but the
duration of the visit is seldom less than twelve hours, and
sometimes exceeds forty-eight. If, after the expiration of
the visit, the patient feels that he has been benefited, he
will probably send for the doctor again, but if, on the other
hand, he continues to grow worse, he is likely to send for
another. Not infrequently two or more doctors may be
[425] present at the same time, taking turns with the patient. In
early days, if a man fell sick, and remained so for three
weeks or a month, he had to start anew in life when he
recovered; for, unless very wealthy, all his possessions had
gone to pay doctor's fees. Often the last horse, and even
the lodge, weapons, and extra clothing were so parted with.
[178] Of late years, however, since the disappearance of the buffalo,
the doctors' fees are much more moderate.

The doctor is named *I-so-kin'-ŭh-kin*, a word difficult to
translate. The nearest English meaning of the word seems
[533] to be "heavy singer for the sick." As a rule all doctors sing
while endeavoring to work their cures, and, as helpers, a
[755] number of women are always present. Disease being caused
[753] by evil spirits, prayers, exhortations, and certain mysterious
methods must be observed to rid the patient of their
influence. No two doctors have the same methods or songs.
[757] Herbs are sometimes used, but not always. One of their
[278] medicines is a great yellow fungus which grows on the pine
trees. This is dried and powdered, and administered either
dry or in an infusion. It is a purgative. As a rule, these
doctors, while practising their rites, will not allow any one in
the lodge, except the immediate members of the sick man's
[115] family. Mr. Schultz, who on more than one occasion has
been present at a doctoring, gives the following account of
one of the performances.

755 "The patient was a man in the last stages of consumption.
756

177 monies in which visiting dignitaries were given an Indian name and adopted,
symbolically, into the Blackfeet tribe. If any family conducted a memorial service
527 for a deceased relative, or staged a give-away to honor visitors, he was called upon
[292 to be the crier. As crier he announced the import of the ceremony, led in chanting
547 the proper song, or cried out the occasion for the give-away and called out the
names of those to be honored with a gift.
764 In years past he had been employed by the Great Northern Railway as
574] an official greeter of tourists arriving by train at Glacier Park, and as an entertainer
at the inns within the Park where he and his friends staged Indian dances for the
177 tourists.

Buffalo Heart, with others of his peers, had a place on the Honorary Tribal
464 Council, and was given a small per diem for attendance at tribal council meetings.
He was often chosen to accompany council members on trips to Washington, D.C.
177 for the purpose of lobbying for or against proposed legislation which would affect
643 Indians. In his regalia he furnished a bit of Indian color, as well as advice, to the
proceedings.

Buffalo Heart and his fellow members of the Honorary Council felt that
177 they represented the voice of the full-blood portion of the tribe and took every
643 occasion to make long speeches in Blackfeet, urging harmony and trust, and asking
for more attention to the needs of the people. But people paid little attention to
537 the speeches; instead they talked, moved about, and impatiently filled in time until
the Honorary Councilmen had had their say. On several occasions councilmen told
the interpreter: "Tell him to make it short." The people in general felt some pride
in their old-timers, but mixed this with a feeling of impatience and bare tolerance
when the chiefs seemed to be taking themselves too seriously.

177 Buffalo Heart, and the others like him, usually lived among clusters of
full-bloods in the more run-down areas of town, in small outlying communities, or,
[361] in a few cases, in more remote areas of the reservation. Buffalo Heart lived in a
small two-room shack on Moccasin Flat, an area of shacks and cabins without
[362] sewer or water service, on the edge of Browning. The houses immediately surrounding
his were occupied by some of his kin—a married son and his family, two
married daughters and their families, and the family group of his brother.

The old man's home was the center for Indian gatherings. Here he and
[796] his friends conducted the religious rituals, bundle openings, and other ceremonies
they wished to celebrate. Those who were singers would gather here occasionally
[533] for a song service—a meeting where they would drum and sing old and new songs.
Buffalo Heart served as a tie to the old days, a source of information on lore and
[756] ritual, and an available medicine man for those who wished an Indian cure. The
younger members of his family might participate in these functions, but usually
just watched with a respectful air. As one family member said: "You join in even
if you don't believe—it's part of the old Indian ways."

Buffalo Heart, however, was more than a man of the past. He was a
[756 medicine man and conducted curing ceremonies, yet he and those whom he had
754 cured more often availed themselves of the services of the local doctors and hospital.
771] Buffalo Heart was known as a Catholic and attended church occasionally,
yet he was also considered to be a repository for, and a leader in, the present-day

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 4]

524 for playing the stick game as well as pool and cards was a regular gathering place
for the people of Heart Butte until it burned down a few years ago. The weekly
stick games have moved to a new location on Badger Creek.

177 The horse races attract some white-oriented horse fans, but the majority
of the crowd is Indian-oriented. Races are occasions for Indian rivalry and above
541 all to enjoy each other's company. The stick games have a regular but more limited
177 following and with few exceptions, players and observers are Indian-oriented.

524 Song services are meetings of the singing groups and serve both as practice
sessions and as forms of social gathering for the people involved. The sessions are
533 usually held in the home of one of the singers, a relative, or a friend. A few kinsmen
and friends—young and old, men and women—attend and the evening is
spent in singing and drumming old and new songs. The sessions break up at the
discretion of the singers and may be followed by a late supper.

788 Bundle openings and curing ceremonies (according to informant and
newspaper reports) are religious rituals to which guests are invited. The reports
755 indicate that those in attendance are always people of Indian-orientation. Some
[177] are believers and others are sympathetic but noncommitted members of the participants'
families. The activities on these occasions are determined by the ritual of
the particular bundle or cure, but involve singing, drumming, prayers and some
788 dancing by selected participants. The owner of the bundle regularly paints the
778 faces of those in attendance as a mark of prayer for their well being. Bundle opening
[302] ceremonies are followed by a feast. One such ceremony held at Starr School
[782] was described by one of the neighbors:

> 788 The beaver dance given by Jim White Calf was held at the home of Jim and
> Amy Whitegrass despite the terrific storm and sudden cold. There were many
> 778 people from Browning out to see this rare dance, that has long been forgotten.
> Among those attending were Mr. and Mrs. Fish Wolf Robe, Mr. and Mrs. Charlie
> 535 Horn, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Many Guns and Mary Ground besides the many people
> of our community. The dance began with the rythmic [sic] beating on hides to
> certain songs. The bundle was opened by Jim White Calf and Maggie Many Hides.
> The bundle consists of many skins of useful animals and small birds that are of
> help to the owner. The beaver for "energy," the otter for "speed," the ermine for
> "beauty," the swan for "grace" and the little birds for their endurance of the
> cold in the winter. The people were then painted and eight danced in a most
> graceful manner. Maggie Many Hides, Mary Ground, Isabelle, Cecile Horn, Mrs.
> Fish, Annie Old Person, Mrs. Tom Many Guns all danced like beavers with
> [574] sticks in their mouths and hands. The usual meal was served after a monstrous
> [262] amount of energy was put into the dancing and singing. A delicious berry soup,
> boiled meat, fried bread and a dessert were consumed by everyone. At the end of
> the dance one certain lady gets up and dances with little small deer hooves and
> punches a man in the crowd and it goes on until everyone is dancing. It was a
> most enjoyable occasion for a grand time was had by all (*Glacier Reporter*,
> October 12, 1961:6).

This "dance" was "long forgotten" by the reporter and others in the community
but not by the bundle-owner and the named participants, several of whom owned
788 or had owned bundles themselves. Here was a gathering of Indian-oriented people
conducting an Indian ceremony. Some undoubtedly experienced the deep religious
781 experience of a beaver bundle opening, others had a "grand time" at a "most

[ca. 1700]

to each other. The buffalo had to cross these poles to enter the corral. 224
The poles were covered with manure and water, which froze and
became slippery so that once the buffalo were in the corral they 417
couldn't escape by climbing back up the hill. 322

Before the drive began a beaver bundle owner removed the sacred
buffalo stones from his bundle and prayed. He sang a song, "Give me 224
one buffalo or more. Help me to fall the buffalo." [782]

Then men of the camp [probably swift-footed, long-winded young [533]
fellows] were sent out to get behind a herd of buffalo and drive it
toward the corral. Another man stood at the top of the hill and gave a signal to the women and children, who were hiding behind the brush piles, that the buffalo were coming. As the animals passed them on their way down the slope the women and children ran out of their hiding places.

Once inside the corral the buffalo were killed by men and boys stationed around the outside of the stout fence. Then the camp chief went into the corral to take charge of the butchering and the division
of the meat. While butchering, the people ate buffalo liver, kidneys, [262]
and slices of brisket raw. Two young men took choice pieces of liver,
kidneys, liver, brisket, tripe, and manifold to the beaver bundle owner who had remained in his lodge during the slaughter, but whose power had brought success in the hunt. Each man who killed a buffalo was given its hide and ribs. The slaughtered animals were cut into quarters which were divided among the families in the camp. Each family, whether it was large or small, received an equal share.[10] » » »

Driving buffalo into a corral was no easy task. Sometimes these animals were not to be found within miles of the clever trap. At other times shifting winds brought the scent of people ahead, or some unusual sound or movement frightened the buffalo away from the funnel-like chute and left the corral empty. Blackfoot legends and early descriptions of buffalo pounding by neighboring tribes tell of repeated failures to get the big beasts into the trap. Yet the success or failure of their early winter corraling of buffalo was of vital importance to the Blackfeet in dog days. If many buffalo were taken it meant both a plentiful supply of

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[10] John C. Ewers, "The Last Bison Drives of the Blackfoot Indians," *Journal Washington Academy of Sciences*, Vol. XXXIX, No. 11 (1949), 359-60.

[ca. 1850]

796 was a crude skin doll containing tobacco seeds and a weasel skin
stuffed with human hair. A flint arrowpoint hung from the doll's
778 head. The Blackfoot Indians believed this peculiar bonnet and
292 the elk garments had been given to a beaver medicine man long
ago by a bull elk. The elk, in turn, had received them as presents
796 from another elk who had run off with his wife. The primary
costume accessory was a sacred digging stick similar in form to
778 the ones commonly used by Blackfoot women for unearthing
293 prairie turnips. Another legend tells of the origin of this religious
symbol. A woman married the Morning Star and went to
live with him in the lodge of his father, the Sun. One day the
woman used this tool to uproot a sacred turnip. She looked down
through the turnip hole, saw her own people on earth, and became
homesick. Morning Star then permitted her to descend to
earth through the turnip hole.

796 One by one the long series of songs recited the mythological
[778] origin of each object in the bundle. After the medicine woman
was outfitted, her husband's body and face were painted black
[533] with charcoal, a half-moon was painted on his breast and a circular
[302] sun on his back, and lines representing sun dogs were made
on his cheeks, chin, and forehead.

796 During this ceremony in the medicine woman's lodge an altar
was constructed near the lodge door by stripping off the sod in
778 an area about three feet square, covering it with a thin layer
532 of light-colored earth, and executing a symbolic dry-color painting
on this prepared surface. A central circle (Sun) was flanked
by representations of two sun dogs (Sun's face painting), a crescent
moon (Sun's wife), and a disc (Morning Star, their son).
Before the medicine woman's party left her lodge, this altar was
destroyed, symbolizing the obliteration of the scar on the face
[773] of the legendary Blackfoot hero, Scar Face. In the Scar Face
myth his face was healed during his visit to the Sun.[10]

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[10] The fact that three legends—the Beaver Medicine, the Woman Who Married a Star, and Scar Face—are required for the symbolism of the Sun Dance is further indication of the composite character of this ritual. Clark Wissler, "The Sun Dance of the Blackfoot Indians," American Museum of Natural History *Anthropological Papers*, Vol. XVI, Part 3.

797 from Christian missionaries. In 1890 the census estimated that
"5 per cent of these Indians are Roman Catholics and the others
are sun worshipers."[19] Not until three years later was a perma-
nent Protestant mission established on the reservation. Then
Rev. and Mrs. Dutcher built a Methodist church on Willow
Creek near the boarding school.

177 Meanwhile, some of the agents charged with the difficult task
of reporting the Indians' progress toward civilization were not
657 satisfied with the results they could obtain by example and per-
suasion alone. They offered bribes or threatened punishments
in their efforts to destroy the symbols of the Indians' savage life
177 which were distasteful to them. Disregarding the time-honored
American principle of freedom of religion, they directed their
796 attack primarily against the Indians' tribal ceremonial, the sun
657 dance. In 1887 Agent Baldwin ordered members of the Indian
Police not to participate in or to encourage this ceremony. He
exacted a pledge of each Indian who received a brood mare from
the government that he would take no part in the sun dance.
Consequently, there was no sun dance the following summer.[20]
177 Major Baldwin also pointed with pride to the fact that he had
required all members of the Indian Police to cut their hair and
657 to "abstain from the objectionable habit of painting their faces."[21]
[302] Friends of the Indians prevailed upon Washington officials to
remove this hostile agent.

[796] Yet, six years later, Captain Lorenzo Cook, another strict dis-
ciplinarian, ordered two sun dance lodges used in previous years
to be torn down and the timbers used for erecting branding cor-
● [533] rals. He prohibited not only the sun dance but "Indian mourning,
[765] beating the tom-tom, gambling, and wearing Indian costumes"
[525] as well. And he tried to discourage "less pernicious practices such
as horse racing." Captain Cook even asked the traders not to
[291] stock the paints Indians used for painting their faces.[22] Short
[541]

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[19] *Report of Indians Taxed and Not Taxed,* U. S. Bureau of Census, 360.

[20] Reports of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, 1888, 151–52.

[21] Mark D. Baldwin to Commissioner of Indian Affairs, August 1, 1886, Indian Office Records.

[22] Reports of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, 1894, 159.

ORGANIZATION OF THE HORSE RAID

Members of Blackfoot raiding parties always were volunteers. [701]
Some young men were lazy, cowardly fellows who never joined these parties. [702] Some favored sons of wealthy families were discouraged from joining these expeditions. But the horse raid offered young men of poor parents their best opportunity for economic security and social advancement. [555] Consequently many of the most active raiders were poor fellows. Most participants in horse raids were young men in their upper teens and early twenties. On rare occasions men in their forties led these expeditions. Weasel Tail said he had no recollection of any man over 50 years of age participating in this activity. Most commonly raiding parties comprised from 4 to 12 men. Occasional expeditions of 50 or more members were reported, and daring thefts of enemy horses by a lone Blackfoot also occurred. But they were rare.[26]

The key figure in any Blackfoot horse-raiding party was the leader, an experienced man whose past successes inspired confidence in his ability to lead a group to the enemy, capture horses, and return without loss of party members. Often the leader himself organized a raiding party, inviting certain of his young friends to join him. At other times young men desirous of making up a party requested an acknowledged leader to lead it. It was common practice for members 726
of a horse-raiding party to drum on a piece of buffalo rawhide in
accompaniment to their war songs the night before setting out. 533 Other young men of the camp, upon hearing their performance and wishing to volunteer to accompany them, would join in the singing. There were many war songs appropriate for this occasion. A song especially liked by Weasel Tail had the words, "Girl I love don't worry about me. I'll be eating berries coming home." As the singers moved about camp, friends and relatives gave them presents of food and moccasins for their journey. The members might disperse to meet at a spot 726
agreed upon outside the camp and set out that night, or they might decide to wait until the following morning to get under way.[27]

PREPARATIONS

A war party might have been planned for several days or it might have been organized within a few hours. In either case it required majority of them tended to follow a definite pattern. The majority of war medicines consisted simply of a feather or bunch of feathers worn in the hair. Undoubtedly the lightness and compactness of feathers made them practical objects for carrying on long journeys afoot into enemy country. The data in the table also indicate the conservatism of the Blackfoot in placing their trust in tried and proved medicines obtained from successful elderly warriors in preference to originating new medicines. 714 778 [237]

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[26] The small horse-raiding party seems to have been preferred by the Upper Missouri tribes. Opler (1936, p. 209) stated that Jicarilla Apache horse-raiding expeditions seldom numbered more than 10 men. However, Comanche and Kiowa raids against Mexican settlements frequently were large-scale operations. [171]

[27] The custom of horse-raiding party members drumming and singing war songs before embarking on a raid has been reported as typical of the Kiowa, Comanche, Lemhi and Wind River Shoshoni, Nez Percé, and Crow (Lowie, 1915, pp. 811, 820; 1916, p. 851). [171]

TABLE 6.—*Some war medicines of Blackfoot warriors*

Owner	Tribe	Origin of medicine	Description
Weasel Tail	Blood	Own dream	Wolf cap and wolf robe. 714
Lazy Boy	Piegan	Three Suns	"He gave me an owl feather for my hair. Even if you hit me with gun fire you could not hurt me while I wore that plume." 778
		Tail Feathers	"He gave me a coyote skin painted red to wear around my neck. A coyote sees a long ways and never misses what he goes after." 237
		On-Lucky-Trail	"He gave me sacred paint for my face."
		Red Eagle	"He gave me a red paint from his medicine pipe bundle." 714
Rides-at-the-Door	do	White Quiver	"He gave me a plume from the Under Bull medicine pipe bundle to wear in my hair." 778
		Many-Tail-Feathers	"He gave me an eagle tail feather, with a metal ring attached representing the sun, and horse hair tied to the ring." 302
Iron	Blood	Moon	"He (my father) gave me a song given him in a dream, also an otter skin bandolier and a tuft of owl and prairie chicken feathers for my hair." 714
Scraping White	do	Striped Calf	"He (my father) gave me a song and the skin of a blackbird which I tied on my head. My father dreamed these medicines and used them himself on the war path." 778 237
White Quiver	Piegan	Under Bull	A plume from Under Bull's medicine pipe bundle. [533] ●
Bear Chief	do	do	Do.
Arrow Top	do	Striped Dog	A plume from the medicine pipe bundle of Striped Dog.
Heavy-Turns-Over	do	Little Dog	An owl head to be tied in the hair.
Jim Blood	do	Wolf-Crop-Ears	A plume worn in the hair.
Coat	do	Many-Tail-Feathers	A buffalo necklace with buffalo tail in center.
Duckling	Blood	Makes Fire	A coyote tail worn on the head.
Spotted Bull	do	(?)	A bunch of feathers, with brass tack decorated rawhide disk fastened to it, worn in the hair.
Middle Bull	do	A horse medicine man (name unknown).	A rawhide rope, short whip, and piece of white horse's mane worn as necklace.
Striped Calf	do	Head Robe	A skunkskin bandolier.
Little Dog	Piegan	Big Lake	A bunch of owl feathers worn in the hair. "When an enemy shoots a man wearing these feathers he will not hit him."
Double Gun	do	do	Bunch of owl feathers worn in the hair (obtained from his father, Big Lake).
Big Crow	do	Crow Flag	Two striped eagle feathers worn in back of his head, from Crow Flag, a North Blackfoot.
Sacred-Turning-Bull	N. Piegan	(?)	A buckskin shirt with round brass buttons ("moon disks") upon it. [292]
Three Eagles	do	Brings-Down-the-Sun	An owl's head.
Running Wolf	do	do	A necklace, consisting of a brass piece in moon shape with figure of horse incised on it and plumes hanging from ends. "He sprinkled water on it before going into an enemy camp to capture horses. In a short time clouds covered the moon, making it easier to take horses from the enemy." [301]

726 782 ● 533 Medicine songs also were intended to protect their possessors as well as to bring them luck in taking horses. Uhlenback (1911, pp. 66–67) mentioned three songs employed by the Piegan, Bear Chief. One, known as "the song of the horse-stealing" was actually a prayer to the sun, "Sun look at us, have pity on us, help us." Another, sung while in sight of the enemy camp, was intended to pacify the enemies' dogs, "In the night I am not seen, the dogs are my partners." A third song, rendered when the sound of enemy firing was heard, had the words, "The guns can see me, I can see the bullets, they are like birds, they curve."

726 Rides-at-the-Door explained the use of his own war medicine:

> 778 782 When I went to the enemy to steal horses I carried my war medicine in a small, cylindrical rawhide case. This medicine could never be put down. In a lodge it always had to be hung up. When my party got near the enemy camp, I made a little fire, took charcoal and sweetgrass and made a smudge. I sang the song given me with my medicine and prayed before donning my medicine plume. In my prayers I asked Sun for horses, to get away safely and not to have to return on foot. Sometimes I prayed to the sun, "See me. The rain is holy and the wind is holy." Then it was bound to blow, and the sleeping enemy would not hear us when we went into their camp and took their horses.

726 714 778 It was not uncommon for an inexperienced young man, doubtful of the potency of his own war medicine to "call a help" on an older man of the war party just prior to the rush for enemy horses. The more experienced man would give him a feather from his own medicine or other token of his own medicine power. A fearful young warrior might make a vow before the other men of his party to feast the owner of some powerful medicine bundle on his return home, should he pull [782] through safely. Vows to undergo self-torture at the next tribal Sun Dance were also made before entering the enemy camp to take horses (Ewers, 1948 b, pp. 167–168). These last-minute petitions for supernatural aid helped to bolster the wavering courage of inexperienced raiders.

Informants' testimony revealed the Blackfoot belief that reliance upon the protective power of war medicine was no justification for reckless exposure in battle. Lazy Boy cited the case of Calf Shield, whose power came from Big Lake, a noted Piegan chief. On the way to take horses from the Sioux, Calf Shield's entire party was wiped out. Although no one survived to tell of that action the Piegan generally claimed the party must have taken too great chances. "It was not the fault of the medicine or its giver if the recipient took too great a risk." Thus repeated losses of possessors of renowned war medicines in combat failed to shake Blackfoot faith in the power of these medicines. There were always a number of brave warriors able to testify to the potency of their medicines in preserving them from almost certain death on the warpath.

492 offensive tactic. It was a display of horsemanship, tremendously impressive in sham battles to entertain visiting white men, but recklessly ineffective under fire.[49] 726

POSTRAID CEREMONIES

727 The ceremonies following the return of a successful scalp raid also differed materially from those that followed the return of a party that had been successful in stealing enemy horses. In 1833, Maximilian (1906, vol. 23, p. 119) described the return of a Blackfoot war party with enemy scalps: 175 727

> *When the warriors come near their camp, after a battle, they sing; and one* rides or runs before, often in serpentine lines, backwards and forwards about the tents, holding up and shaking the scalp, and displaying it at a distance. If any one has taken a weapon, he displays it in the same manner, loudly proclaiming his name as having taken it. After a successful engagement, the men sing the song which they call aninay, that is "they are painted black." On these occasions, they assemble in the open air about their tents, with their faces painted black, and then sing, without the accompaniment of an instrument, nor are the scalps displayed. There are no words to this song, which consists only of the usual notes. 175 727 533

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[171] [49] George Catlin, who witnessed this tactic in a Comanche sham battle in 1834, left both a description and a drawing of it that helped to make this practice well known to his many readers (Catlin, 1841, vol. 2, pp. 65-66 and pl. 167). However, numerous other writers, both before and since Catlin's publication reported its wide use among the Plains Indians. In 1805, Larocque wrote of the Crow, "In their wheelings and evolutions they often are not seen, having one leg on the horse back and clasping the horse with their arms around his neck, on the side opposite to where the enemy is" (Larocque, 1910, p. 64); Lewis and Clark, that same year, noted Lemhi Shoshoni use of this tactic (Coues, 1893, vol. 2, p. 563). Leforge (Marquis, 1928, p. 92) cited an example of its use by the Teton Dakota; Hamilton mentioned its employment by the Cheyenne (Hamilton, 1905, p. 83); Wilson (1924, p. 154) by Hidatsa; Kendall (1844, pp. 212-214) by Kiowa; and Tixier (1940, p. 167) by Osage. Captain Marcy (1937, p. 156) confirmed Catlin's description of Comanche employment of this tactic. However, Tixier (1940, p. 268), whose information on the Comanche was derived from the experienced trader, Eduard Chouteau, wrote, "They knew better than the others how to hide behind their horse's body, but they scorn this method; they charge upon the enemy with their chest exposed and their arms outstretched, shouting a war cry."

The use of the horse as a shield was a trick riding act that greatly impressed white traders, explorers, and military men who saw it demonstrated by Indians at frontier forts or under peaceful conditions in Indian camps. The great majority of the writers who described this "war tactic" saw it employed only in sham battles, as had Catlin. William Hamilton (1905, p. 83), the old Indian fighter, said he had never seen this tactic employed in Indian warfare. My extensive readings in the literature on intertribal battles between Plains Indians, written by observers of these conflicts, have revealed just two descriptions of the employment of this tactic in actual warfare. Leforge (Marquis, 1928, p. 92) told of a fight between the Teton Dakota and Crow. As a prelude to the battle daring Crow and Teton riders took turns riding in this fashion at some distance from and parallel to the enemy line while their respective enemies vainly fired at them. It was an act of bravado on the part of these men that in no way affected the later course or outcome of the battle. [175] On November 21, 1834, the trader Zenas Leonard, witnessed a battle between the Crow and Blackfoot. The latter and numerically inferior force occupied a fortified position on the brow of a hill. Crow riders rode in single file along the top of the hill. As each rider approached the Blackfoot breastwork he fired, then threw himself on the side of his horse leaving only one leg exposed, until he rode out of range of enemy fire. The Blackfoot shot and killed so many of their horses and men that the Crow were forced to abandon this unsuccessful maneuver. They made a direct, frontal assault, took the enemy position, and killed every Blackfoot defender (Leonard, 1904, pp. 263-264).

171 541 necessary to infer such influence to explain the Indians' preference for long races. Endurance was a quality the Plains Indians required of their war and hunting horses. It should not seem strange that they expected the same attribute of their race horses. Consequently Plains Indian horse races were tests of the competing horses' endurance rather than their sprinting ability. As Ferris noted of Flathead horse races, they "generally terminate[d] in favor of bottom rather than speed" (Ferris, 1940, pp. 95–96).

HORSE SYMBOLISM IN INTERSOCIETY HOOP AND POLE GAMES

575 526 231 The series of competitions between rival Blackfoot men's societies during the Sun Dance encampment included hoop and pole games in which horse symbolism played a prominent role. One society challenged another by sending tobacco to its leader. If the challenged society feared the prowess of the other at this game their leader sent the tobacco back and the challengers presented it as a gift to the sun. If the tobacco was accepted the challenge was also.

[532] The game was played on a level stretch of ground about 30 feet long, across each end of which a log was placed at right angles to the length of the course. Before game time members of one society gathered around the log at one end of the course and sang their ceremonial songs. Men of the other society sang around the other log. Each society selected a member with a brilliant war record who was especially adept at this game to represent it.

[237] [822] The hoop used in intersociety contests was fashioned of the neck cord of a buffalo, burnt and shrunk to make it hard. It was about 3 inches in diameter, with 5 or more spokes and an open center. Each spoke was strung with a different color of large necklace beads. Each color represented a different-colored horse. A red bead symbolized a sorrel, white a white, black a black, copper a bay, yellow a buckskin, etc. The poles were of arrow form with metal heads and feathering, but considerably longer than the war or hunting arrow shot from a bow. On plate 13, *a*,A is shown a North Piegan hoop (3.2 inches in diameter) and two poles (34.2 inches long), collected in 1901 (cat. No. 69351, Chicago Mus. Nat. History). My Blood informant, Heavy Head, owned a similar set, made ca. 1907.

[782] The spectators, many of whom had bet on the outcome of the play, lined the sides of the course. They were silent as the two players stepped upon the course. Each competitor (usually one man represented each society, although by mutual agreement each society might enter two men) in turn raised his pole toward the sun and offered a short prayer in such words as, "See me. See this arrow. See how it is painted. That is how my arrow was painted when I killed a Crow. I shall shoot to win because what I say is true." Each con-

A [See category 526, p. 358-L--Analyst]

796 755 [276] stone bowl from the leader's bundle (pl. 16, *B*, *c*)[A]. Meanwhile the woman who had cut the tongues painted three stripes of red paint on the inside of a large kettle and placed the tongues in it, making two feints toward the kettle with the first handful of meat before dropping it in the kettle. Water was added and the kettle was placed on the stove to boil.

The leader then drew from his bundle a little rawhide cutout figure of a horse in profile, 6½ inches long (pl. 16, *B*, *a*)[A]. He placed it on the earth south of the rectangular altar. He gave his second assistant a red-painted rock about the size of a fist, which the man carried to the front door of the house, made two passes at the door frame, then hit it with a resounding rap with the rock, and returned to his place. Night Gun said this was a caution to the horse medicine men never to fall over or bump a rock.

796 755 782 533 There followed praying, singing, and drumming by the horse medicine men. This was the most prolonged portion of the ritual. First the leader offered a prayer to the spirit of the rawhide horse, then sang three of his ritual songs, accompanied by the beating of three drums held by himself and the two members of the cult nearest him on the left. When he had finished he passed his drum to the man on his left who in turn gave a prayer and sang three medicine songs owned by him. This combination of praying, drumming, and singing was continued until each cult member had performed individually. Then the entire cycle was continued twice more, until each member had sung his three songs three times. Night Gun said that if one of the singers was a new member who possessed only one song he was privileged to sing it three times each cycle. Meanwhile he tried to learn another song, which he might later purchase, by listening carefully to the others. The leader might loan a fellow member one of his songs for a particular ceremony, but it "went back to the bundle" when the ceremony ended. Men who had owned the same song as one being sung by another were permitted to join in the singing. The wives of some of the male singers also joined their husbands, singing softly from their stations near the center of the floor. The songs were wordless tunes in which the same stanzas were repeated many times. Some singers inserted a prayer between each song.

[574] [262] At the conclusion of this ritual[B] a meal was served to all persons present. It consisted of bread, crackers, boiled ribs, and coffee. It was then well past midnight. There followed a second session of singing, by the cult members, and after a brief rest, a third session. These were exact duplicates of the session described in detail above. In each of the three sessions each member sang three songs on each of three passings of the drums.

[A] [See category 778, p. 358-0--Analyst]

[B] [i.e., the ceremony of the horse medicine cult--Analyst]

789 of his party. Then they could chase buffalo without mishap, no matter how bad the footing.

224 A man who possessed horse medicine for use in catching wild horses rubbed it on his hands, feet, and rope. Then he circled the wild horse up wind so that the odor of the medicine would be carried to the nostrils of the wild one. When the wild horse smelled the medicine it came to him. He roped it by the front feet and threw it down. Only horse medicine men were said to have had success in capturing wild horses. Apparently few of them exercised this power.

789 To keep a horse that had a tendency to stray in its proper herd, one
who possessed horse medicine might neck it together with a gentle
231 horse, and rub horse medicine on its nose. After a time it was untied
and permitted to graze unfettered. "It would never stray again."

Lazy Boy mentioned one more use of horse medicine. If a horse medicine man became jealous of another Indian's fine horse he might employ his medicine to render that horse "no good for buffalo hunting, war or anything else."[illegible]

TABOOS RECOGNIZED BY HORSE MEDICINE MEN

756 Wallace Night Gun said that Wolf Calf had been warned in his
dreams of a number of actions he should avoid and which should be
784 avoided in his presence. These taboos have been recognized by Piegan
horse medicine men since Wolf Calf's time.

Ribbones or shinbones must not be broken in the horse medicine
[762] man's lodge or home. Any one who ignored this taboo would suffer
a broken leg or rib.

If anyone places a knife or other sharp object upright in the ground inside a lodge when a horse medicine man is present he will surely get a sliver in one of his feet or one of his horses will suffer a foot injury.

No child should play at riding a wooden stick horse in a lodge while a horse medicine man is present, or the child will suffer misfortune.

If a horse medicine man should go into any home and see a child carelessly throwing a feather around, he must tell him to stop it at once or the family will surely have bad luck.

756 For anyone to sing any of the horse dance songs or to imitate the
784 gestures of the horse dance except in their proper ceremonial context
would bring misfortune to him. The only exception to this rule ap-
● 533 plied to owners of medicine pipe bundles who had been given horse
medicine songs which could be sung in the medicine pipe ritual. The
Blackfoot considered some horse medicine songs very attractive.

[illegible] Wissler (1912 a, pp. 108-111) mentioned Blackfoot use of horse medicine to cure horses of the colic, revive exhausted horses, cause a horse to lose a horse race, capture enemy horses, catch wild horses and to hunt buffalo.

They were tempted to sing them for pleasure at times when they were 756 forbidden to do so. They believed that if one who had not the horse 784 medicine power should sing a horse dance song while on horseback 533 his horse would fall.[91]

IDENTIFICATION OF HORSE MEDICINES

Identification of the substances employed by the Blackfoot as horse 778 medicines poses a difficult problem. It is certain that some of the medicines formerly employed by noted horse medicine men were not known to the Piegan or Blood Indians of the early 1940's. Wallace Night Gun acknowledged that he knew neither the substances nor the specific uses of some of the medicines in the bundle he inherited from Wolf Calf. In deference to his desire to keep those medicines [123] secret which he did employ, I did not question him as to their identity. Nevertheless, his voluntary recital of the origin and use of Wolf Calf's horse medicines (related above) makes general mention of botanical medicines, primarily roots.

Dr. V. E. Rudd, division of botany, United States National Museum, [128] compared the fragments in the seven skin pouches in Wallace Night Gun's horse medicine bundle (pl. 15, B)[A] with herbarium specimens. She found that the large, single pouch contained ground fir 778 needles, probably *Abies lasiocarpa*. McClintock (1910, p. 524) re- 824 ported Blackfoot use of sweet pine in poultices for fevers and colds in the chest in the treatment of humans. One of the small pouches [757] on the buckskin cord contained rootstocks of baneberry (*Actaea eburnia*). McClintock (1910, p. 526) stated that the root of this plant [757] was boiled as a Blackfoot medicine for coughs and colds. Each of the other five pouches contained bracts of flower heads of sagebrush (*Artemisia* sp.). However, each of these pouches was marked with a different-colored bead. It is possible that some of the finely powdered material in these pouches comprised bits of other plants used in conjunction with the sagebrush. McClintock (1910, p. 526) listed [757] *Artemisia frigida* tops as a Blackfoot remedy for heartburn and mountain fever.

A century and a half ago David Thompson (1916, p. 365) observed 778 that the Indians of the Plains collected "scented grasses, and the gums 824 that exude from the shrubs that bear berries and a part of these is for giving to their horses to make them long winded in the chase." 232 Presumably he had reference to botanical medicines administered by laymen rather than by horse medicine men. Short Face, who was not a member of the horse medicine cult, believed some of the secret medicines used by horse medicine men were the same ones administered to

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[91] Wissler (1912 a, pp. 106, 111) cited the taboos against breaking a shinbone in the lodge and singing of horse medicine songs out of context.

[A] [See category 778, p. 358-N--Analyst]

778 medicine men they were wrapped in separate bundles when not in
use. Wallace Night Gun said that men who were not horse medicine
[787] cult members were known to have dreamed of one of these bundles.
If the lay dreamer wished to make a bundle like the one seen in his
778 dream he went to a horse medicine man and asked for help. The latter
then told him to make the bridle just as it appeared in his dream and
791 to bring it to him to give it power. Upon payment the horse medicine
man gave the owner several little packages of horse medicine to tie
to the "horse bridle," together with instructions for the use of these
778 medicines. The owner attached this "horse bridle" to his horse when
he rode to war or rode in the riding big dance. It was believed to
231 make the horse lively, to keep it from falling, and to keep enemy
bullets from hitting it. Night Gun said men who dreamed of these
778 bridles also received songs in their dreams which were added to the
[533] collection of horse medicine cult songs. He claimed there were few
of these bridles among the Piegan in buffalo days. The only one I
saw on the Blackfeet Reservation was owned by a cult member.

796 Wissler (1912 a, p. 111) noted the introduction of horse medicine
ritual into the medicine pipe ceremony of the Blackfoot. Night Gun
said it was common practice for a medicine-pipe owner to ask a horse
medicine man to insure that the horse used to carry the medicine pipe
would not fall or be harmed while camp was on the move. The horse
medicine man used his sacred rope and whip in the ceremony of bless-
778 ing the horse of the medicine pipe man. He sang and transferred
three horse medicine songs to the pipe owner. He also transferred
796 some of his power to the whip and rope of that man. It is noteworthy
437 that a whip and rope are among the objects in the typical Blackfoot
medicine pipe bundle, and that horse medicine songs appear in that
ceremonial ritual. McClintock (1948, pp. 56-60) described a medicine
pipe transfer he witnessed in which not only the whip and rope but
also the saddle, bridle, and horse used to transport the pipe were trans-
ferred. In that transfer ceremony four (three?) horse songs were
sung with great care "lest misfortune befall their horses." There
were restrictions that the horse employed to carry the medicine pipe
must be used only by its owner "lest some of his horse-herd sicken
and die," and that the medicine pipe owner "must not strike a dog or
horse, nor cut a horse's tail." The medicine-pipe owner who had
purchased three horse medicine cult songs was privileged to attend the
horse dance and to sing those three songs during the ceremony.

778 Less certain is the relationship between horse medicine and the
horse-painted lodge formerly found among the Piegan. Wissler and
342 Duvall (1908, p. 9[illegible]) have published Head Carrier's version of the
origin legend of the horse-painted lodge. It is noteworthy that Head
Carrier was a North Piegan horse medicine man. John Old Chief

war deeds and political authority being equal, would ordinarily not join 561
a war expedition led by one who was his junior. Among war chiefs who had [701]
already made their major coups, seniority was as important a factor in
prestige as the number of major coups. [554]

Unlike the Pawnee and the Comanche one's prestige did not decline after [555]
the last war deed. War was understood as a means for acquiring wealth,
and if one were already wealthy, status could be maintained in certain 556
spheres without war deeds. Once one had built an adequate herd of horses, 721
there was no humiliation for those who preferred to remain in camp. More- 554
over, after renouncing warfare, one might gain further prestige. Ceremonial [778]
life was another form of competition with property as one of the stakes; a [425]
man surpassed another by paying more for an article of ceremonial im-
portance or by acquiring more sacred articles. The tribal chiefs themselves [621]
were usually older men who had already distinguished themselves as war- [622]
riors. Having given up the war path, they settled with their large herds of
horses to help their relatives and thus established their positions as leaders
in civil life. In this status of leader a man with less wealth and fewer coups
might surpass a man with a finer war record who had greater wealth but less
generosity. Above all, the mere fact of having grown old was regarded with 888
respect, for one must have power in order to grow old. Hence, it was any 561
dignified old man who with his liaisons to supernatural powers said prayers [782]
for the departing warriors. In fact, they prayed that the young man who
offered them a pipe would have a long life and many children. [889]

The general structure of the age societies exemplifies this pattern still 575
further. The societies such as the Bees and the Prairie Chickens were 561
entered by many young men, required little outlay of wealth for member-
ship and served mainly for display, recreation, and solidifying the bonds [556]
between comrades. Those high in the hierarchy of age societies such as the
members of the Catchers and the Horn societies were necessarily older men
of sufficient wealth to pay a relatively high price for admission. Hence the
group of members was not large. In addition these societies were entrusted [692]
with legal authority, based in part on the supernatural power which mem-
bership gave them. We thus see again the tendency to associate with age
both authority and supernatural power. Though the Crazy Dogs, lying [761]
about midway in the hierarchy of age societies, might sing the old Plains
song, "We do not want to become old," this was sung perhaps more in [533]
derision of their "enemy society" than as an expression of the desire to die
young.

Within the residence group any remarks on authority must be prefaced 592
by the observation that the smaller units were in the final analysis auton- 596
omous. Each household unit was free to move any place it desired at the
will of the man who was head. Among the households that coalesced into

177 communities--Warm Springs, Yakima, Umatilla, Crow, Gros Ventre,
184 Cheyenne, Assiniboine, Mandan, Flathead and Cree, among others.
541 Sleeping and cooking tents are erected behind the tepee circle and
[574] upwards of seven hundred people will be living on the grounds during
the encampment. Each family camping on the grounds is paid a cash
allowance toward their maintenance and shares in a daily meat or food
ration.

The formal program opens with a parade through the main street
of Browning and out to the encampment grounds near the Museum of the
[535] Plains Indian, one-half mile west of town. A regular program of Indian
[533] dancing to the accompaniment of singing and drumming by local and
visiting singing groups is scheduled each afternoon, and occasionally
continues during the evening if the weather permits.

The dancing sessions are interrupted frequently by both planned
and unplanned intermission activities--special dance contests, games,
[431] and "give-aways." Some of the last mentioned gift giving ceremonies
are sponsored by the Indian Days Committee to honor and give gifts
[553] to invited guests from other tribes. Others are put on by individuals
[556] and families who wish, and are expected, to give gifts in remembrance
[554] of a deceased relative, to give a new and significant Indian name to a
child in a public naming ceremony, or to honor some other person by a
[533] display of generosity in his name. At the 1959 celebration two Chiefs
had the singers sing their respective power songs and then gave gifts
to friends and visitors.

[648] Another almost regularly occurring part of the program is a
ceremony in which distinguished visitors are adopted into the Blackfeet

177 184 796 encampment grounds preceding the secular festivities. The participants were largely people of Indian-orientation as were most of the spectators. Modern Indian-orientation does not require full knowledge and belief in the old religion as evidenced by the impatience of many younger people with the restriction on social dancing. The elders had trouble curbing the secular activities. Yet, from observation and reports, the families and friends of the participants took minor parts in the ceremony and watched the proceedings with mixed emotions of interest, understanding, tolerance and respect.

The key roles were filled by older men who knew the ritual; other participants were chosen from the families of these people and from among social and political leaders from both segments of the community. The men who had reported some knowledge and participation were in attendance, and of these, some were participating.

Indian Social Dances

177 184 535 ● [533] Social dancing at the Indian Days Celebration functioned as both entertainment for the tourists and recreation for the participants. The dancers did not await an audience but started dancing as soon as a singing group began to drum. The entertainment rarely followed the schedule, but started and stopped according to the mood of the individual dancers. Some would arrive on time, others an hour or two late. Evening dances were or were not held depending upon the weather and the inclination of the dancers, rather than upon the presence of an audience. In fact many dancers showed signs of impatience with the tourist onlookers who would often invade the dance circle to take pictures. Tourists appeared to be a tolerated nuisance rather than

Song Services, Bundle Openings and Curing Ceremonies

184 Song services were meetings of the singing groups and served
177 both as practice sessions and as forms of social gathering for the
533 people involved. The sessions were held in the home of one of the
singers, a relative, or a friend. A few kinsmen and friends might
attend and an evening was spent in singing and drumming old and new
songs. The session would break up at the discretion of the singers
and might be followed with a late-hour supper.

796 Bundle openings and curing ceremonies (according to informant
778 and newspaper reports) were religious rituals to which people were
184 invited. The reports indicate that those in attendance were always
177 people of Indian-orientation. Some were believers and others were
sympathetic but noncommitted members of the participants' families.
The activities on these occasions were determined by the ritual of
the particular bundle or cure, but involved singing, drumming,
[782] prayers and some dancing by selected participants. The owner of the
[302] bundle regularly painted the faces of those in attendance as a mark
of prayer for their well being. Bundle opening ceremonies are
followed by a feast. One such ceremony held recently at Starr School
was described by one the neighbors:

> The beaver dance given by Jim White Calf was held at the home
> of Jim and Amy Whitegrass despite the terrific storm and
> sudden cold. There were many people from Browning out to see
> this rare dance, that has long been forgotten. Among those
> attending were Mr. and Mrs. Fish Wolf Robe, Mr. and Mrs. Charlie
> Horn, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Many Guns and Mary Ground besides the
> [535] many people of our community. The dance began with the
> rythmic [sic] beating on hides to certain songs. The bundle
> [825] was opened by Jim White Calf and Maggie Many Hides. The bundle
> consists of many skins of useful animals and small birds that
> are of help to the owner. The beaver for "energy," the otter

/Northern Blackfoot/

439 276 178 The Blackfoot gave names to the different forms of introduced (trade-goods) tobacco: Crow Cut, Twist, Pressed, Hudson Bay. These gradually replaced the native plant in the rituals.

276 796 Ritual smoking was begun by an orderly, who filled the pipe (Fig. 6) and passed it, unlit, to the man sitting next to the officiating ceremonialist. [554] This man had the favored position because of his wealth in bundle ownership. He drew on the unlit pipe four times and then passed it back to the orderly, who lit the pipe and gave it to the man next to the distinguished bundle-owner. This man drew on the pipe four times (not inhaling) and blew the smoke upward. Then the pipe was passed sunwise (clockwise) to each participant until it reached the door of the tipi, whence it was returned to the [562] orderly. The pipe was not passed across the door to the other side of the lodge, where women and children were seated. If the pipe went out during the smoke, it was given to the orderly, who cleaned and refilled it.

[554] The manner in which the participant received the pipe varied according to bundle ownership. Thus, a Medicine Pipe bundle-owner would grasp the pipe roughly with both hands half clenched, imitating the actions of a bear.

276 796 554 A ceremony in which smoking had special significance was the Big Smoke, or All Smoking, ceremony. This ceremony was confined to ceremonialists, diviners, and bundle-owners. They gathered for the single purpose of recounting their prestigious and wealthy positions in the tribe. The Big Smoke commenced at sundown and continued until daybreak, and there was ● [533] continuous use of many pipes. Four songs were allowed to be sung for each bundle owned; participants would often qualify for sixteen songs or more.

WILLOWS

Salix spp.

137 Many species of willow occupy habitats from the highest alpine ridges

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 19]

346 The tree was debranched and carried (by wagon, in later days) to its
824 place of erection. All could help in raising the center pole, and while it
796 was going up everybody sang songs of rejoicing and fired guns into the air.
Then certain societies were chosen to gather branches for use in completing
[178] the lodge. In recent times, among the North Blackfoot these duties have
[575] fallen to the Prairie Chicken and Crazy Dog societies. They return on
horseback, holding the boughs erect and singing songs of joy.

[823] The parade traverses the camp sunwise and enters by the west gate (Fig. 17).

CREEPING JUNIPER

Juniperus horizontalis Moench

824 Creeping juniper (Fig. 18), called sik-si-nou-koo ("black round object (berry)") in Blackfoot, is a common plant of the plains. Although it is strongly aromatic, it was not used as incense; however, there were other uses for its branches and berries.

824 The Holy Lodge dancer of the Sun Dance performed upon a carpet of
796
[784] juniper branches. It was forbidden to spit on the covering; instead, one
[237] had to lift the branches and spit under them. An Okan dancer held the wing
[292] of an owl in his left hand and a branch of juniper in the other. One
informant said that, in addition to carrying the branch, some dancers wore
headpieces of juniper berries; the headpiece had seven berries representing
[532] the Bunched Stars (Pleiades). (The same stars are portrayed in tipi designs.)
Sprigs of creeping juniper were also used symbolically to decorate the altar
of the Marten-designed tipi.

[533] Although there does not seem to have been any song directly associated
with the creeping juniper, there was an indirect reference in the songs of
[292] the Weasel-tailed suits. These suits, which were fringed with white weasel
[237] tails, were considered to be very powerful and had to be transferred just

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 36]

756 778 [533] [534] Usually, a curing bundle contained a sucking (or blowing) tube of eagle bone, several sharp flint blades for bleeding, bags of plant material and paint, one or two polished pebbles and some object representing the source of power. Also, a diviner often used a rattle and/or drum to accompany his singing.

126 778 171 Up to twenty-five of these bundles have been collected from the Blackfoot. Curing bundles among the Cree and Saulteaux show a similar pattern of construction.

756 753 An afflicted person, or his representative sought a diviner's aid which was always offered for a fee. A Blackfoot diviner distinguished various forms of disease ranging from physical maladies to mental disorders which resulted from infractions of taboos or the harassment of ghosts.

756 787 [024] The following translation, an interview with a Blood diviner, illustrates the typical procedure to obtain power and use it to divine disease,

> I had a dream while questing; a man appeared and asked me in to the white tipi. I saw a sick man inside (skin and bones). The holy person asked me to sit on the right side facing the door. He sat on the left side. He had a drum. He said, 'I am a doctor.' He took the sucking tube. The sick man is half covered with a blanket. The drum was painted and then he painted a stroke on his forehead and with little fingers on the top of the hand. Then he painted the sick man the same way. Then he started to sing. There are two songs. The first song (sings it) uses the rim of the drum only. (Sings another with stick rubbing on the drum.) Then there is fast drumming and the doctor looks at the patient and prepared to use a sucking tube made of eagle bone. There is a bowl of hot water with a single stone in it. The doctor sucks up the hot water and sprays the hot water on the patient three times. On the fourth time the patient will rise. The drummer stopped and disappeared. The sick man was cured. He used a muskrat skin to wipe his face. Then the doctor gave me his drum. It was painted red around the rim. With a red spot in the middle. The stick was made with buckskin and sinew. He gave me the bone and the

824 Phlox hoodii
278
757 An infusion of the plant was taken for chest pains.

Pinus contorta

Here is a fine example of the origin and use of a "personal medicine" which was later expanded to include general therapeutic practice. There was once a woman named Last Calf who was riddled with Tuberculosis. While she and her husband were camped near a beaver lodge, she noticed the animal's
[787] tracks in the mud and left some food for it. The beaver took the gift and returned the favor by appearing to her in a vision. He gave her a cure for
[533] Tuberculosis. She was to collect the pitch of the lodgepole pine, boil it in water and drink the infusion while uttering a special song. (The song had no words.) Last Calf's husband was alarmed at this treatment and cautioned her against poisoning but she went ahead and drank the brew. She said she felt as though she were going to die and began vomiting profusely. She drank again with the same result, but the next morning her chest was cleared as never before. Then the infusion was used by everyone to treat tubercular coughs.

Psoralea esculenta

The root was chewed to relieve sore throat and an infusion of the root consumed for chest trouble.

Pyrola spp.

An infusion of the flowers was given to coughing children. Pieces of the root made throat lozenges.

"Rattle-sound"

The plant (Oxytropis splendens?) was eaten by children with asthmatic conditions, especially when their breathing "rattled".

824 Juniperus spp.
278
757 An infusion of the root was given as a general tonic.

Lomatium triternatum

[755] A diviner would use an eagle bone tube to blow the chewed root onto a
[237] patient's affected part. The healing-qualities of the spray were believed
to penetrate the body at that place.

Perideridia gairdneri

[755] A diviner, like Dog Child, would find the root mysteriously during the
[533] rituals. While he sang, often with a drum, he would dig the ground with a
[534] [237] special bear claw, coming up with the root everytime and anywhere. Then the
[413] root was chewed and sprayed on the patient, effecting the remedy.

Populus tremuloides

An infusion of the bark was given for symptoms resembling heart burn or general discomfort.

"Stink Foot"

The plant was burned to ward off sickness.

Yucca glauca

[302] Roots were boiled in water and used as a hair tonic to prevent falling hair. (McClintock 1910)

752 PLANTS ON THE TREATMENT OF WOUNDS AND HEMORRHAGE
824 Artemisia frigida
278

The leaves were chewed and applied to wounds in order to lessen the swelling. A bleeding nostril was stuffed with the soft leaves.

Astragalus canadensis

The chewed root was applied to cuts which were then bandaged.

Berberis repens

An infusion of the root was applied to wounds as an antiseptic.

ing by rising in their seats. At this, the whole organization including the 561
leaders rises and dances. 575

Another informant says that during the dance all the pigeons dance 796
around in a circle the two leaders facing them. When the leaders turn and 535
dance with their backs toward the main body, this is a signal for the dance
to end. Then they dance toward their seats and when the leaders sit
down, they follow suit.

The society has three songs, one in which everyone joins, beating time [533]
on their bows with their arrows and the drummers on the edges of the drums
with their sticks. The other two songs are dance songs.

When they sit in their places and sing, the pigeons beat time by striking
arrows on their bows. At the proper moment all, except the bear shirts,
rise and dance in a circle, each with a drawn bow, the arrow pointed downward.
The four yellow pigeons dance in the center and as the ring of dancers
threatens to close in, they threaten them and pretend to drive them back
to their seats. Then after an interval of singing the two bear shirts take a
hand. On the ground before them rest their bows. They lean forward
holding their heads out like bears. As those in the circle rise to dance, the [237]
spectators throw buffalo chips at the bear shirts, at which they raise their
heads, holding their closed fists at their cheeks and growling like bears.
This is repeated once. They rise, take up their bows and dance into the
circle, driving the dancers back, then dance outside and drive them to the
middle again. This is repeated four times in all. When food is brought in
the bear shirts growl and take it; the others wait and eat what remains.
The signal for closing the ceremonies is given by this unique pair, they discharging
their blunt arrows at the sky.

The usual time for these ceremonies is early in the morning.

Maximilian does not mention the pigeons. This may have no signifi- 561
cance, for the society is regarded as of comparatively recent origin, the latest 575
historically.[1] So far as we know, any male may enter this organization by
purchasing the place and regalia of another; but it is considered a youths' 796
order. Such purchase may occur at any time, but the tendency is for the 432
whole organization to sell in a body to a new group of younger fellows. The
individual sellers and purchasers must be paired off; hence, it is not unusual
for some members to hold over for want of a purchaser. This transfer
is a formal affair comparable to the transfer of medicine bundles. A [346]
shelter is made by combining two tipis, in which the organization assembles.
Each purchaser enters with a pipe, which he offers to individual sellers

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[1] Bear-skin, about 75 years old, says that he was a charter member of the pigeons in his [115]
eighteenth year. It was then originated by an old blind man, Ghost-boy, who dreamed it.
This would make the date about 1853. [787]

they rise to dance they leave them at their seats. They carry lances, 561
painted white and decorated with four pairs of feathers and bunches of sage 575
grass. (Fig. 4.) The ordinary bone whistle with quill-wrapped neck cord 796
should be added.

The old men comrades wear their ordinary clothing and are without [292]
regalia of any kind. Their functions are similar to those of the preceding [411]
societies and while they have no particular costume at the time of the ceremony,
they use the painting of the lay members. [237]

Single men comrades vary in number from one to four and are taken in
as described in the preceding, both as substitute dancers and in order that [824]
food may be obtained.

The four black braves carry lances covered with black cloth and decorated [534]
with black feathers. Their bodies are painted black. Their costume [411]
is similar to that of the preceding. On their backs they wear a bladder [302]
or pericardium painted black and distended by air; this is called a water
pail. [237]

The two bear braves are similar to a pair noted in the pigeon society.
They cut the front hair and paint it. The costume is also the same. Here,
they wear robes with the hair on. On the head, they tie a bunch of prairie-chicken [237]
feathers. They carry bows instead of lances (Fig. 5).

The braves wear neither shirts nor leggings. They paint with dark red [302]
paint with black marks, as noted for the white braves. Their lances are [292]
painted red.

No drums are used by this society, but time is kept by beating upon one [411]
piece of rawhide. According to one informant, the drummers are "ex-members [533]
in ordinary costume." [534]

In the ceremony an open circle is formed with the four drummers in the
center. The leader sits opposite the opening and facing him on the outside, 561
the two bear braves. The white braves sit on the outside. (Fig. 6.) When 575
at rest the braves stick their lances in the ground points down; the white 796
braves hold theirs with points up. The leader directs the dance. He blows 535
his whistle a certain way as a signal, then rises. All those bearing lances [534]
rise, dropping their robes. Leaning forward with the points of their lances near the ground, they dance. The step is a slow alternate lifting of the feet. The leader's position is fixed, the others dance facing the four directions. The white braves on the outside dance in with threatening lances and crowd the braves toward the center, passing entirely round and round. The black braves have black blankets which they wear during the dance, but dance as the others. Willow brave dresses like the lay members but sits next to the leader.

The two bear braves sit quietly as in the pigeons until aroused by the [237]

could be chosen for this service. Here the society meets. The formal 561
dance is out-of-doors where the men sit in a circle (Fig. 9). 575

When they dance, they rise in their places. The mounted men ride 796
around, forcing the dancers to the center. Then they pretend to ride them 535
down, upon which dancers who have dismounted enemies, seize them by the
feet and gently unhorse them. Then the two riders join in the dance.
This is done but once.

They seem to have some ceremonies in their tipi. They have a number 561
of songs. In one they say, "It is bad to live to be an old man." The latter 575
means that to die in battle is preferred. At the end of each song, they shake 796
their rattles above their heads and shout. Four drums are used. 533
[539]

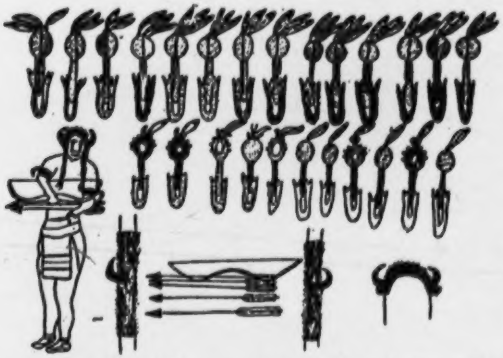


Fig. 10. Sketch showing the Regalia of the All-brave-dogs: the Twenty-five Types of Rattles and the Equipment of a Bear. The original is in colors: blue (vertical lines), green (right oblique), red (left oblique), and black. Drawn by Hairy-coat.

561
575
796
534
237
411
292
302
532
531

They are not credited with pranks, but after a dance may go about the 561
camps and dance before tipis until the owners give them food or other 575
presents. To refuse or to delay such bequests would be unwise. Yet [431]
they do not maltreat those they meet, and offer no violence except when
on regular guard duty.

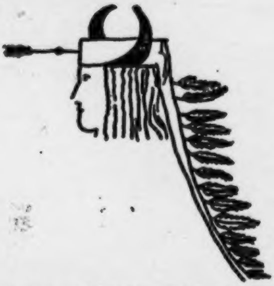
The members usually buy in from the braves. Since all the rattles are 561
supposed to be different, the transfer really consists of the purchase of a 575
particular rattle which is regarded as a ceremonial object or bundle as de- 432
scribed in Vol. 7. While it is usual for the entire society to sell out at the 424
same time, our informants state that nevertheless a rattle may be purchased [778]

561 secured, Fig. 21.A It is of the head band type with a fringe of weasel tails.) Each
575 of these men carries a small bulb rattle with large wrist guard and streamers of ribbon
292 at the end. Their clothing is of no fixed form, but should be elegant.

237 Of lower position is a single man wearing a cap made of swan skin who also can
531 dress up to his means. His distinctive badge is a staff, or lance, about seven feet
796 long, painted yellow and sharpened at one end. To it is strung a strip of flannel in
● [533] sections of black and white. In the ceremonies this lance is planted in front of its
bearer and is spoken of as the "mighty lance."

[411] There are two mounted men, one on a black horse, the other on a white one.
[302] They are spoken of as the "ones who ride back and forth." The one on the black
horse wears a black suit and uses a black saddle. His face is painted red and he ties
four owl tail feathers in his hair. The one on the white horse wears a weasel-tail suit and paints the face red. Sometimes he wears a white hat. Both men carry hooked lances about eight feet long. The one on the black horse carries an otter-wrapped lance with occasional bands of swan skin, while the rider of the white horse carries one wrapped with white swan skin with occasional trimmings of otter. Four eagle tail-feathers are strung on each.

[411]



[532] Fig. 20. A Headdress used by the Horn Society. Drawn by an Informant.
←

One of the lay members carries the entire skin of a running fisher, stuffed and with brass buttons for eyes. The other members carry hooked lances also wrapped with otter fur and trimmed with swan skin.

Four drums are used in the public dances which occur in the day time, in the open air about the center of the camp circle. The members sit in a three quarter
561 circle with the opening toward the east. At each end of the crescent is set up one
575 of the lances borne by the mounted pair. These are spoken of as the white and black
796 hooked lance respectively. The two leaders sit at the middle, or west part of the
535 circle, and the two rattle bearers to their left. The so-called "mighty-lance" is set
up inside in front of the leaders. Those of the members are planted in front of their respective seats. The wives of the various members sit just behind, thus forming a second circle. The men rise and dance, holding their lances forward, dancing around in a circle to their right while the two rattle bearers move to the left. Though they keep moving in the same direction they face now to the rear, now to the front. The drummers keep their places in the center. The women remain seated also. The two horsemen do not use horses here. Also each member is free to paint as he elects. The public is permitted to gather and look on.

561 The transfer, or ceremony proper, is a secret affair. First an enclosure is made by
575 setting up tipi poles and stretching over them enough tipi covers to form a screen.
796 The old members are now to sell out entire and in secret elect their successors. A
432 party then makes a round of the camp bringing in by force the men chosen, also their
[346] wives.[1] As some of those chosen succeed in eluding their ceremonial captors, the
hunt continues until the required number is secured.

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[1] For the forced transfer see Vol. 7, 156.

A.[See Category 116. p. 414--Analyst]

778 conferred. This makes the stick game set a bundle and it has already
524 changed hands several times. At the transfer a horse and some clothing
[422] are given. (As a rule, the regular stick game sets were given to the person
winning four straight games.) The new owner's face is painted red, but
[432] in the game the players paint red crosses on the face. The songs used in
[302] the game and the special songs of the ritual are also transferred. Though
[424] the set is kept in a bundle, it seems possible to open it at any time and
[784] without the ceremony. The owner is subject to no taboos but menstruating
women must not go near the game. There must be no flirting among those
present and the players must not cheat or members of their families will die.

The following is Eagle-child's account:—

778 In 1909 Big-spring bought the stick game dance bundle from a Gros Ventre. It
524 contains twenty sticks with magpie feathers and four small plumes on the end of
237 each. The sticks were about fourteen inches long and half an inch in diameter and
531 were painted red. Small bells are also attached to the end of one of the feathers.
There are two guessing sticks about fourteen inches long with eagle feathers and a
few plumes and bells on their ends. These sticks are also painted red. There are
four bones or hiding sticks two of which were blue and two white. There is a small
wheel-like object about two and one half inches in diameter resembling the wheel
[824] used in the arrow game. This is worn by the guesser. Sweetgrass is used for the
smudge. The only difference between the two guessing sticks and the others is that
the former have eagle feathers instead of magpie feathers.

796 The stick game dance or ceremony is regarded as a powerful medicine. In it
524 prayers are offered to God only and not to the stars, moon, sun, and other Blackfoot
deities. In case of sickness the head of the family may make a vow to provide a
[778] feast for the owner of the stick game bundle if the sick one recover. Then some time
after the recovery he invites everybody, old and young, to the feast. The ceremonies
[782] are held at night though the ordinary stick game can be played at anytime. When
all have assembled, the owner of the bundle takes his place at the back of the tipi or
[755] house and makes a smudge with sweetgrass. Then he opens the bundle and takes
out the contents. He then selects or calls for a woman to act as the guesser for one
[302] side to whom he gives ten of the sticks and one of the guessing sticks. He then
prays for the guesser, paints her face on the forehead, cheeks, chin, and palms with a
red cross. Then he selects or calls for a man who comes forward and is fitted out in
the same manner as the woman. These two become the leaders for the opposing
[533] sides. All this time the singers and drummers are rendering the songs used in the
game and those connected with the bundle.

All the persons present, men, women, and children, may take part in the game, sometimes as many as forty or fifty take part. The two players then choose their sides by passing their sticks, giving one to each person. The woman also hands out two of the hiding sticks to one of her side and the other to another. The man does the same on his side. The woman lines up her players on the right, the man his on the left. The woman ties the wheel ornament on her hair and play begins and continues until one side has all the sticks. Every time a game is completed, the winners rise and dance, making a great deal of noise while the losing side keep their seats. Every time a side loses a game, a new guesser is chosen in his place. The rule is that

eight games are to be played after which food is served. The two last guessers are 796
required to pass the food.

Before Fish dreamed the stick game, Big-spring gave him a set as a present. 524
After dreaming, Fish gave the first bundle to The-dog-takes-the-gun. The three [173]
men are related and for this reason pass the stick game bundle from one to the other.

Fish dreamed of a man who came to give him the stick game bundle. The 524
dream person carried the bundle on his left arm. His face was painted yellow and 778
dotted all over. In his hair was tied an owl feather. Now, one of the guessers ties
an owl feather in his hair when the game is played. Fish claims the stick game [787]
bundle to be very powerful. If a person be sick he may vow to play with the stick [237]
game owner in order that he may recover. When the game is played, the bundle
owner paints and prays for the person with whom he is to play. On the other hand, [755]
the game must not necessarily be played when anyone is ill but can be played at any time.

Each stick is decorated with a six-inch owl feather. Two guessing sticks are [237]
wrapped with otter fur and decorated with bells. At each end is a tail-feather used
in guessing. One of the guessing sticks is painted red, the other yellow. Fish only [531]
dreamed one song for the bundle but the rest of the stick game songs go with it.
The same songs are used for the three stick game bundles on the reservation. There [533]
are some twenty of these and ten tapping-the-stick songs. The songs are sung at the beginning of the game, or when either side wins. Four or more cheering songs are sung when dancing after one side has won the game.

When any member of a family is ill, the head of the family may vow to give a 796
feast to the stick game owners so that the sick person may recover. The game takes
place at his home. The owner of the stick game bundle sits at the head of the assembly. 524
There are four or five drummers and four of the tapping-the-stick songs are 755
sung. The owner unties the bundle placing ten of the waving sticks, two hiding
bones, and the guessing stick in one pile, and the rest in a second stack. His face is [302]
painted and a cross is marked on his forehead, on either cheek, and each palm. The players must not cheat during the game. Then he calls on the person giving the feast to feed him. The stick game owner makes a smudge and prays for the person giving
the feast. He paints him and marks a cross on his forehead, each cheek, and the [302]
palms of his hand. The ten waving sticks, two hiding bones, and the guessing stick are held over the smudge in one hand by the man giving the feast. The owner rubs the man's head and along his sides, meanwhile praying. He repeats the same evolutions with his wife.

The woman spreads a blanket on the ground on which the game is played. An object beaded in yellow on one side and blue on the other is rolled on the blanket until one color is shown three times. The man chooses the blue, the woman the yellow side. Should the yellow be shown three times the woman will accordingly be the one to guess first and vice versa. The man and woman guessing each represent half of the crowd. Each passes the ten sticks as far as they will go on the side for whom they are playing. To win the game one side must obtain all the twenty sticks. During all these preliminaries the tapping-the-stick songs are sung.

In the beginning, two persons are selected to hide the bones. The two (?) who are to play sit in the center facing each other, first passing around the stove or fire as the case may be, the man around the right, the woman the left. Then the stick game songs are sung. Four of the crowd of men, women, and children are selected to play. The man and woman who are to guess pass around the players to the right

796 and left, respectively. Standing in front of the players, the woman guesses first,
524 throwing the guessing sticks up and down and watching the eagle feather at the end,
755 guessing according to the feather on the stick. The man then guesses for the players
on the woman's side and if he should guess both, the woman returns the hiding bones to the man's players and the game is played over again. While playing they are very noisy and boisterous. This continues until either side has collected the twenty sticks, making the game.

The winners then rise and dance, singing the cheering songs, while the ones who lost remain seated. Between games there is a resting period, when the tapping-the-stick songs are sung while men and boys drum. Four games are played in all. After the fourth game there is a feast.

If a visitor from another tribe be present, the guesser may give a present to the visitor. If a guesser loses a game, he may choose anyone from among the crowd and give him his guessing stick. Everyone losing a game does this. The stick game owner and all the others dress in their ordinary costume, the owner and the man promising to give the feast only having their faces painted as before mentioned. It is said that some of the hand game songs are sung with the others for this game.

[173] The stick game dance songs are said to come from the Gros Ventre. Big-spring,
the first owner, never used the bundle. He received it as a present from a Gros
[177] Ventre, then gave it to Fish who dreamed the ritual as stated. Later Fish dreamed
[533] and made up another bundle like the first with the exception of the feathers which
are different. There are three stick game bundles now.
[787]

535 575 [431] In throwing away a blanket the stick is not used. Nowadays this custom is not adhered to very strongly. Only when visitors from other reservations are present are presents given. There are seven belts belonging to different members with which all the members must dance and present to the visitors whatever they can afford, horses, blankets, or money. Others relate war deeds and give away property to the visitors.

[534] There are three dance houses on the reservation. Four large drums are used in the dance but only one of these may be used at a time. These drums are made of cow hide and about the size of a bass drum. Some commercial drums are also used. [531] The cowhide drums are painted blue and red and placed on curved sticks, decorated with beadwork. About eight men sit around the drum, each man taking his turn to sing and drum.

[292] When the women dance the singers rise to sing for them. The women dance in a circle with the men among them. Four women dance around at a time, wearing war-bonnets, all the women taking turns at wearing them. After the women have [431] danced, the dance ends. The wearing of the bonnets brings with it the same obligations as the wearing of one of the seven belts among the men, that is, presenting gifts to visitors. The four war-bonnets are hung up at the rear of the dance house. Before the women begin to dance, four men rise, dance, and each counting four war deeds, the bonnets are given to the women.

[262] Six or eight chiefs or old warriors are chosen to eat the dog. They are seated on a blanket near the pot of dog meat and after they have finished eating, they rise and dance, each one tells four war deeds and gives presents. The man who owns the arrow or spoon rises and dips the point of the arrow into the pot of dog meat which is then ready for the dog eaters.

Nowadays, there seems to be no leader in the dance as every one wishes to be leader. There is one man who cares for the tobacco and fills the pipes for all the members; five men to do the lashing to induce the members to dance. These men give presents at the beginning of the dance thus purchasing the right to the whipping. [681] These men dance around and lash all those who remain seated. If they should bruise anyone while doing this, they must pay the person who is hurt. Two other men have swords, or long knives, and assist the lashers. Three men act as criers, announcing when gifts are made, where the next dance is to take place, etc.

Among the women, there are two whippers. Everyone dresses and paints to suit his own fancy. Usually the dance lasts all day and half the night. Near the end of the dance the dog meat and other food is eaten. The feast is provided by those who give the dance.

[784] Should a member drop anything during the dance he must not pick it up. All the members rise and dance in a circle until someone picks up the object dropped, relates four war deeds, and returns it to its owner.

[533] There are a great many dance songs for only certain men to dance. They are: songs for those who own the whips; for those who own the swords; for the one who owns a whistle; for those who were wounded in battle; for those who eat the dogs; for the man who owns the arrow; for those who were surrounded by enemies in battle; for those who did not run when fighting; for those who take down the women's war-bonnets; for those who gave many presents; for those who wear black clothing in the scalp dance; and for those who cut the ropes when stealing horses from the enemy's camp. A closing song is sung for those who were wounded in battle and who lead all the members out of the dance house.

535 in their best clothes, put on war paint, and use all their war bundles, shields, [292] lances, bonnets, and horn bonnets. A number of old men and women form a circle about the center of the camp and sing and drum for the horsemen who first ride out of sight of the camp and then come into the camp circle at great speed, circle around once, and then come to the center where the [726] singers are, riding around and getting off to dance from time to time. The men shoot and shout while some admonish the others to be brave in case of [787] war. If anyone fall from his horse, ill luck is sure to follow. There are special songs for this dance.

● [533] When the men get ready to go on the warpath they dress and paint as 726 for the horse dance and ride around the camp in the same way.

535 This dance seems to have some connection with the rituals described in Vol. 7, 107–111, in so far as owners of those rituals take the leading parts in the parades. For similar ceremonies among the Teton-Dakota see p. 96.

SCALP DANCE.

535 727 A dance known as the scalp dance, said to come from Scabby-round-robe, is danced after a victory in battle.[1] The dance is held only when men on the enemy's side have been killed. Sometimes when only one man, and one of no importance has been killed on the Blackfoot side, the dancers go to his [431] relatives and ask permission to have the dance. They present the mourners with clothing, robes, etc.

Either one or four days may be given over to a dance for the same victory. It is held in the center of the camp circle. Anyone who wishes may join. [292] The women dance with men's weasel-tail shirts, bonnets, braid their hair as [237] the men do, and tie weasel tails in it. They also tie their husbands' medicine bundles, like the smoking-otter, the black-covered pipe, and the lance to [302] their hair and use guns as canes. Some women dance with a stick to which is tied the scalplock of an enemy. If a hand be cut off they hold it in their [822] teeth while dancing. Some dress as grotesquely as possible, while others paint their faces black, the sign of victory.

The men and women stand opposite each other about twenty feet apart. The men have six or eight drums, and sing, while the women dance toward them until the song is ended when they dance backward. These movements are repeated with each song.

[553] Those who have killed an enemy are led around on a horse by some old men, who sing the songs of cheer or praise, calling the rider by name and

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[1] Vol. 2, 81.

saying, "Ha-a-e Ha-a-e." Finally, the horse and rider are led in among 535
the dancers and his new name is announced. 727

Sometimes the dance is given in the evening but then the dancers do not [553]
dress in their best clothes. Most of the songs mock the enemy, as in the
one about the Assiniboine chief White-dog: "White-dog, at last had to cry," [533]
or "Why is it that White-dog cried," meaning, he was so brave, but the
Blackfoot made him cry when he knew he was to die.

THE KISSING DANCE.

In winter evenings the kissing dance is held. There is no feast but the 535
dancers are served with tea. Three or four drums are used in the dance. [272]
The men and women dance in place on opposite sides of the tipi, facing each other. Some of the women choose partners among the men; they dance up to each other, throwing kisses. When they are close together a blanket is thrown over their heads. Under the cover the two kiss each other. They dance between the two rows of men and women. The blanket is given to the woman as a fee for choosing the man. Sometimes other gifts are added. There are no certain members for this dance, anyone may join. It is very seldom that a vow is made to give this dance as it has more of a social than
a ceremonial nature. It is said to have come from the Assiniboine, but is [173]
sometimes called the Cree dance. [177]

THE TEA DANCE.

Similar to the kissing dance and also coming from the Assiniboine is the 535
tea dance, a tea-drinking contest. Anyone who so wishes may join. There 272
is no leader. The dancers divide into two bodies, both men and women [177]
may be on the same side. Each side gives the members of the other a lot of tea to drink, the idea being to see who can drink more without falling sick. If a person does not wish to drink any more tea he may pay the person who made it, a blanket, or sometimes even a horse, and thus be excused from
drinking. Sometimes if one has made another ill from drinking the tea, [681]
a fee is paid.

Some men have the power to drain a pail of tea without spilling or drink- [789]
ing it, but by simply covering it with a cloth and singing. When the cloth is removed the pail is empty. Sometimes, one will say to another, "I have the power to empty this pot of tea in your stomach without your knowledge."
Occasionally, lovers drop a ring in the cup when passing tea to each other. [832]
There is no feast and the dance is generally held in the evening sometimes

535 lasting until daybreak. Sometimes people are invited to attend the dance,
272 and at others they simply come together of their own accord.

[533] There are special songs for the dance and drums are used. The dancers
[534] rise and dance in place, beating time on a dipper of tea while dancing.

The Night Singers.

533 It is an old custom among the Blackfoot for parties of young people to
883 ride about the camp at night, singing. That this is a distinct thing is evident
[492] since there is a distinct series of songs used only on such occasions. At such
times they often ride double, that is two men on a single horse, or often a man and a woman. Mr. Duvall writes as follows:—

> [625] These young men sometimes ride around all night and sing. Formerly, it was done to guard the camp and protect the horses from being stolen by the enemy. The singers usually go around the outer edge of the camp, making many rounds. There are usually three or four groups with three or four men in each group. Sometimes women assist the night singers.
>
> The night singers do not necessarily have to belong to any society but anyone
> [834] may join them. This custom is kept up nowadays only during the sun dance. It is not understood as good form for the women or girls to go out with the night singers. Although a great many of the grass dance songs are sung, there are special songs also. The singing is usually continued until daylight. At the end of each song they usually shout and keep time with sleigh bells when singing. They are never ordered to sing at the present time.

The Begging Dance.

535 The Piegan name for this dance is "those that dance around camp for a
276 smoke." The members do not belong to a society, but a number of men,
[533] six or twelve, or sometimes more, go to some tipi and sing and shake their
[534] bells. This may be done at any time of the night. The owner of the tipi
fills a pipe and lets them smoke, gives them some food, a blanket, clothing,
[431] a horse, or money. The presents are divided up among the men. The
owner of the tipi seldom knows who the men are. They repeat this at four
tipis and then disband. Several groups of these men may go around at the
[556] same time, but they never stop at the same tipi. Usually, the men stop at
the tipi of a chief or head man as they are more sure of getting a smoke, for
it adds to one's prestige to be generous with presents, feasts, etc.

[pp. 461-986 not processed]

778 301 them when you are going to transfer the medicine pipe." And that is what we did, and now I am still wearing my shell necklace every day. It helps me to grow old.

778 796 I will give you an example of how much you have to sacrifice to follow our Indian religion. The medicine pipe bundle was transferred to us in a house. It happened during the winter. When the ceremony of transfer was over, and the many horses and blankets had been paid to the former owners, my father told Firemaker: "Please initiate my daughter to carry the bundle on her back. She may have that need sometime in the future." We could not do anything with the bundle until we were initiated. Firemaker went through the proper ceremony, and they put the bundle on my back, with the heavy straps over my shoulders. My father brought a good team of horses to the door for Firemaker, just to pay him for this one particular initiation.

I have had a beaver bundle for many years. It is the biggest medicine bundle of all the ones among our people. There is a very long ceremony for its opening, and they used to sing several hundred songs during it. The men and the women all join together to sing these songs and to dance with the different parts of the bundle. We imitiate the bird and animal skins in them. We used to have a really happy time with this beaver ceremony, but now there is no one left who can lead it. I guess I have the last beaver bundle among the Bloods.

207 533 These things-that-sing [Blackfoot for radios and record players], I dislike them very much. When they are shut off I can still hear them going in my head. Sometimes when I'm in my room, praying, I feel like I'm trying to outdo those things. My daughter gets up and shuts it off and tells the kids around the house: "When your grandmother is praying you don't want to drown her words with your music." Then they listen, and I can hear myself.

562 575 My daughter that nearly died—the one I put up my first Sun Dance for—she was also a member of the Horns Society.

even know he was sick, but it turned out he had cancer. In S
the earlier days they called cancer the "big boil," or "big 165
pimple," and they had a cure for it. I don't know which root
they used, but my grandmother knew all the roots and herbs S
real well. In the old days they didn't have much sickness or 753
disease, except what they caught from the traders, and then
when they started going to the boarding schools. I sure wish
I could go back to those old days again.

A GRANDMOTHER WHO WENT ON WAR RAIDS

My father's father was born too late to go on war raids, B
but his oldest sister wasn't. Her name was Hate Woman, and
she was the only wife of a notorious warrior named Weasel 701
Tail. Among his exploits in life he once laid down in the trail of a grizzly bear and, when it stood over him and began to paw him around, he jumped up and stabbed it in the heart with a huge knife. As a boy he spent some years living among the Crow people, who were our most respected enemies. He died about the same time as his wife, in 1950, at the age of ninety-one.

Weasel Tail went on his first war raids as a teenager, before
he had married his wife. It was a custom for members of a B
war party to meet in front of their leader's lodge for a dance
and some songs of encouragement. Often each member sang 726
his own songs, with words of special messages for their girl [533]
friends and wives. Weasel Tail later said that one of his early songs included the words: "Girl I love, don't worry about me! I'll be eating berries coming home."

But after Weasel Tail and Hate Woman were married, she B
didn't often sit at home to worry about him. As he once ex- 701
plained: "My wife said she loved me, and if I was to be 462
killed on a war party she wanted to be killed too. I took her

20: Hungry Wolf I-4,5 (no date) 1980
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

Learning to Camp Like My Grandmothers

178 THE WAY MY PEOPLE camp at the annual Sun Dance gather-
ing sure has changed since the time my mother was a young
[252] girl staying with her grandparents. For instance, I don't know
of anyone who still uses an open fire to cook all the meals on.
[493] And no one moves to the campgrounds with horses and wagons
anymore: everyone brings their gear by truck, and a few even
[342] bring along travel trailers to stay in. There are lots of bright,
[354] orange-and-yellow camping tents, and many people use pro-
pane stoves.

342 When my husband and I first started camping at the Sun
Dance we wanted to do it in a very traditional way. My
532 mother helped me to sew a new tipi, and my grandmother
778 told us to paint it in one of the two designs that she and my
grandfather owned, many years ago. These tipi designs among
the Blackfoot are very ancient; they get handed down from
one family to the next. The tipi itself may wear out and be
changed many times, but the design always looks the same.
● [533] It goes together with special songs, stories, and face paint-
[538] ings, and a family has to be initiated before they have the
[302] right to use these things. There is even supposed to be a medi-
cine bundle to go along with each tipi design, but most of

575 functions only among the Bloods. Every year, during the Sun
796 Dance encampment, the members of the group put up a spe-
535 cial lodge inside the camp circle. For four days they have their
562 meetings and religious ceremonies, most of which are private.
● [533] Men take part during only certain of these ceremonies, espe-
cially the public dances, when four men with rattles sing the
778 dance songs. The members[A] wear ancient headdresses that they
[575] keep inside their medicine bundles throughout most of the
year. These, and the Natoas used in the Sun Dance, are the
[292] only medicine bundles belonging specifically to women, and
they are very highly regarded by all the tribe.

535 When the days of war parties and scalp-taking ended, in the later eighteen hundreds, the old Scalp Dance evolved into a social dance known as the Circle Dance, or the Long-Tail Dance. It was a slow dance in which the people joined hands and arms and moved sideways in large circles. Men, women, and children all took part, but from looking at old photos it seems that the dancers were most often rows of women. This dance is still performed, though at a slightly quicker pace, under the current name of Round Dance. It is the native version of a "slow dance," and is often requested when the fast dancers are about worn out.

Another popular dance for both men and women is called the Owl Dance. It has a lively hard-soft drumbeat to which the people generally dance in couples, following each other in a circling or waving line around the dance floor. Some fancy-dressed men follow this dance alone, while others fol-
[834] low with a woman in each arm. Even the elders seem to enjoy this dance a lot, although when they were young tribal customs frowned on the public display of intimacy necessary to
[177] do it properly. Like most of the new Indian-style dances done by the Bloods, this one was introduced from other tribes.

535 Dances have always been important in the courting life of
584 my grandmothers. They were among the few occasions in the past when young men and young women were allowed to be

[A] [i.e., of the women's society, Motokiks--Analyst]

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535 The most common style of Indian dancing, nowadays, is
the modern War Dance, or Fancy Dance, in which the men
[178 do a lot of lively steps and gyrations. In the long ago the
women always just watched this kind of dancing. But today
562] women can be seen on the dance floor at every round except
those announced specifically for men only, which are usually the contest dances. There are separate rounds of contest dances for the girls and the women, during which the men watch. Women are expected to dance with grace and modesty, not with lively steps and gyrations. They are judged by the smoothness of their steps, the flow of their hands and bodies, and their overall appearances. Indian audiences used to be amused when non-Indian ladies would make occasional appearances on the dance grounds, trying to combine the fast drumming with lively ballroom steps, and missing the point of modesty and smoothness altogether. In recent times, however, some of the younger girls have taken to newer dance styles that are sort of a cross between those of the men and the
women. They often wear modernized styles of Indian dresses,
178 with long, thin fringes that accent their lively movements. A
533 few groups of girls and young women have even invaded the
traditional men's domain of powwow drumming and singing,
562 and won praise for their efforts. In the past, women with a
desire to sing the catchy powwow tunes had to be content standing around the men drummers and singers and helping them with high falsetto voices that often added hauntingly beautiful harmonies.

"If the children of a household didn't behave then the mother or father might go and get some old man or old lady to come and give them a lecture. If the kids were still acting bad that old person would just pull out an awl and pierce their ears right then. That worked very well in teaching kids a lesson. 861 [304]

"In my young days all the kids had their ears pierced for earrings, anyway—boys and girls. Usually this was done by some old lady, when we were still babies. Round pieces of shell were the most popular kind of earring decoration among us Bloods." 304 301

Because we spend a lot of time with our elders, my kids have learned from the start to have respect. Even today we get old people in our home who have certain rules that must be followed around them. When our grandfather was around, for instance, everyone had to stay seated while he was eating his food. The kids enjoy having the old people around because they get to hear a lot of stories and songs. Some of the children's songs have silly sayings in them, such as: "Magpie, magpie, go before me and stab your bag by the door"; or "Gopher, gopher, with bouncing breasts; with bouncing breasts; with bouncing breasts." 861 888 533

Sometimes the old person gets the kids to play a game, like pinching the tops of each other's hands and holding on to them until there is a big pile of hands. The first one that lets go gets tickled from the rest. The songs are called lullaby songs, and mothers used to sing them to their babies to put them to sleep. Kind of a scary one had these words: "Wolf, wolf, come eat this baby that won't go to sleep." 857 533

Little kids used to be left to play together, and in the summer they often went naked. But as soon as they got old enough to know the difference between boys and girls, they were separated. From then on the girls were watched carefully by their mothers and aunts, and no boys were allowed 857 864

within the tipi where the Bundle is kept. Peace 778
and quiet should be maintained around such a 784
tipi at all times. If someone calls from outside and does not come in, we must step outside to speak with him. Mokakin, himself a former Medicine Pipe Owner, was well aware of this rule.

"Oki, OmachKinna," I said to him, as he 576
came through the doorway. I used a standard 574
greeting of respect to an older man.

"Oki, Natosina ki SikskiAki," said Mokakin in return. He glanced around our tipi and said, "It's all fixed up now," giving an approving nod, then shaking his head to the side with pleasure. We felt happy and proud that our traditional Ways gladdened the old man's thoughts.

"Do you have time to sit and have a smoke and some tea?" I asked hesitantly. I knew that Mokakin was already serving as advisor, as grandfather, to the soon-to-be Horns. I wasn't sure how long he had for a visit with us.

No sooner had I asked the question than we heard Ponah's strong voice call out, "PitachPikis!" And for insurance she followed with, "Mokakin!" Knowing that there would be no excuse for not hearing his wife call at least one of his names, he apologetically mumbled something and hurried out. One of the future members of the Horns was probably waiting to be advised on some ceremonial matter. We knew that Mokakin would spend as much time at our place as he could, and we looked forward to his later visits.

Behind Mokakin's and Ponah's tipi was the 575
tipi of their son, Charlie Weaselhead. His parents 561
had given him the new white tipi to honor his [431]
joining the Horns Society. His joining meant a lot to them. They had been members in the past.

While sitting quietly in our tipi, we suddenly 533
became aware of a gathering of voices, soon fol- [534]
lowed by a few beats on a large bass drum. The [431]
camp was about to be entertained by "tobacco singers," a group of friends who sit before the door of a lodge and sing until the lodge owner

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offers them a pipe to smoke. If the owner has no pipe, he may offer cigarettes or food. 533 [431]

After a few brief high-pitched solos to warm up voices, the leader of the group sang the first line of his song. His loud falsetto voice echoed across the camp. The others with him joined in on the second line, which was a repeat of the first. The silence inside our tipi was overcome by the chorus of voices singing: "Ja, He-Ja, He-Ja, He-Ja, He-Le-Le, He-Le-Le, He-Yoooo . . ."

For some time we sat without moving, the chant creating vivid scenes in our minds. Our tipi seemed like a loudspeaker, the sound coming down through our smokehole as though sent by the stars. 000

We decided to go out into the cool night air to be closer to the thrill and spirit of the drumming and singing. The vast expanse of countless stars lit up the night through a clear sky. Like the light in a distant ceiling, Moon was full and round. The brightness reflecting on the tipis made them look like lanterns, the unpainted white ones glowing especially brightly. A short distance away we could see the sacred Buttes, silhouetted against the bright sky like a dark, jagged wall. Looking west toward the Rocky Mountains we could see that even though night was fully upon us, Sun still added a touch of his light to the horizon. Just above the jutting mountain peaks stretched a thin ribbon of deep orange, lingering stubbornly from Sunset.

The singers began their song quietly and with an easy tempo. The sounds of the song are not words with meanings but syllables that create a feeling. The drumbeat was slow and steady; the voices sang softly but distinctly. The five singers were sitting on chairs they carried with them. About twenty of us, wearing blankets over our clothes, stood in a loose circle around the singers, watching their faces and the movements of their drumsticks. 533 [291]

We were listening to the music of our ancestors, standing on soil where they once stood. We 000

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were watching the singers by the same heavenly lights that had lit up the nights for them, too. Their Spirits are always in the air. With each breath we took in some of our Old People's Spirits. 000

Most of us gathered around the drum were young people. Some wore cowboy hats, bell-bottomed trousers, and mod boots. But we were joined together by Spirits that transcended these external things. 291

The tempo of the song began to quicken. After it had been repeated several times, we caught on to the tune and joined the singing, tapping our feet and rocking in time to the rapid drumbeats. The group's enthusiasm continued to grow. At the end of each round the leader quickly repeated the opening line, before anyone could attempt a concluding note and interrupt the Spirit that was flowing with the music. Our whole world was centered there, before that tipi. We barely recognized our own voices within the thrilling harmony and Spirit of our one voice. 533 ●

The leader finally struck four extra-hard drumbeats, signifying his intention to end the song after that round. Everyone was physically exhausted from such intense involvement. When the last note died away, a moment of absolute silence reigned in the camp. Suddenly, someone from within the tipi called out, in an intentional understatement, *"Okinn?"*—Is that all? The tense air disappeared and we all broke out in laughter. Then someone from inside passed out a pack of cigarettes, which the singers shared with each other. [276]

□

We were awakened quite early the next morning. Someone outside loudly called something we were too sleepy to understand. We stood up in the chilly morning air. The tipi was bathed in the stark, bright light of Sun's early rays. There are only a few hours of total darkness 512

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against the cool air. The fires made with cotton- 372
wood burned quietly and calmly; but loud crack- 512
ling and popping could be heard from those fires made with pine, which was gathered from lumberyard scrap piles. Pine is not a popular firewood in tipis, especially if it is not thoroughly dry. It usually produces more smoke than the smokeholes can let out, and this makes for very tearful scenes! The smoke also carries little cinders throughout the tipi, burning holes in blankets and clothes. Pine is just no good in a tipi, although tent-dwellers have no trouble with it in their iron cooking stoves. Cottonwood is the favorite firewood, usually found in river bottoms. It is also the proper wood on which to burn incense. Unlike pine, cottonwood coals will continue to glow for a long time after being taken from a fire. This is helpful during ceremonies. Cottonwood coals are often placed on altars before prayers are begun. Later, incense is placed on a coal when the one who is praying wishes to make the sacred smoke.

As I returned to our tipi I heard the deep 512
voice of an old man beginning a song inside his 533●
lodge. Perhaps this man's Medicine, which came [787]
to him during some dream or vision, called for
daily singing, although most Medicine Bundles [778]
don't require this. He was probably singing a song his Spirit helpers taught him many years ago. No one in the camp would ask him about it or dare to sing it.

Our breakfast consisted of rose hips tea, fried 512
bread, and oatmeal. The tea was made from the 264
red buds of roses, which we had gathered after [272]
the first frost the previous fall. The fried bread
was made from white-flour dough, shaped into [222]
large patties and quick-fried in a skillet of hot [252]
grease. The oatmeal was made from the same kind of rolled oats that our Old People of the long-ago obtained from traders. Ours was a typical camp breakfast, but many of the Old People still prefer the traditional breakfast food—a piece of boiled or fried meat, washed down with water.

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how to lead Medicine ceremonies. He also received 115
many Teachings from his stepfather's 793
friends and from his own neighbors, respected
leaders like Sun Chief, Big Wolf, and Packs His
Tail. The Old Man was one of the last of our
People to know the Spirit of these ancient Teachings.
For that reason he was happy to have me as 829
"grandson" and student. It pleased him to know [123]
that many of those Teachings are now written
down for people who are yet unborn. "I sometimes
wonder," he told me, "why our Old People
never learned to read and write their own languages,
so that they could have passed on all their
wonderful knowledge of the old-time world."

Wolf Old Man was noted among our People 793
for his knowledge of herbs and his methods of
doctoring. He was the last of our old-time doctors. [756]
However, it was his spiritual leadership of which [759]
he was most proud. He enjoyed telling about a
recent incident that occurred while he was returning 486
home from a holy ceremony held on the reservation
of our Piegan division, in nearby Browning,
Montana. It was Sunday evening, a time when [273]
some members of our reserve return home with
U.S. spirits tucked under their car seats or stored
in their stomachs. In Canada, liquor is not sold
on Sundays. The car in which the Old Man was
riding was filled with others who had gone to the
ceremony. When they reached the Canadian customs
office, the men in charge prepared to make
their usual inspection. But when the chief inspector
looked inside and saw the Old Man, he called
out to his assistant, "It's alright, we don't have to
check this one—he's the Indian Bishop!"

Some time before us, the Old Man had been 793
Keeper of our Medicine Pipe Bundle for ten 778
years. Most of the Teachings he passed on to us
concern this Bundle. Although he was the oldest [533]
leader of Medicine Pipe ceremonies among our
People, he never learned all the fifty-six songs that [867]
were sung during these ceremonies in the Old
Days; his own Teacher, old Heavy Head, very
slow and thorough, had passed away before finish-

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ing his instructing. By that time the Old Man felt 793
he was too old to begin studying under another 778
Teacher, and decided to make the best of what he [533]
had already learned.

Other Teachings the Old Man gave to us [867]
include the Ways of our Sun Dance and our
Nighttime ceremonies, as well as our traditional 793
legends and some of the many true stories about
the adventures of various people of the past.

For many years, the Old Man's chief function
during our Sun Dances was that of Weather
Dancer. He was given the rights and Teachings
for this sacred duty by the former Weather
Dancer, Crow Spreads His Wings, who was his
brother. He gave the position up to the present [797]
Weather Dancer, Mark Old Shoes, who was informed
through a dream that he would grow old
if he accepted this duty. When I sought to fulfill 123
a personal vow to take over the duties of a
Weather Dancer, it was necessary for me to consider
Old Shoe's conditional assurance of his old
age. I did not wish to break the spiritual strength
of this dream nor cause him any sudden anxiety
about the span of his life. So I recently became

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 15A]

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guests, the two Horns advisors discussed business. 778
Albert Wolf Child took part in the conversation, 574
since he is a former member of the Horns and is sometimes called on for advice. During this time I filled my smoking pipe and in my mind rehearsed
the songs for our sacred Bundle. It is a tradition [867]
for a Medicine Pipe Owner to invite one or more
former Owners for a meal and to offer them a [533]
smoke. They, in turn, will pray for the present Owner and his family, and will sing some of the Bundle's songs. Before the coming of tape recorders, this was the only way such songs could be learned. Many songs were lost between the years when the People stopped camping by each other and when songs could finally be recorded. Even now, few people will take the time to listen to these songs as often as it takes to learn them.

I asked the Old Man to sing one song, meaning 533
one set of seven songs. Many of our holy songs are sung in sets of seven, although no one seems to remember why. I could have asked the Old Man to sing more than one set, but I realized he had plenty of singing to do in his affairs with the Horns.

SikskiAki placed a hot coal in the center of 782
our altar, while I took a pinch of sweet pine 778
needles and held them with the thumb and first 533
finger of my right hand. The Old Man took that hand in his and held it high above the smoldering coal. He said a prayer of thanks to the Holy Powers that brought us together. Then he prayed for good thoughts and long life for all of us and asked our holy Pipe to inspire my family to live a straight life. He thanked the Pipe's Powers for being with him for so many years and with us now. Then he began to sing: "The Above . . . it is holy . . . the earth . . . it is holy!"

He lowered my hand during the singing, letting 533
the sweet pine fall on the hot coal, making 778
the incense. While chanting, we all reached out our hands toward the sacred smoke and rubbed it on our arms and over our bodies from our heads down. Each song consisted mostly of chanting

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and a few sacred words, all repeated four times. I 533
handed my filled pipe to the Old Man during the 778
final song. The sacred words were, "My smoking [276]
. . . it is holy!"

Before the pipe was lit the Old Man prayed 276
again.^A He pointed the mouthpiece of the stem 778
upward and asked all that is holy to come with 782
the smoke into our minds and bodies. He asked
that my family and I have long life and good
health for taking proper care of our holy Bundle.
Then he told SikskiAki to take a brand from the
fire and hold it inside the shiny black bowl to
light the sacred tobacco. The pipe lit well, which
was a good sign, and burnt for a long time. Everyone took a turn, smoking contentedly. When the
smoking was finished, the ashes were carefully
knocked out at the edge of the fireplace.

Wolf Child and Mokakin had things to do at 000
their own lodges, so they got up and left. Suddenly it seemed very still in our lodge. We just sat quietly. SikskiAki and I let the Old Man's Spirit overpower us in silence. His eyes were closed. He was no doubt thinking of the many Powerful things that dwelled in his mind. We sat without moving, waiting for him to speak. Even though he requires two canes to walk and needs help getting up and down from the floor, I felt very weak next to him.

The Old Man did not care for gaudy "Indian" garb, unlike some of the "Medicine Men" 302
of today. Yet his appearance was very striking. His
face was freshly painted with sacred red earth. It
was streaked up on his forehead into the pompadourlike forelock of his white hair. His hair had
thinned so that he could only form two small
braids, which he fixed himself. When he was
younger he wore his long hair with a third braid
hanging down his back in our traditional warrior
style. The ends of his braids were always wrapped
with red cloth, another tradition of our People.
He used to wear shell earrings until a few years 301
ago, when one of them got hooked on something
and tore the ear's small hole into a slit. Enough of 000

A,[i.e., the Medicine Pipe--Analyst]

[P.16-A]

1884—was a lone bull who was found in one of 136 the prairie coulees.)

When the camp circle was filled with enough 796 people to represent the Spirit of the tribe, the Okan women gave word to move the camp. After a short ride, the camp was set up again. Three times the camp was moved this way. On the fourth day, the final move was made to a site where the Medicine Lodge was to be built. In 1892 the seven holy women and their parties used four tipis for their preparatory ceremonies. One of these tipis belonged to the family of Big Wolf, whose wife was one of the vowing women.

The men who took part in the preparations 343 for the Medicine Lodge ceremony were purified 346 by sweat baths several times, beginning on the day before the final move to the Medicine Lodge [783] site. The sweat houses were built by the members of four different men's societies. Each society [796] built one sweat house whose frames were constructed of one hundred long, straight willows. [924] The members of each society went out into the woods to collect the willows. When they returned, [533] they rode together as a group, holding the branches in their hands and singing an ancient song, in imitation of a victorious war party returning home with trophies. All the People came out of their tipis to witness the event.

The four sweat lodges were built a short distance [361] outside the camp circle, near the holy women's tipis. Older men supervised the construction of the lodges. Half the willows were stuck into the ground on the south side of the lodge. These were painted with red earth, representing [822] the Power of the warm summers. The rest of them were placed on the north side and were covered with black paint, representing the Power of the winters. Wider spaces were left on the east and west sides, for entering and leaving, breaking the otherwise complete willow circle. Opposing willows were bent toward the center and intertwined with each other, forming a basketlike frame. Over this frame, fur robes,

that when their canvas was joined a double lodge 796
was formed. At back end of the lodge proper, 793
sitting in a row, were the old and new O-Kon
women and the master of ceremonies [Wilson [346]
means the holy women and the priest]; also the
husbands of the women about to be initiated. In 796
middle of lodge a hole had been dug 2½ by 3 feet 778
square and 4 inches deep; the sod taken from it
was piled around three sides and covered with [824]
pine boughs [actually, boughs of creeping juniper
—a species commonly found in our country; it
grows close to the earth and is the sacred incense
for Medicine Lodge ceremonies]. Bottom of hole [531]
was covered with white clay in which had been
drawn, an inch deep, this design [showing the
main symbols of the Universe]; the bottom of all
the marks was painted black by sprinkling in
them black paint, the edges yellow. A cottonwood [824]
tree was planted in ground to the left of hole.
Tree 7 or 8 feet high. Upon the tree were hanging
the head dresses to be disposed of.

The hole Wilson describes was the incense 796
alter, representing our Mother Earth. The designs 778
indicated Moon, in the shape of a crescent; Sun; 531
Morning Star; and Sun Dogs. The black paint was
for Night Sky, the yellow paint for the Powers [822]
represented. The small cottonwood tree stood as a [824]
symbol of the Old People's main source of fire- [372]
wood, without which they would have perished.
In the midst of these spiritual symbols, the sacred
headdresses were hung. In addition, the leader of
the sacred ceremonies regularly made incense on
the altar, for its sweet smell symbolized the presence of the Holy Spirits.

Wilson continues:

Seven men rattled and sang, and the three 796
old O-Kon women took each a root digger, and 793
leaning upon them, dance upon their knees, rat-
tling against the stick each a bundle of buffalo [533]●
toes [moose hooves], and at end of the song tied [535]
the toes to the stick securely and in next songs
[237]

[p.27-A]

they, still keeping time, danced pointing the 796
sticks towards the clay [symbolically giving them 793
the Power of the sacred incense]. Sticks were
then put down and the candidates were robed in [533]
new clothes; an elk skin tanned on both sides is [535]
the proper robe for O-Kon to wear. Part of the
lodge was screened off [by blankets held up by [237]
some of the other participants], behind which [292]
. . . the re-dressing of the woman was done. At
this stage, relatives of one of the O-Kon women
[such as Red Crow's wife] brought in piles of dry
goods etc., and deposited them on the ground,
after which they were all gathered up by children
of the old woman who was installing her, and
taken away home.

There was more singing and rattling, during
which the holy women kept time to the rhythm.
The new holy women were painted by the old [302]
ones with sacred red earth.

Then the three older women [took] the head-bands from the tree and [danced] them towards the clay [for] 2 or 3 songs. Next they placed head-bands upon their own head, and [danced] on their knees towards the tree, which all 3 butted with their heads and grunted as they did so several times. [They were imitating the elk cow, who gave her Powers with the original Natoas after knocking down a cottonwood tree to prove her strength to her husband and to the dreamer.] Head-bands were then taken off and held by each woman in front of the younger one whom she was installing; and after dancing it there in front of her awhile and passing it 4 times around the younger's head, put it on and tied it in place.

Singing without rattles, three old men [hus- [302]
bands of the three retiring holy women] painted
the three O-Kon men black from head to foot,
with a yellow streak across the face and a yellow
ring around each wrist. [The yellow paint again [822]
represented the Above Powers, especially Sun.]

[p. 27-B]

and woman in the row of O-Kons and then to 796
everyone sitting outside. Great rows of people 276
were sitting in a half circle on either side of the 778
shelter. Each person to whom the pipe was presented took 4 draws only. These sacred pipes were always passed a long time after they had ceased to emit smoke. They seemed to go out before many people had smoked.

As is the case with our People now, anyone 796
in camp could make an offering, a symbolic gift to 793
the Holy Spirits—to Sun, Moon, sky, stars, birds, 782
animals. The offering would be brought to the
holy people by a family member. At this stage of [776]
the Medicine Lodge ceremony, these holy people were thought to be in strong communication with the Spirits. Each person bringing an offering selected one of the holy people waiting in the Sun shelter for this purpose. The chosen holy person would then pray to the Spirits on behalf of the offerer. Later, all the offerings would be brought to the Medicine Lodge and tied, permanently, to the lodge's Center Pole.

Families keeping the tribe's sacred Medicine 796
Pipes and Beaver Bundles had the opportunity for 778
an unusual and powerful spiritual experience during the Medicine Lodge ceremony. Only at this 276
time were these sacred Pipes fitted with bowls for smoking; at no other time were they smoked. The Owners of the sacred Pipes gathered their families
inside their lodges. Usually, past Owners were [533]●
present, especially if the current Owner did not know the Bundle's songs very well. There are songs to sing while opening the Bundle and many more songs to sing afterwards, when the People pray and dance with its contents.

After incense was made, the leader of the [302]
opening painted the Owner's family with Medicine Pipe symbols on their faces and wrists. The sacred Pipestem was taken from its cloth wrapping and carefully laid on top of the Bundle. At this point the sacred Bowl was removed from the
Bundle and filled with ceremonial tobacco. With [782]

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boughs. At 1 p.m. the Lodge was quite completed 796
and quietness reigned in the camp, broken only 346
by the occasional shouting of some chief calling [203]
guests to a feast, or a caller assembling the members of some fraternity.

With the completion of the Holy Lodge, the 796
participants returned to their own lodges to await
the next ceremony which was, in effect, the start
of the second half of the Okan. The first four
days had led up to the construction of it; the last
three or four days were taken up with ceremonies
within it.

The next part of the Okan began when two [237]
men came out of their lodges wearing sacred dress
and carrying fans of eagle wings and boughs of [924]
creeping juniper. Four old men came behind [533]
them with hand drums, singing a sacred song.
The two men, known as the Weather Dancers, [534]
danced forward to the rhythm of the song, at the [237]
same time blowing on whistles of eagle bone,
which stuck from their mouths.

The Weather Dancers are the priests for the 796
activities that take place inside the Medicine 791
Lodge. The People placed their spiritual faith in
these men, who were considered to have Power to [789]
attract good weather to the encampment. It was [787]
up to the Weather Dancers to decide how many
more days the Okan ceremonies would continue,
and they would remain within the Medicine
Lodge throughout that time to fast, pray, and
dance. It is as a result of their duties that the
Okan is often referred to as a Sun Dance.

The only clothing the Weather Dancers usually 796
wore were moccasins and breechcloths. They 791
painted their bodies with designs shown to them 292
in dreams or given by some previous dancer. [302]
Around their heads and wrists they wore wreaths
of creeping juniper boughs, and eagle bone [787]
whistles hung from thongs around their necks. [924]
On their backs they sometimes wore white robes,
pinned together in front of their necks. They [237]
tried to concentrate their thoughts on the Holy [534]
Power that Sun passes on to all the creatures on
Earth.

[P·34-A]

Power that Sun passes on to all the creatures on 796
Earth. 791

On their way to the Medicine Lodge, the [535]
Weather Dancers made four stops. At each stop they intensified their holy thoughts and danced more vigorously, while the drumming and singing continued behind them. The People stood quietly before their tipis, watching the brightly colored dancers make their way around the north side of the Medicine Lodge and then enter through the large opening on the east side of the cottonwood boughs.

The Weather Dancers entered this sacred booth and sat down, facing the Center Pole and the entrance of the Holy Lodge at the east. The holy people followed and sat down on their robes at the northwest side. The drummers sat on logs at the southwest side and were soon joined by several old men who knew the ceremonial songs. People approached the Holy Lodge to see inside, so that the entrance was blocked. Others found places around the outside where they could look through.

According to our Old Man, who was a young boy at the 1892 Okan, the head Weather Dancer was Ki-soum, or Sun, still remembered as one of our finest holy men. Wilson often refers to this man by the name Moon. The other was a former Weather Dancer who had vowed to help Ki-
soum. Among the small bundle of things Ki-soum
had brought into the Weather Dancers' booth [276]
was a black-bowled pipe. He filled the pipe with [778]
sacred tobacco and handed it to the drummer
nearest the booth. The drummer raised the stem, [782]
prayed for the spiritual success of the People, lit the pipe, and passed it among the other drummers to smoke. It was then passed into the booth, where the Weather Dancers smoked quietly.

When the pipe was smoked out, Ki-soum
signaled the drummers, who began to drum and [533]
sing a Weather Dancers song. The Weather [534]
Dancers placed their bone whistles between their
lips and stood up. Raising their heads so they [535]

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could see the top of the sacred Pole, they blew on 796
their whistles with short blasts while they 791
bounced up and down with the drum beats.

Before them[A] was the center of the Earth, [533]
marked by the sacred Center Pole. From Earth it [534]
reached to the heavens above, symbolically con-
necting the two into one Universe. The bright [535]
colors of the many offerings fluttered at the top of
the Center Pole, marking the place where Sky 796
and Earth met. The fork joint represented that all 772
the directions in the Universe are joined together
by the Great Spirit to make One. The prayers of
the Above Spirits were represented by Wind,
which could be heard all around; the prayers of
the Earth Spirits were represented by the rustling
of the green leaves on the cottonwood boughs.

"Cheep—cheep—cheep—cheep," sounded the 791
eagle bone whistles as the Weather Dancers 796
rocked on the balls of their feet, accompanied by 535
the rhythm of the drumming and chanting. If a 789
cloud threatened to hide Sun's light, the intensity
of the dancing and music increased until the
cloud passed out of sight.

I believe in this Power of Universal Har- [123]
mony, for I experienced it myself during the
Piegan Medicine Lodge celebration of 1972. The former Weather Dancer, an old man named Makes Summer, taught me the way to use spiritual power passed on from the long-ago. As dark rain clouds threatened overhead, the singing and dancing became more and more intense. The clouds finally separated and Sun shined brightly until the ceremony was over; not until then did it begin to rain. No one remembers a Medicine Lodge ceremony that was ever disturbed by rain.

Wilson brought his notebook and joined the 796
crowd around the Holy Lodge: 431

A,[i.e., the Weather Dancers--Analyst]

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 35-A]

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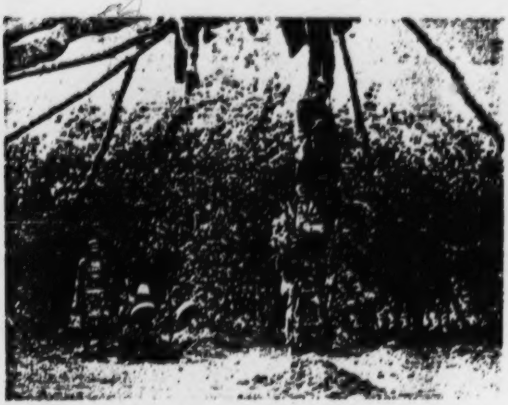
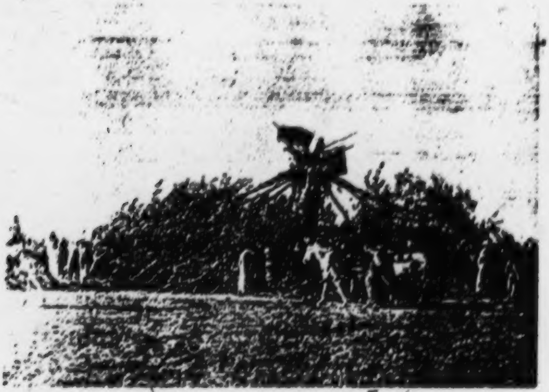


346
778
782
791
535 ●
796

Inside the 1892 Medicine Lodge. In the foreground is the pit where the sticks representing war adventures were burned. Behind the pit is the sacred Center Pole, with offerings tied to it. The man standing is believed to be the Weather Dancer, Ki-soum. The others are his drummers. (R. N. Wilson)



346
796

Outside the 1892 Medicine Lodge, while ceremonies take place inside. (R. N. Wilson)

[p. 35-B]

ing the 1892 Okan, the agents sent word to the 796
People that participants in self-torture would 785
henceforth be jailed. They aroused outside backing 657
for their move by calling the ceremonies
“heathen rituals.” The missionaries hoped that [177]
this ban would lead to an end of the Medicine [797]
Lodge ceremony itself. However, Medicine
Lodges continued to be built. Self-torture vows
were carried out in places that were not so public.

In writing and with his camera, Wilson re- 796
corded the details of the last ceremonies to fulfill 785
self-torture vows:

> *Next day nothing occurred until afternoon,* [575]
> *when some members of two Societies, “Crazys”*
> [*Wilson's own name for the Crazy Dogs, who*
> *were not actually crazy in any way*] *and “Black*
> *Soldiers,” came out of their rows. At this, Sitting* [292]
> *Bull's son entered in the paint garb of the “self-torture” as follows: no clothing except breach*
> *cloth and a blanket wrapped about him. A wreath* [824]
> *of wild sage about the head, a ring of same about*
> *each arm and ankle. Painted with white dirt from* [302]
> *head to foot. He sat down upon his blanket and*
> *presently some one placed a pillow and quilt on*
> *the ground upon which he laid down. A man* 796
> *assisted by others put a skewer in each breast and* 785
> *a 3rd* [behind] *one shoulder. When he arose to* 304
> *his feet a shield was fastened to the skewer in the*
> *back and the ropes from top of centre pole, to the*
> *others* [on his breasts]. *He walked up and embraced* [782]
> *the centre pole and silently prayed. Then*
> [he] *went back until the ropes tightened and,*
> *reaching around behind, grasped the shield, tore*
> *it from his flesh with a jerk and cast it upon the*
> *ground. Giving a yell, he next caught hold of one*
> *of the ropes in each hand and gave them a couple*
> *of good jerks which pulled the skin out from his*
> *breast several inches each jerk. Then he threw* [534]
> *back his full weight upon the ropes, having first*
> *inserted a whistle in his mouth, the string of it*
> *depending from around the neck. The drums* [535]
> *started up and the boy danced in time to their* [533]

[p. 38-A]

beating; he danced in a curve about the north side 796
of the centre pole, blowing the whistle also in
time and looking up at the top of the lodge, 785
throwing more and more of his weight upon the 304
ropes [until] his body was almost at right angles [535]
to the ropes, tied far above him. As his weight
seemed insufficient to break loose the skin [533]
through which the skewers were, a man sitting
near quickly got up, threw his arms around the
young fellow's body, pulled backwards and tore
him loose. He lay upon the ground while one of
the attendants [not a priest or a doctor] cut away
the torn end[s] of skin which were handed to
him. He then arose to his feet and buried the said 796
piece of skin in the loose dirt at foot of sacred 785
pole, took off all the sage ornaments and hung
them upon the offerings of the sacred pole, and
went home. A young man named A-suc [Goes to
War] was also put through the torture and I succeeded
in getting a pretty fair photo of him, an
instantaneous one taken as he was on the jump in
his dance. When these young men are having the
incisions made in their breasts, they often whisper
to the operator stating how they wish the cuts to
be, deep so that there will be difficulty in getting
loose, or shallow cuts that will be easily broken.
Those who do the cutting make it a rule to do the [554]
reverse to what they are requested, thus they reward
the stout-hearted who say "cut deep" and
punish the cowards. The Ats-Knax Society [Itski- [575]
naiks, or Horns] furnished the music for this day. [533]
They sat at the back of the enclosure upon the
South side of the banner; the other, or North
Side of the banner was occupied by the women
who "made the lodge" and others.

Calf Tail and Goes to War were the first two dancers to fulfill their vows to suffer before the People, as just described. They had promised to "give themselves to Sun." Thus, the long rawhide ropes were attached to their breasts so that as the flesh opened, the blood nearest their hearts would flow upon the ropes. From there the Spirit

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ceeded around the camp circle, each time waiting for someone to approach them. This is what they prayed: "Help, O Sun, may someone take this tongue. O Sun, bless the tongue yourself so that someone may build a holy lodge for you." 796 575 [782]

The elderly Horns members sang a song of praise for each band in the camp circle—the Fish Eaters band, the Many Children band, and also for the women who sponsor Holy Lodges. . . . [533] ●

Still, there was no one to sponsor a Holy Lodge. The men continued carrying the tongue around the camp circle. They stopped a little way from the east entrance of the camp circle. They were worried. This was their last stop, the camps of the Lone Fighters band. For this band they sang, "My children, when they were long gone, I was still happy." [533]

The members prayed again and were about to go back to their lodge when a woman came out of her tipi. As she walked toward them, Chief Calf came out and sang a song of praise for the woman. The woman was the wife of Iron Necklace [better known as Heavy Shield]. Her name was Many Kill. She walked straight up until she stood in front of the leader who carried the tongue. She held out her robe in bowl-like fashion. The tongue carried around the camp was held with sage grass and a braid of sweetgrass. It was not carried in a dish. [795] [824]

Many Kill did not say a word; the leader did not say a word. He just gave her the tongue. As he did, the rest said, "Aye," and made a downward brushing motion at the woman, showing their acceptance of her holy effort. She stood facing northeast. She turned to her right and went home. The leader was the woman's father. He sang, "Many Kill Woman—when she started to walk I was very happy."

The People all sang praise. The Horns Society members returned to their lodge. They walked around it from the south side to the north side, in the direction that Sun travels, and then they went inside. Some of them came out and called

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Before he entered he coughed; the people inside 793
all sat in order. The messenger went inside. He 796
put his robe on the right-hand side of the door [576]
and he went around the tipi making downward
brushing motions on the People, except for the
holy woman and her helpers. He passed in front
of her and continued to make downward brushing
motions on the men. When he got back to his
robe he picked it up, secured it around his waist,
and sat down. He sat on one of his feet. [516]

The messenger told them, "I came over to 793
notify you that the Horns Society has finished 796
the preparations." Neither the holy woman nor 575
her husband spoke a word. The priest spoke, saying
to everyone in the tipi, "Everything is prepared."
And then, someone in the Holy Lodge
who counted the tongue slices told the messenger
there were not enough. The messenger immediately
returned and told this to the Horns. Some
Horns members went out of camp to get more
beef tongues. They brought these tongues to the
holy woman's tipi, where they were cut and sliced
and set to dry.

At the Horns tipi, they selected their best 796
singers from amongst the members. The singers 575
formed themselves into two rows, the men in one 533 ●
row, the women in the other. They paraded to
the east side of the camp circle. Then, starting
at the east entrance they paraded by all the camps
within the camp circle. At each camp they
stopped and sang. After singing their song, one [203]
of the men called out: "Woo-Ka-Hai! For you
People all to know: after tomorrow a sweat lodge
will be constructed. Nobody is to leave the camps,
so that we will all help with the construction of
the Holy Lodge. We all will work on it after
tomorrow."

The reason why the Horns set this date to build the lodge was so that there would be time for the newly cut tongues to dry. The tongues were to be used in two days' time.

The next morning everything was arranged, 796
and the following morning the sweat lodge was 346
575

[p.46-B]

built. The young Horns got their saddle ponies 796
and rode down to the river. They gathered one 346
hundred rocks. The rocks were smaller than a 575
folded fist. White flint rocks and sand rocks were
not taken. They picked all ordinary rocks. About
noon the riders were heard returning, singing
plainly. There were no women among the riders.
The riders paraded around the inside of the camp
circle. They all dismounted at the Holy Lodge
tipi and their horses were led away.

The sweat lodge was constructed. There are 796
one hundred willows to a holy sweat lodge. The 346
entrance is on the east side and the exit is on the [824]
west side, just like the daily path of Sun. The
fifty willows on the south side were colored with [531]
real paint [red earth] and the other fifty willows
were colored with black paint. The real paint [822]
represents the day; the black paint represents the
night. The buffalo hides used to cover the sweat [237]
lodge were also colored, the hides on the south
side with real paint, the hides on the north side [531]
with black paint. In recent years the willows and
the canvases are not colored anymore.

In legends of the long-ago, only one rock was
used in the sweat lodge. Lately, one hundred
rocks were used. In this sweat lodge the rocks
were not heated red hot. It was a sweat lodge just
to reinforce the spiritual powers.

The buffalo skull, which is offered to Sun, was [237]
laid on a small pile of dirt that had been scooped
out from a hole inside the sweat lodge. It is different [782]
with the Crow Indians, who put their buffalo [171]
skulls by the Center Pole. Buffalo skulls are
no longer left out as offerings. They are put away
for use in the next Sun Dance.

The night after the sweat lodge ceremonies,
the Horns Society members were painted and the 796
next morning they cut down the Center Pole. 346
There were four singers, each with hand drums, 575
which were invented by that time. The Center
Pole was cut down, and as it was hauled to the [533] ●
center of the camp circle, the Horns Society [534]
members rode on it. A woman member was ap-

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pointed to follow behind. The singers beat their 796
drums as the procession moved along. 346

Many Kill was sitting out in the shade by her 575
tipi. The People brought to her their offerings
and pipes. After they unloaded the Center Pole,
the Horns Society members brought forward to 796
Many Kill their payments for the Natoas transferral. 778
They carried dry goods in their arms and 793
each led a horse to the transferral. 432

The People tied tipi poles together. approximately
a foot down from the top. Every separate 346
band came forward, singing a song with no words. 796
The People all jumped into the Holy Lodge. [533]●
Heavy Shield sat on the Center Pole. He had on [292]
a black robe and his face was painted black. He [302]
was blowing on his whistle. As the Center Pole [534]
started to raise, he jumped down, leaving his robe
on the Center Pole. That is the custom.

The Center Pole was raised. Some blew their
whistles while others shot their guns into the air.
Everybody helped set the Pole upright and the
seven rafter poles in place. Two orderlies wearing [292]
crow-feather headpieces brought in the hide [237]
to tie the rafter poles and cross beams. The People
got their horses again and rode down to the
river to cut young trees to cover the sides of the
circular structure of the Holy Lodge. Some riders
attached stirrup-cover decorations. Some wore
fur chaps, even though it was a hot day. Some [302]
men had on facial war paintings. The People [533]
sang a song with no words.

The riders were shooting and shouting. They came back through the east entrance, paraded once around the inside of the camp circle, and then they gallopped to the Holy Lodge. Some were bucked off on the way—the horses shy at the trees dragged by the riders. They raced to the Holy Lodge as a reenactment of the time when the Plains Indians rode into enemy camps at full speed.

The trees were set up against the cross beams of the Holy Lodge. Then the riders went home and turned loose their horses.

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At this point, Many Kill, the sponsor of the Holy Lodge, came out from her tipi and sat in its shade. The Horns Society sat on the east side, the Braves Society on the southeast side, and the Pigeon Society on the southwest side. The drumming of the various societies sounded at intervals. The Holy Lodge was completed. 346 796 [793] [575] [533] ●

***I, First Rider, have told this story. I am a* Blood Indian.** [115]

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Back to Our Own Encampment

574 The Old Man ended his visit with us before supper.
[484] Because he did not like to travel after dark,
he always insisted on being brought home before
● 533 Sun sets. When darkness came he liked to sit at
[352] the edge of his iron-frame bed and sing songs of
the Old Ways—they were holy songs, of which he
123 knew many. The first time I had met him, that
[342] was what he had been doing in his little white
one-room frame house. I had gone to him in
search of inspiration and guidance, which he had
given me. Here is how we began our deep spiritual relationship:

ON FIRST MEETING OUR OLD MAN

123 As SikskiAki and I drove over the dirt road toward the Old Man's house, we could see a light burning through a window. Behind the house we could see the silhouettes of sweat lodge frames—reminders of holy experiences from his past.

We knocked, and a voice from within bid us enter. A blast of warm air rushed past us as we came in from the cold. Immediately, I felt the presence of holy Powers; a feeling of weakness

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tune if it should fall to the ground. Wolf Shirt 796
proved his Power by never letting a Stem fall 276
from his head. Mokakin and Ponah have seen [784]
him dance this way with all the Medicine Pipes
still left among our People.

Ponah told us that her father, as a young 595
man, was happily married to two sisters from the
North Piegan divison. After one of the sisters 587
died, Iron began investigating a young Blood
woman for his next wife. The surviving sister be- [586]
came jealous and left him. So he married the
Blood woman. She was the mother of Ponah and
her sister, Mrs. Red Crow. After his third wife
died he married the widow of Ghost Chest. She
was an older woman, called Istsimpski, or "Hateful Face." Her son was Charlie Goodrider, who
was quite a romantic character.

Ponah asked Mokakin to tell us about her 721
father's horse raids. He related the time Iron was
with One Spot and Head Walking when they
raided the Crees. One Spot captured a Cree
Medicine Pipe, against Iron's insistence, while
Head Walking shot a Cree. Iron rode up to the
Cree, dismounted, stabbed the man dead, and
took his scalp.

As we talked, we began to hear singing 533 ●
faintly coming through the rising and falling of
the wind outside. Slowly, the singing grew louder.

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It was a serenade song. The voices came closer, 533 ●
passing by our part of the camp circle. The [492]
singers, four young men riding on three horses
(two of the singers doubling up on one horse),
ended one song with short, jovial shouts, and began
another.

This was a treat to hear, as most young [178]
people today don't know the old serenade songs
from the past. Long ago, several groups of serenade [361]
singers would go around the camp circle
every night, in the days when camp circles had a
circumference of a mile or more. Young people [534]
would tie strings of sleigh bells to their horses to
add background music to their singing. Groups of [492]
young men usually sang together, sometimes
doubling up on one horse. Married couples often
rode the same way. Single men would ride alone,
singing love songs with code words so that their
sweethearts, bound by tradition to stay inside at
night, would know the songs were for them.

The young men singing on this night continued
until morning. Blankets drawn over their [291]
heads protected them against the wind. In between
songs they talked and laughed quietly. During
the night I woke up, and heard them still
singing, talking, laughing, and their horses'
hooves thudding.

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summer's encampment. Four is a sacred number, 532
so it was good to see that many of one tipi design. 342
As all four owners happened to belong to the
same part of the camp circle, all the Otter Tipis [801]
ended up next to each other.

There are different types of Otter Tipis. All
have otters symbolically drawn on their covers. The [778]
Yellow Otter Lodge, or Tipi, may have only a
small Bundle and a few songs. The Yellow-Otter- [533] ●
Flag has a great many songs and a Bundle that includes the decorated skin of an otter. This skin is known as the flag; it is tied to the end of a pole and suspended over the tipi to wave in the air.

According to our ancient traditions, this is 773
how the very first Otter Tipi came about.
539
532

THE OTTER TIPI

Long ago a young man went way up north into a country where our People used to live. He stopped by a lake, perhaps the Great Slave Lake, where he lay down to sleep and seek a vision. No dreams came to him while he slept, so the next day he built himself a raft out of the driftwood littering the lake shore. With a long pole, he pushed the raft away from shore, and then lay down upon it and again fell asleep.

While the young man slept, Wind pushed the raft far out into the lake, where Mink swam up to it. When the young man awoke, Mink said, "I have been sent to bring you to my relative's lodge. Follow me." The young man followed Mink into the water and they swam down to the bottom of the lake. When they reached bottom, the young man saw there a fine lodge, painted yellow with many designs. He heard drumming from within. Mink took him inside and introduced him to his relative, Otter. Otter was lying on a bed of tule reeds (a kind of bulrush or cattail) at the back of his lodge. He offered the young man the seat next to him, saying, "I have heard about you looking for holy Power around this lake. I sent my relative up to get you because

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I take pity on you and want to give you some of 539
my Power." Then Otter took some sweetgrass and 773
made incense on his altar. He told the young man 532
to listen carefully as he sang a number of songs.
The young man listened and learned these words: [533]

Man, he says, my tipi is Powerful.
Woman, she says, my tipi is Powerful.
Rain is my Medicine.
My children, they hear me.
The Earth, below, it is Powerful.

Under water are our tipis.
My tipi, it is Powerful.
My smoking, it is Powerful.

Otter also taught the young man the sacred movements that go along with each song. He gave the young man an otter skin with many fine decorations and taught him how to make otter movements with the skin, and the songs to sing while doing so. He gave the young man a smoking pipe and a drum to use for the otter ceremony. He told him, "When you get back to the camps of your People, you must make all these sacred objects I have shown you, so as to carry on this ceremony properly. You must paint your tipi with the same designs you see on mine. You must make incense often to remind yourself of my holy Power. If you do all these things faithfully, then you may call on my Power whenever you wish." When the young man awoke, he returned to the Blackfoot camps and did as Otter had directed. From that first dream originated all the tipis that now have otter designs.

The sacred Bundle that goes along with an 532
ordinary Otter Tipi (as well as most other painted
tipis) contains one or more *Iniskims*—sacred 778
buffalo stones. Iniskims are sacred helpers; they [777]
bring good luck. Iniskim songs are sung during
the incense and prayer ceremonies. Most families [533]
had at least one in their household in the Old
Days.

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Our Beaver Bundles and Their Origin

Beaver Bundles were the holiest of all the holy 778
objects helping our People in their spiritual lives.
They were the largest, least common, and most
complex of all the Bundles, and required the
greatest spiritual devotion of their Keepers.

Almost every bird and animal was represented [237]
in the Bundle, either by tanned skins
(from animals specially snared to make their [533] ●
deaths quick and clean) or by special songs and
movements. In the Old Days, over four hundred [796]
songs were sung when the Bundles were opened.
The ceremonies were long and complicated. The
Keeper trained constantly, all his life, for such
occasions.

In 1909 Dr. Clark Wissler published this account 539
of the origin of Beaver Bundles in an issue 773
of the American Museum of Natural History's 778
Anthropological Papers. He credited the story to
an unidentified Blood man.

Once there was a man and his wife camping alone on the shore of a small lake. [Probably Saint Mary's Lake in Glacier National Park, Montana.] This man was a great hunter, and had in his lodge the skins of almost every kind of bird and animal. Among them was the skin of a white Buffalo. Because he was always hunting, his wife was often left alone. One day a Beaver came out of the water and made love to her. This went on

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her husband to give the things requested. He also 539
stated the time at which he would come to the 773
lodge to be received by her husband. 778

At the appointed time the Beaver came out of the lake and appeared before the lodge, but, before he entered, requested that the lodge be purified with incense. Then he entered. They smoked. After a while the Beaver began to sing a song in which he asked for the skin of a certain bird. When he had finished, the man arose and gave him the bird-skin. Then the Beaver sang another song, in which he asked for the skin of another bird, which was given to him. Thus he went on until he had secured all the skins in the man's lodge. In this way the man learned all the songs that belonged to the Beaver's Medicine and also which songs belonged to which skins.

After this time the man got together all the different kinds of bird and animal skins taken by the Beaver, made them up into a Bundle, and kept the Beaver Medicine.

Owners of Beaver Bundles were known as 778
Beaver Men. They were always the learned ones 793
among our People. A Beaver Man had to have a
fantastic memory to be able to sing the four hun- [533]●
dred or more songs in proper sequence. He had to
be a man who lived very much in harmony with [82]
nature to know the sounds and actions of the many birds and animals within the Bundle, and to be able to coach the participants to repeat those sounds and actions during the ceremonies. Beaver Men learned all the Ways of nature. The People looked to them for knowledge about weather, seasons, plants, birds and animals, and calendar histories (called winter counts) of the tribe.

In the Old Days, a Beaver Bundle contained examples of the most important parts of all our other sacred Bundles--a Medicine Pipe, a Natoas headdress, a sacred tobacco-planting outfit, as well
as all the various skins. As a result, Beaver Men [796]
usually knew all the ceremonies for these other

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[Beaver Bundle Ceremony]

cupied in singing and smoking. The dances are 796
usually held upon the day following the appearance 778
of the new moon, but I have known many to
be postponed for different reasons. The tom-tom [534]
is not used, rattles and whistles are the musical
instruments.

Early in the morning the i-o-kinu sends out a
boy or girl, or some member of his household, to
invite whoever he wishes to be present. These are
generally old and middle-aged men, some of
whom bring their wives. At the date of writing I
have attended three "moon dances" and remained
to the end of each, with book and pencil
in hand taking notes from which I hope to faithfully
describe what took place and to give as many
explanations as I have been able to obtain from
the performers. Two of the ceremonies which I 793
have witnessed took place in the home of Running 796
Wolf, one in his house and one in his lodge. 778
The third dance was conducted by Running Wolf
in the house of Three Bulls, another I-O-Kunt
who assisted. Running Wolf is considered the
most proficient of this class in this tribe, but he
has a superior in the person of the Blackfoot
[North Blackfoot] "Owl Child" who was master
of ceremonies upon the occasion that I saw the
dance in Running Wolf's lodge. This superiority [114]
consists simply in a good memory [Wilson had a
tendency to draw conclusions from outward appearances,
not from deep understanding]; 1st in
being able to lead their peculiar ritual all day long
without making errors, and 2nd, in being able to
begin without delay each song in its correct place.
When we remember the length of time the I-O-Keeme 793
sings, and that the songs are about one 796
hundred in number, nearly all of which are never 778
used upon any other occasions than "moon 533
dances," the use of a good memory is evident. [It
is likely that only one hundred songs were sung at
the ceremonies witnessed by Wilson. Even old
White Calf did not know all the songs. However, [784]
due to some taboo, Beaver Men never allowed
anyone to count the songs; if they saw someone

[p.91-A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

[Beaver Bundle Ceremony]

793
291
302

Ki-soum, or "Sun," the holy man who was also called Moon. (Glenbow Archives)

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counting, they would sometimes mix up their 793
songs to confuse the counter.] Running Wolf 796
and Old Moon have been for years the only two I- 778
O-Keeme in this tribe. [This statement depends [533] ●
on one's definition of Beaver Man. There were
then a number of Blood men who knew Beaver
Bundle songs and were learning to lead the cere-
monies.] Last summer "Three Bulls" purchased a [432]
third outfit from a Blackfoot but during last Win-
ter "Old Moon" sold his to a S. Pegan [South
Piegan]. These transfers are made by a payment
of horses, and a ceremony of installment as is
made in all religious regalia so acquired and dis-
posed of. An Indian buys the regalia in fulfillment [782]
of a vow or promise made in time of sickness.
[This transfer of Beaver Bundles is thought to 793
778
425

[p.91-B]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

[Beaver Bundle Ceremony]

space on the north side, against the wall, where 796
laid the mysterious bundle as yet unrolled. Running 778
Wolf sat next to it on the east. Three Bulls
upon the left of Running Wolf and next to him
was Old Moon; the other men sat against the wall
side by side reaching along the east wall to the
door. Upon the right, on west side, sat the
squaws, the wife of Three Bulls being next to the
bundle and the wives of the other two medicine
men, right of her; the other squaws sat in a row
against the wall thus leaving a space for dancing
in the middle of the room. Near the door, in [262]
front of a stove, were several pots of rice, stewed [272]
beef tongues and tea. "Running Wolf" began the
opening songs with gestures and was assisted by
the other men near him.

A long, slender, forked willow was passed [412]
around the room from right to left; each person as
he or she received it, held it up to the cheek and [824]
murmured a prayer. This implement is used to [782]
carry coals from fire to altar as I will show. When
the stick came back to Running Wolf he made a
long prayer and put it down in front of him. In
front of the sacred bundle was the altar, a pyrimid
of clay about 6 inches in height, flattened on top
[to represent a Beaver's home]. Running Wolf
now handed a squaw the willow fork, who extracted
from the fire a red coal which she deposited
upon the pyrimid. He next gave her a little [237]
piece of wool or hair which she placed upon the
fork and stood waiting near the stove; Running [533]
Wolf was all this time singing. At end of the song
the door was quickly opened by a woman sitting
near it; the wool was cast from the fork into the
fire and Running Wolf sprinkled incense upon
the coal and he and all those present made signs
of chasing something out of the door.

Singing renewed at once [with] gestures as if
to receive something from the entrance which
they placed upon their breasts. [This is sometimes [201]
referred to as the "receiving sign," the
People showing that they take into their hearts
whatever is being sung or prayed about.] Many of [533]

[p.92-B]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

[Beaver Bundle Ceremony]

the songs were started while all the singers placed 796
ends of their fingers to the floor. [These songs 778
referred to our Earth Mother.] A man took the 533
forked stick and brought a coal from the fire to
the altar upon which incense was then made with [824]
sweet-grass. A song in the meantime being sung.
Gesture in this was shading the eyes with hands, [201]
and searching for something on the ground. [This
gesture illustrated the words in one of the opening
songs, in which the Beaver says, "When
spring comes I look outside, and if I see any
enemies I dive back down under the water."]
Running Wolf ended that song with a prayer. [782]

Singing was at once renewed. R Wolf and
Three Bulls' wife, who were the persons nearest
to the bundle, now turned in their seats towards
it. The woman took up the bundle and held it up
a foot or so from the cushion and towards the
altar; it being rather heavy she was assisted by the
woman next to her. R Wolf took up a roll of raw [237]
hides and rattles and held them also towards the [534]
altar. Three Bulls held up a bag containing rattles
and then several songs were sung at conclusions as the articles were set down again. After another song Three Bulls' wife unrolled the bundle, while the men spread a tanned beef hide on the floor, hair side down. . . . Continuing his songs, Running Wolf took the bag of rattles and distributed them to the musicians. [A special rawhide was spread over the tanned hide. The rattles from the Bundle may be beaten only on this rawhide.]

In next song, each musician took up one [825]
rattle and held it with handle resting on floor, and
ended the song by imitating the caw of the
crow. . . .

3 songs came next, rattle held as before; at end of each song they cawed, struck the upturned bottom of rattle with ends of fingers of right hand, thus mimicking very nicely the picking and cawing of the crow. Next was a song during which they all took up rattles and beat slowly a few times on the hides in front of them and ended the song by striking some quick and strong blows,

[p.93-A]

at the same time yelling in low voices. [More 796
songs.] The two wives of the priests took a 778
bundle of sticks from the sacred bundle and 533
swung them to and from the altar, keeping time.
[The cawing and pecking were actually imitations [825]
of ravens, not crows. The rattles were usually [534]
made either from buffalo rawhide or from scrotums
of buffalo. While pecking on the rattles of [237]
buffalo skin, the ravens sang, "The wind is our
Medicine—Powerful dead buffalo we want," referring
to the buffalo carcasses ravens feasted
upon after hunters finished butchering them.
When the singers first took up the rattles and
beat them on the rawhide, they sang, "My rattles
are Powerful." The sticks the women took were
probably extra incense tongs, which were kept with
every Beaver Bundle.]

In fourth song the two squaws got up and 796
danced around the room, one holding a root digger, 778
a stick sharpened at one end and one edge; [535]
this was painted red as were all the implements.
Whistles were produced and tooted during the [412]
following songs. After three more were sung, [531]
Running Wolf took a pipe-stem and got down
upon his knees and bobbed about in which performance [534]
he was soon joined by his wife and [533]
Three Bulls' wife. With their blankets drawn up
around their heads, they kept up those singular [825]
antics, working their hands in imitation of the
beaver. That ended by all three people, 3 times
lowering their heads to the sacred bundle and
grunting several times, and then they took hold of
the outside covers and shook them as if to
frighten away a spirit. During all this time, [522]
"Moons" wife, who is a great wag, was cracking
jokes and making fun of almost every movement
of Running Wolf. [This part of the ceremony, 796
taken with light spirit, often evokes laughter 778
when the Old People leading the ceremony try to 781
imitate small animals at work. The amount of funmaking
at our holy ceremonies would probably
amaze a visitor. But our ceremonies are meant to
bring happiness and harmony, not gloominess and

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

[Beaver Bundle Ceremony]

fear. When someone is praying, however, there is 796
always silence and respect.] 778

Running Wolf and the two women, singing 781
as they did so, now proceeded to unroll the pipe
from its coverings, which were four in number, 796
the outside one being of red stroud and the others 778
ordinary calico. Outside of each cover was wound 276
a long strand of buckskin, painted red. Singing
ceased long before the unwrapping was finished.
At 1:10, rattles and songs were renewed, but a
man from the number sitting in the house
brought a common pipe ready for lighting and
kneeled in a most solemn manner in front of R
Wolf and presented it to him. The latter dropped
his rattles and took the pipe. When the singing [782]
ceased, he held the pipe with stem to the altar
and made a long prayer, at the conclusion of
which all responded and the pipe was handed
back to the still kneeling man who returned with
it to the other men, who at once lit it and passed
it around to all the men.

This pipe had a stem too long for one man to
light and smoke at the same time. One man applied the match, while another used the mouthpiece. [This is the proper way of lighting a pipe,
even if it has a short stem. One man has the duty
of "cutting the tobacco." He sits before the cutting board, mixes the smoking herbs, fills the
pipe, and lights it for the first smoker.] A three-pound [a carrot, or bundle of rolled and twisted
tobacco leaves] of tobacco was now divided into
many pieces by the two squaws above mentioned
and a portion given to each person present. The 796
women near the door now busied themselves with 778
serving out stewed tongues into many little pans 264
and bowls; each singer held up a rattle while
Running Wolf sang, and Moon prayed loudly [533] ●
7 times. Each man and woman present was [782]
handed a single dried sarvisberry which was held
waiting for the proper time to eat it. R Wolf in [262]
next song held his berry to the altar and then put
it in his mouth, all doing likewise. At once he and [533]
the other musicians took up one rattle each and [825]
poked it with fingers of other hand at same time

[p.94-A]

cawing like a crow. R Wolf then took a piece of 796
meat from the stewed tongues, a dish of which 778
had by that time been placed in front of each 264
person, and after praying to the earth, shoved the [533]
meat between the cracks of the floor in front of
him. All the others prayed and did likewise and [825]
the feast began. [Before we eat a ceremonial meal [782]
we always break off a piece of meat and hold it up
toward the Spirits of the Universe, while giving a
prayer of thanks. At the end of the prayer we say,
"Oki, this piece is for you, Spirits of the Earth,"
thus symbolizing our request that our Earth
Mother share her food with us.]

Singing was renewed at 1:40. Two little sacks 796
containing red and black paint were taken from 778
the outfit, and R Wolf extracted a particle of the 302
Red Paint and held it towards the altar as he
sang. Next he put a small bunch of wool in left 852
hand, poised the paint with right, and finally
placed paint with the wool rolled both together
and deposited them upon the altar. The same was
done with the black paint, after which the squaws
painted a child's face red and black. One of the
men present (Cut Face) brought his child, a boy,
and kneeled in front of R Wolf, laid a dollar bill
at the latter's feet and waited while the child's
face was painted as follows. Running Wolf con- [533]
tinued singing with the other musicians who all [386]
rattled; covering the palms of both hands with a
mixture of red paint and grease, after many waves
to and from the altar, he applied the paint all
over the face of the now kicking and struggling
child who tried in vain to free himself from the
grasp of his father who held him throughout. At [782]
the end of his process Running Wolf made a
long prayer and then rubbed the stuff off his
hands.

Renewing his singing, he mixed the black in [782]
same way and after striping the boy's face [painting a black stripe over the red paint], indulged in a 2nd elaborate prayer; he also painted a black ring around each wrist. The striping of the face consisted in a single black stripe down the middle of the face from forehead, at base of hair, to chin,

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
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Blood
[Beaver Bundle Ceremony]

over the nose and mouth. He finished the boy by 796
waving the pipestem from altar to the child's 778
body, passing it down each side . . . at last plac- 302
ing the mouth-piece to the boy's lips, he dis- 852
missed him with a prayer.

While her husband was thus engaged, R [782]
Wolf's wife painted three other children with many prayers, flourishes, and incantations. The prayers being to Sun, that the children may have good health and live long lives. Two little boys walked up and laid some old garments at the feet of R Wolf who painted them as before, and a baby was operated on [not surgically, of course, but ceremonially painted] by his wife, who put mouth-piece of pipe-stem to the little one's lips at the finish. Painting of the seven children was finished at 2:15. The father of the first boy I mentioned had his own face coloured red when he entered. To this Running Wolf added 4 black spots, 1 on each cheek, 1 on chin, 1 on center of forehead.

The next movement was the production [531]
from the sacred package of some dried buffalo
bladders which were painted red by 3 Bulls, his [237]
hand being guided in this operation by R Wolf who held his wrist. Singing all the time without rattles Running Wolf and his wife guided the hand of 3 Bull's wife as she painted two more bladders. All four of those people now grasped at the same time a painted bladder which they brought with a solemn wave or flourish to 3 Bull's head and thence to his feet. A second bladder was used likewise. . . . Incense was then made. . . . An old woman presented herself for decoration and was followed by a squaw bearing a child, all of whom were painted. A white man's squaw [Lee's] dressed in civilized garb and carrying in her arms a white baby, was the next and last applicant. Mother, child, and some of the others, were given four daubs of dark red on cheeks, chin and forehead. Backs of their hands and wrists were also red. . . .

Running Wolf would sometimes forget the 796
required song and at such times he would sit 778

[p.95-A] [533]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

[Beaver Bundle Ceremony]

quite still with eyes closed searching his mind for 796
the tune. I saw him in this perplexity cause an old 778
man to bring a coal of fire to the altar upon which [533] ●
he [Running Wolf] made incense and then
passed his hands through the smoke and to his
head. . . . After a delay of 5 minutes his wife
found the song and hummed it for him, at which
he at once remembered it all and went on. . . .
He and 3 Bulls took the floor dancing and whis- [535]
tling; one holding a pipe-stem, the other a buf- [276]
falo's tail. These articles they would exchange with
each other from time to time throughout the [237]
dance. They danced around to the altar and fin- [782]
ished by handing the pipe-stem to 2 Bulls, who
put it to his lips and prayed and then handed it to
R Wolf. . . . And thus it was passed around the
house from right to left, each person as he or she
received it prayed with the mouthpiece to the
lips. It took 20 minutes to complete this circle,
the music was renewed as soon as the pipe
reached the women, at end of which incense was
made again. When the pipe-stem returned to the [782]
woman who had started it, she gave up a long
prayer and laid it in its place.

Many of the Indians prayed at me although [782]
not to me of course; they wished their diety to
give me a better heart, to make me more liberal;
some prayed that they and I should always be as
good friends as in the past. R Wolf held up the [825]
front of the hide covering the bundle to hide his
actions from view and soon the sound of a bull
keeping time with the rattles was heard. At 3:30 [237]
R Wolf, after 10 minutes of antics such as poking [531]
up the nose or head of the animal, exposed the
article he had been hiding, which was a large otter [534]
skin decorated with a scalp tied to the nose, and
bells upon the legs. The head was only stuffed.
This object he lifted up and rising to his feet
danced around the room to the women and
handed it to them. She prayed as usual and set it [782]
in place. Running Wolf returned and went
through the same performance with a large dried [237]
Beaver skin with tail and claws on.

During the next song the two women got 000

[p.95-B]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

[Beaver Bundle Ceremony]

During the next song the two women got 796
down upon their knees and Running Wolf's wife, 778
dancing in that position, held her blanket in such
a way as to catch one of her husband's rattles [535]
which he threw into it, at which the squaws both
took to their feet and danced around the room.
At 3:45, soda biscuits were passed around to the [262]
men; like all the food, this was sent around the [264]
room in the course of the sun, that which reached
those men sitting near the entrance made a complete
circuit. As usual a small bit was broken off a [782]
biscuit by each man and put upon the ground
with a short prayer, but in this case it was done by
the singers only. The women were also helped to
biscuits, and Moon's wife alone made offering to
the earth and prayed a lot of nonsense "at me."
Running Wolf exhibited a duck skin, and holding [237]
it up, he sang 4 songs, ending each with an imitation [533]●
of a Duck's call; the rattles were not used
during those 4 songs. 4 squaws and Running [825]
Wolf got down on their knees and with their [535]
hands and arms over their heads, resembling
antlers, they made gestures of deer, while dancing
in front of the altar; at the end of each song, they
turned about without altering their body configuration;
all got up at the end of the fourth song.

In the following, Running Wolf's wife took [535]
a large beaver skin, and placing it on her back, she
danced around; three women followed suit. . . . [237]
These hides were several times changed about
among the 4 women who danced completely
around the room several times, imitating the motions
of beaver. . . .

At 4:20 incense was made; the assistant who
brought the coal of fire for the altar, this time
accidentally dropt it on the floor half way between
the fire and altar; it was brushed to one
side and a fresh one obtained. 3 Bulls, I noticed, [824]
all day was chewing the bark of red willow, which
he bit from willow sticks he had. The fossil songs [533]
were now commenced, during which a fossil [an
Iniskim] was produced by Running Wolf from
the outfit. At end of one song he held it to his lips [782]
and prayed. . . . Incense. . . . The fossil was

[p.96-A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

[Beaver Bundle Ceremony]

passed around and prayed to by all. . . . Incense 796
. . . . The common pipe was filled and handed to 778
Front Horn who pointed the stem to the Sun [782]
and made an elaborate prayer. . . . Incense. . . .
Then came a song in which the rattles were used [533]
in a different manner. Each musician held up one
above his head at arms length, shaking to keep [534]
time; then, all were lowered with handles touching [825]
the floor and the cawing of crows imitated.
Incense. . . . The event next in order was a feast [252]
of boiled rice which was handed around and
eaten without prayers or offering [because it did [262]
not represent a traditional food]. . . . Incense
. . . numerous songs and prayers. . . . Tea was [272]
given out in cups, bowls, and tin pans; the squaws
continued dancing. A rattle, made by stringing a [415]
number of buffalo toes to a stick by means of 796
holes bored in the points of the toes and leather 778
streamers through the holes, was thrown by Running
Wolf into the lap of one of the dancing 535
women. The dancer was free to throw it to anyone, [534]
who then must get up and dance with it,
and, in turn, throw it to some other person, always [237]
of the opposite sex. The woman threw it to
"Moon," who got up, and after dancing around a
few times, threw it to Running Wolf's wife, who
responded and danced near me and threw the
rattle to me. Not caring to join the festivities to
such an extent, I threw it to an Indian near me,
who took the floor and threw the rattle to the
woman who had it first, who, in turn, deposited it
on the knees of Spotted Bull, who was still dancing
with it when music stopped, which seemed to
cause much merriment. Incense 7:25. Song and 796
prayer by R Wolf. More songs and dance by 778
woman. Each rattler, holding up a single rattle, all [533]
sang the closing songs from 7:30 to 7:35. Two
women faced the door and danced during these [535]
songs; at the 4th part, the door was thrown open
and they danced out. The musicians knocked [534]
rattles together in the air to close off the last song.

[p.96-B]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

353
778
796
291
533

Building the Beaver Lodge, the Beavers sing: "In the spring, when I come out, I look around; if I see any enemies I dive back down." (Alberta Provincial Museum) [P·103-A]

me. He was very attached to me from the time I 551
was born. I probably had an infant's name, but I 553
don't know what it was.

"One time, that little boy came running into 551
our lodge because he heard my crying. He looked 553
at me and he said, 'That little child is very cute. 825
He looks just like an atsisi.' Those are the birds
that make their homes in the ground on the
prairie. Some kinds stay in the woods, but this
kind stays on the prairie; and we call it a prairie
owl.

"Those Atsisi are really cute. They are really small. If a person sees them, they look like an owl. They have big eyes, but they are small, about the size of a pigeon, at the largest. Long ago, an Old Man said not to kill them. He said, 'If you call them they will listen to you and you will be able to pick them up and you can look at them.' And that's true—I know—when you see one you just call to it, *At-see-tsee, at-see-tsee,* and you go toward it, slowly. It will just look at you. *At-see-tsee, at-see-tsee*; you don't hurry it, you just go slowly. You go easy. *At-see-tsee*. You wear a glove to pick them up. That's why they're called *atsitsi* ["glove"].

"Oki, so that boy said, 'He looks like an at- 551
sitsi,' and they added *ninna* [man] to make it 553
Atsitsi-na. My brother [the boy who gave him the [601]
name; cousins are called brothers among the
Blackfeet], he was Little Buttocks. Later he became On-the-Edge-Piegan. He's been dead for a long time. I became well known as Atsitsina, and they are still calling me by that name."

SMOKING PIPES

Atsitsina usually sang our Bundle's songs when- 533
ever he visited us, but this time he was afraid his 778
familiar voice could be easily heard around the 576
early-morning camp. He asked that we postpone 123
the songs and help him with a task.

"I came to ask, could you put a hole through 276
this pipestem? I must make some pipes. Some of 575

[Medicine Pipe Transfer Ceremony, 1890's]

the Old Days, only to ambitious persons. Anyone 778
not wealthy but who had enough ambition and 432
spiritual power could go out on a raid and bring [555]
home enough horses to take care of the physical
sacrifice.]

"High sleeper" paid sixteen out of his twenty- 778
one horses. He had lost all his relations but one 432
and bought the pipe to change his luck. I wit- 796
nessed the ceremony of his purchase which took [782]
place in the lodge of Crop Eared Wolf [the
adopted son of Head Chief Red Crow, who later [435]
became his successor], who had owned the pipe
for ten years. I also was present at the transfer of
a pipe from "Roach Mane" [the young-man name
of Ponah's father, Iron] to "Brave Bear."

The following description I write after being present at four Thunder dances: –

Inside the lodge, directly opposite the en- [353]
trance, is a space occupied by a cushion to receive
the pipe which was now outside, where it always
stands in fine weather during the day, leaning on
two sticks against the west side of the lodge. On [533]
each side of this space and extending around the [534]
lodge to the entrance in two half circles are arranged blankets and quilts for seats for the visitors who soon begin to arrive; the host (who is seated with the cushion at his left hand) tells each person where to sit; four or five men, who are good singers and know the songs used on these occasions, are told to take their places on the left of the entrance and are given tom-toms.

The Master of Ceremonies, or Priest, of the [793]
occasion, who is never the host but someone who knows all the songs of the pipe, of which there are a great many, and who is well versed in the mystic rites or functions in connection with the sacred pipes, takes his place next to space for pipe, sitting opposite to host, the cushion space being between them.

In front of cushion, between it and the fire, is a square hole dug in the ground, size about 9 or 10 inches square, and two or three inches deep; its sides being at right angles with the cushion. Upon

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
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Blood

[Medicine Pipe Transfer Ceremony, 1890's]

entrance the assembled guests sit smoking and 778
chatting upon all topics. 432

Host's wife presently brings in the Sacred 796
bundle and ties it to the lodge poles directly over the cushion. Bundle is covered with a red shawl and consists of a Bear Skin rolled around twenty or so skins of animals and birds, some of the latter stuffed, among which is an owl. In centre of bundle are several red cloth bags containing the Sacred Pipe, its two stems, a long wooden whistle, rattles and a number of articles the uses of which I will presently show.

Between the cushion and hole before men- (782)
tioned is now placed a live coal from the fire. The
priest places an open bag of sweet grass [*actually,* [824]
sweet pine] *on the ground and taking right hand of host in his right hand, he guides host's hand to bag and extracts therefrom a pinch of the powderized sweet grass, while both are muttering a prayer.* [*The incense*] *is sprinkled upon the coal of fire with a spiral motion of the hand, causing a sweet odour to fill the lodge. The bundle is now taken down and waved towards this altar four times before it is set down upon the cushion.*
[*Wilson fails to mention that the series of Medi-* [533] ●
cine Pipe songs is begun before the incense is made. The singing goes on while the Bundle is taken down and placed between its Owner and the leader of the ceremony.]

Bowls and pans are now produced and the 778
squaws bring in pails of berry broth and rice, 432
which is served unto all present, myself among 796
the rest, though the stuff was not very tempting 782
to look at. I managed to make away with part of [262]
my share as my right hand neighbor said it was
not good to refuse. Before eating, the oldest man [576]
present picked one berry from his dish and holding it above at arm's length began an elaborate prayer to the sun thanking him for past blessings, for his old age (70 years), and soliciting future favours for himself and host. He had hardly started before the other old men followed suit and before they had concluded, every male [*and*

[p. 127-B]

*female] in the lodge was praying in the same man- 778
ner, some to the sun, some to the moon, birds, 432
stars, eniskims [Iniskims, or sacred stones] and all 796
their numerous deities, each person concluding his
prayer by placing the morsel, which he had been 782
holding up, upon the ground and rubbing it through the grass into the earth saying: "Earth persons, I give this to you." After they had done all this, the host held up some of his food and prayed as follows:*

"Oh Sun! Oh Sun, pity me, Oh Sun, pity me, pity me that my children may grow up to be men and women. Pity me, that I may be a good man with a good heart, that my horses may increase and not get stolen. Pity me, that I may not die when sick, that I may escape all danger when I travel from home. I am happy to be able to see my family around me. I am glad to be able to look at my horses, I am glad that I can move around this summer in health, I am glad that things are as they are and hope that I am to be so blessed a long time."

[At this point the food was eaten, although Wilson does not mention this.]

*Priest now takes tallow and red paint and 796
paints his hands and face, holds his hands over 778
incense and passes them over his legs, breast, arms 432
and head [actually, in reverse order, symbolically [302]
cleansing the evil downward from his body],
praying as he does so. Host does same, but does [782]
not paint himself. They now sing a number of [783]
songs, making gestures as they sing. . . . Priest [533]
now paints the South half of the square hole in
the ground Red, and the North half, Black. Priest and host and wife now proceed to unroll the pipe by untying the numerous strings; each string as it becomes disengaged is waved towards incense and
then put away. From bundle is taken four [237]
plumes, two are painted Red and two Black. Host now takes a pointed red stick and makes three feints to stick it into the ground at S.E. corner of hole and at the fourth does so, making a little hole in which a Red plume is placed. Same is*

[Medicine Pipe Transfer Ceremony 1890's]

done at *S.W.* where the other red plume is 796
placed, then *N.W.* and *N.E.* corners [in] which 432
are stuck the black plumes. Two small willow 778
sticks painted red, about 2 feet long, [are] stuck [824]
upright in the ground in front of and close to the
bundle, a third is tied across horizontally near
tops of them, four waves being made to altar be-
fore each stick is placed in position. The mouth [237]
ends of the two pipestems are placed resting
upon this crosspiece, a stuffed owl is laid with it,
head also upon the crosspiece end of long wood.
A quantity of tobacco, generally a 3 lb. carrot of [276]
H.B.C. [Hudson's Bay Company, which was
often supplied by Wilson from his trading post] [439]
tobacco, is now divided up by host and a piece [782]
given to priest who, breaking off a small particle,
holds it out in front of him and, often giving a
short prayer to the earth, pushes the balance into
the earth. One of the old men present counts a [555]
couple of coups which are loudly applauded. Four
children, or as many as the host has, or any child [302]
relative whose parents wish it to be painted, are [852]
brought forward, and painted by Priest. All is now 796
ready for dancing which is started by Priest, who 432
takes some article from the Sacred Outfit, gen- 778
erally the fancy stem of pipe, and dances around 535
the lodge and out through the entrance. He often
has in one hand this whistle which he points up [534]
to the sun and earth, blowing as he dances, and
shaking the pipestem which has a great many
bells on it. After turning around outside he [782]
dances back through lodge and having danced
four times, hands articles to host, who prays to
them [or with them, as I have said] and puts
them in their place. After some chatting, the [533] ●
drums start up again and sing three songs and at
the fourth, one of those men present who have
owned a Sacred Pipe gets up and dances around
the lodge, dancing towards the pipe three times,
holding out his hands as if he would take it; the
fourth time he takes it and often one of the other
articles and dances with them in his hands. Each
man dances to four songs [actually one song, sung

*four times], then gives the articles to host as be- 796
fore. Sometimes 2 or 3 will be on the floor at 432
same time. One may have owl, or rattle alone; 778
they can suit themselves and take whatever they 535
like. [Not exactly. Past and present Medicine [422]
Pipe Owners may select anything from the Bun-
dle, but some persons who have never owned a
Bundle may have had the rights to certain objects
within a Bundle transferred to them. They can
then always dance with those objects but not with
any other.] When using the whistle they begin at [533] ●
a high note and descend the scale with a continu- [534]
ous toot, toot, toot.*

*In making the first three feints to take the [201]
pipe, the dancer often retreats, dancing back
around the lodge making the sign to kill (as if
stabbing with a knife). [This preliminary dancing [178]
Wilson describes is no longer done at all. Today,
when a man gets up to dance he takes the se-
lected object, prays, and dances four times.] They
nearly all dance the same step in this ceremony, a
slow, regular, vigorous jump with both of the
knees bent; the tunes and songs used upon these
occasions are not sung at any other time; the step
in dancing is also peculiar to Calumet [Pipe]
men. There is a preference shown for the owl,
which is most often taken up and almost always
prayed to by the dancer as he takes it in his
hands, or the host when it is handed back to him.
[According to our traditions, the dead come back [825]
to visit the living in the bodies of owls. For that
reason owls are respected as being very Powerful, [775]
and many participants desire the spiritual
strength they get by dancing with one.] At one of 796
these dances, while one of the dancers had the 432
owl in his hands, I was amused to see a claw and 778
leg of the bird fall to the ground, at which all 787
present put on a very long face, thinking it a bad
omen, and it is a strange fact that the owner of
the pipe and host on that occasion died before
the summer was out, his Calumet was buried with
him, the stems lying on his breast. [Any accident
that occurs during a sacred ceremony is con-*

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
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Blood

[Medicine Pipe Transfer Ceremony, 1890's]

vendor's wives, supply. Vendor's wives chew 796
sweetgrass while they are dressing others. When 778
they are through the blanket is taken down. The 432
candidate is dressed completely in a new suit of [824]
clothes by vendor; this is done before his wives [261]
are dressed. Each garment is waved four times to
incense before being put on. Candidate now gets [824]
up and, passing behind pipe with fire stick in
hand walks out, stepping on four bundles of sage
the first four steps. A painted white horse is wait- [231]
ing outside which he mounts, and there is handed [531]
him the fancy pipestem, which he holds in his
arms. A priest leads off the horse, singing, to [533] ●
candidate lodge which the latter enters [candi-
date enters his lodge]; a squaw brings back the [534]
horse, and priest returns with stem and owl [to
vendor's lodge]; 2 Priests and 2 others go outside
[vendor's lodge] having in their hands both pipe-
stems, owl, rattle, and whistles, they stand in a
line and sing while the four drummers form an-
other line behind and they all move off, singing,
to lodge of candidate; front line dancing and sing-
ing forwards and backwards, at times facing
around when they at last arrive at candidate's
lodge. Front line goes in, drummers at once re-
turn [to vendor's lodge], candidate at once comes
out [from his own lodge] and, mounting horse
which had been brought around again, he comes
back to [vendor's] lodge and enters. As he en-
ters, the drummers all take hold of a common
pipestem and bow their heads low, still waiting,
until he passes in, when they lift their heads and
go to work at their drums.

Now there is dancing for an hour, very much [535]
like Thunder Dance, but more of it, there some-
times being four up at once. Head bands and
feathers are taken off. A blanket is now held up as [852]
a curtain, closing from view the man and boy.
The two priests take the front locks of hair of [302]
each [the man and boy] and form a top-knot by [237]
braiding out one braid in front and doubling it
back upon itself and tying it with buckskin; a long
strip of otter skin is wrapped around [the braided
lock], making a long roll sticking out over the

[p.130-B]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

[Backside-To-The-Fire Pipe Opening Ceremony, 1972]

man, sat halfway back instead of way up front 796
where all Medicine Pipe Owners are supposed to 778
sit.

One more drummer was needed to start the [533]●
ceremony. Our Old Man, sitting by the doorway, volunteered to fill the vacancy. The physical efforts required of drummers would strain his old body. He knew that, but he wanted to help get the ceremony started. I helped him move over to sit on the first of the cushions arranged for the drummers in an east-west line.

Just before the ceremony actually began, old NinnaOnesta showed up. Once the ceremony begins, it is not proper to rearrange anything, but there was still time to have the physically stronger NinnaOnesta replace the Old Man.

The ceremony went like any other, with the
incense, praying, singing, and untying of the Bun-
dle. In the Old days, at least seven sets of seven [533]
songs would have been sung. But no one knows [178]
all seven sets anymore. Today, usually the first
set of seven is sung, and then part of the second
set.

After the Bundle was opened, we ate the [262]
sacred meal of fresh berry soup, as well as boiled meat and eggs, crackers and cookies, and oranges and apples.

This pause lasted for about twenty minutes; [535]
then the ceremony continued with dancing done in time to drumming and singing. During this part, participants were given an opportunity to express their own spiritual feelings about the Bundle. Anyone who had been initiated into the Spirit of our Medicine Pipes could get up and dance with an object from the Bundle.

The custom of dancing is different with this 796
particular Bundle, the Backside-to-the-Fire Pipe. 778
With other Bundles, only the men dance, while 535
their female relatives may dance in place to ac- 562
company them. Then, women dance with the sacred objects only to fulfill vows, standing next to the leader and bouncing lightly up and down; relatives accompany them, dancing in place four

[p. 134-A]

times, facing each of the four directions. The 796
dancing party stands on a walkway made up of 778
blankets, quilts, and pieces of material given to 535
the Bundle's Owner afterwards. However, for this 562
Bundle, both men and women dance, one encouraging the other.

Before the dancing began, Emonissi took the 796
sacred Pipe outside the main tipi and prayed to 778
the Powers of the Universe. He returned and laid [782]
the sacred Stem on a rack, made up of three sticks
like a miniature goal post. The drummers began [533]
the introductory turn for the Medicine Pipe
Dance. All the songs, or chants, were accompanied [534]
by hard-soft, hard-soft beats on the rawhide-covered hand drums. The four drums used to be among the accessories of a Bundle, but no longer. Today, drums are usually borrowed.

During the introductory song, Mokakin got 796
up and prepared to be the first dancer. He went 778
up front and took a pinch of sweet pine needles 783
from the pouch next to the altar. Putting the
needles in his mouth, he chewed them, then spit [824]
a bit of them in his right hand, which he brushed [261]
down the left side of his body. He did the same with his left hand. Then he repeated the whole ceremony. Finally, he spit some of the incense in his hands, rubbed his palms together, then rubbed the soles of his moccasins a total of four times. He was now symbolically purified and ready to handle the sacred objects from within the Bundle.

One of the two Pipestems was very simply 796
decorated, while the other was more fully deco- 778
rated with the eagle tailfeather fan. The simple 276
pipe looked like the secondary Pipe and the latter
looked like the main Pipe, except for one feature. [531]
The secondary Pipe is usually more recently [237]
made; but here this simple pipe was very ancient compared to the one with the eagle tailfeathers. And indeed, Mokakin selected the much older, more simple Pipe, which was this Bundle's main Pipe.

Mokakin prayed aloud, holding up the sacred 796
778
782

[p. 134-B]

Stem. He gave thanks to be able to pray with his 796
old Pipe once again and he asked for strength so 778
that he could pray with it again next year. He 782
asked the Spirits of the sacred Bundle to continue
sharing their power with him and his family and
all past and future Keepers of the Bundle.

After the prayer, Mokakin hummed a few 796
notes and the drummers took up the rhythm of 778
the song. Like other Pipe Owners, Mokakin had 535
his own special song for dancing; these songs [533]
come either from Teachers or from dreams.

Mokakin is a dramatic and spirited dancer. His basic style is to bend forward at the hips, loosen his knees, then take short jumps with both feet. With each jump forward, he turns a bit to the right or left. His left hand rests on his hip, while his right hand is extended before him, holding the sacred Stem.

As he danced by the others, he held the Stem [782]
towards them, giving its blessing. Some responded
by reaching out with their hands, symbolically
grasping the Holy Power, then holding it to their
hearts.

Meanwhile, Ponah bounced enthusiastically to her husband's dancing, holding a corner of her shawl in each hand of her outstretched arms. As she bounced, she turned from side to side, and occasionally burst forth in the high-pitched tremolo of a woman's victory cry.

Each time the singing stopped, Mokakin straightened up, waiting for the next song. As he waited he caressed the Pipe and straightened out any tangled ribbons and feathers.

When the fourth song was over, Mokakin 796
walked over to the doorway of the main tipi and 778
handed the sacred Stem to his daugher, Theresa.
Because the topknot from this Bundle had once [422]
been transferred to her while her parents were the
Bundle's Owners, she had the right to handle the [432]
Pipe. Mokakin reached into his pocket and took [431]
out a couple of dollar bills, which he handed to
two male visitors. This was to show his generosity
and inspire good thoughts in the recipients.

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
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Blood

Later on the Fourth Day

Back at our tipi, we put away our blankets and 312
other things, lay down in the shade, fanned ourselves,
and drank lots of cool water. Getting water
to the Sun Dance Camps used to be quite a chore
in the Old Days, as there was no-accessible water
source in the Belly Buttes. Nowadays, a truck
with a full tank of cold well-water drives around
the camp circle every evening so that people can
fill their containers.

It was a clear, calm, middle-of-summer day; 575
the temperature must have been at least a hundred. 432
We heard someone singing. The song was
to honor the wife of Harry Shade, about to become [533]
a member of the Motokiks. Although it is [554]
traditional for this society to transfer memberships
as a group, a woman may make a vow to [782]
join if she learns that a present member is willing [422]
to part with her Society Bundle. As in this case, [424]
Noyiss, the wife of Henry Standing Alone, had
agreed to transfer her membership. We looked
toward the Motokik's lodge, where we saw someone
leading a fine horse with a pile of beautiful
blankets on its back—all representing payments
for the new membership.

Part of the Motokiks' transfer ceremony is 575
public and part is closed. We walked over to the 432
lodge to join a crowd of others to see what we 796
could through the two doorways and the lodge
covers, which were opened for all to see. Inside, [535]
three women were dancing in place. They wore [292]

[p. 136-A] [534]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
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Snake headdresses, whistles on leather thongs 575
around their necks, and shawls over their shoul- 432
ders. The feather plumes of their headdresses 796
waved in the air as they danced. Each of the [292]
women tooted on small whistles made from eagle
bones. The women's faces were completely cov- [[illegible]34]
ered with sacred yellow paint, which looked [2[illegible]7]
greenish in the subdued lighting of the lodge.
Thin red lines were drawn from the corners of [302]
their eyes and mouths.

Four of the older men did the singing—Joe [533]
Sun, Albert Wolf Child, Mark Old Shoes, and
Fred Weasel Fat—all former members of the [534]
Horns Society. They sat in a row, facing east, each beating the song's rhythm with a rawhide rattle on a sheet of rawhide spread before them on the ground.

The members' beds were lined head to foot [353]
around the lodge wall. Members who were not
dancing sat quietly on their beds. Before each [352]
bed, a piece of earth was cleared. This was the
altar where the incense was made. Just beyond [778]
the altar, toward the center of the lodge, a short,
upright stick had been firmly planted in the
ground. Tied to each stick was a decorated raw- [415]
hide container. This was where the sacred head- [292]
dresses were kept when not worn.

Soon the doors of the lodge were closed, [778]
shutting us from the mystery of the ceremony within.

[p. 136-B]

he danced. He handed the sacred Stem to me, 778
then stepped aside, permitting the man behind 432
him to dance before us. This man carried the 796
secondary Pipe, which he gave to me. The third [535]
man in line gave me the wrapped owl skin; the fourth man handed me the decorated whistle and rawhide rattle.

The capture party spread out a blanket and instructed me to sit on it, holding these sacred objects next to my body. With the help of two young men, they all picked up the blanket, lifting me into the air. They carried me out toward Stabs Down's tipi, SikskiAki and Wolf Child following behind.

Atsitsina walked along, singing the ancient [533]
honoring song of our family's band, the Many
Children. He preceded each song by calling, in a [554]
loud, sing-song fashion, "Natosina, Ah-hey . . . SikskiAki, Ah-hey . . . Makwi Poka, Ah-hey," and then he sang, announcing the sacred duty we were about to assume.

I could hear the Old Man's voice, booming above the other drummers, singing in Stabs Down's white tipi as we approached it. On the way, the party stopped four times and gently lowered me to the ground. They carried me into the tipi as Sun moves, from east to west around the fire. The Owner's seat was vacant, south of the opened Bundle. SikskiAki and Wolf Child sat at my right. The leader sat to my left; he instructed me to replace the sacred objects in the opened Bundle between us.

The Old Man was very proud that his [576]
"grandchildren" sat in the place of honor next to
the sacred Bundle that had so long been his. He [533]
sang a rousing honoring song that silenced every-
one in the lodge. When he finished he took up his [534]
drum and beat a rolling introduction with his drumstick.

The drummers began one of the Medicine 778
Pipe dance songs and the four members of the 432
capturing party danced with the sacred objects. 796
White Horn led the group, which included 535

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
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Blood

[Medicine Pipe Transfer Ceremony, 1972]

ond round he danced outside where our relatives 778
stood with some of the goods we were giving up. 432
Our main payment was to have been seven 796
horses; several we owned, the others we would
buy. Due to a misfortune in his family, however, [436]
Stabs Down sent word to us sometime before the
transfer that he would rather have the money for [435]
those horses we hadn't yet bought. So we offered
a thoroughbred quarter horse and a good mare
with a colt. Instead of the other four horses, we
offered a large number of twenty-dollar bills sewn
to a large Hudson's Bay blanket, according to custom,
and also a large pile of blankets, clothes, and
dry goods.

SikskiAki and I held our breaths, hoping that
all our spiritual hope and enthusiasm would not
be let down for insufficient material payments. It
had taken us some time to gather what we
offered. After a brief look at our things, the [535]
Owner turned slowly and danced toward us as the [533]
drummers took up the inspection dance song
again. At the end of the song, young Wallace
stopped before us and handed the sacred Pipe to
me, saying, "You got yourself this holy Pipe."
Then he turned around and walked to his seat by
the doorway.

With that simple gesture we were given the [424]
key to our long-time dreams. We now had the

[p. 140-A]

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The Fifth Day

THE BACKSIDE-TO-THE-FIRE PIPE TRANSFER CEREMONY

The main event of this day in camp was to be the Backside-to-the-Fire Pipe Transfer. The ceremony itself had actually begun the night before, with a preliminary opening of the Bundle in Jim Twig's tipi, where he and former Medicine Pipe Owners had gathered. (This opening is not to be confused with the annual opening Jim Twig had had earlier.) After the Bundle had been ceremonially opened, and the guests fed, the group dispersed, leaving the Bundle untied for the rest of the night in the tipi. 796 432 778 [264]

White Horn was to be the leader at the transfer ceremony on this day—the same White Horn who had officiated at our own transfer. He carried the sacred Pipe under his white blanket, leading the capturing party toward a white tipi. There the future Owner waited with two of his sisters, one to be his partner, in place of his wife, and the other to accept the Bundle's topknot. This was a common arrangement among Old People who made the vow for a young person to take a Pipe. [852]

Mokakin sang an honoring song for his grandson. Two other grandparents, Ponah and Emonissi, also sang their own rendition. The tiny bells on the sacred Pipestems jingled with the leader's movements. [533] [554]

[p. 141-A]

Bundle's blue-bead wristlets. The wristlets for the 778
Long-Time Pipe stayed in Weaselhead's family 793
for many years. The original drums from the [432]
Bundle are now owned by Many Grey Horses.
They are often used at the opening ceremonies of [301]
our remaining sacred Pipes. [534]

Bobtail Chief transferred the Long-Time [782]
Pipe to Stephen Fox, who vowed to take it during
an illness. Stephen Fox was a successful rancher
who owned many horses. Bobtail Chief did not [432]
think that enough of those horses were being sacrificed [435]
for something so Powerful as our Long-Time
Pipe. During the transfer ceremony, after he [796]
had looked outside at the payments, he came
back in and told the drummers to sing a special [533]
song in which he said, "I do not see that fine gray
team among your payments." Stephen Fox
quickly sent someone after the matched team,
which he had hoped not to lose.

Stephen Fox was known by the name White-Plastering-His-Home [551]
until he became Owner of
the Long-Time Pipe. During the transfer, he took [553]
on the name Big Eagle. This was in keeping with
our tradition, which allows a person to take a new [555]
name for noteworthy accomplishment: a first
coup, a long-distance journey, or a major role
within our tribe.

Stephen Fox left behind a large family when
he died a few years ago. Some of them are well
known in reserve politics, business, social affairs,
and news media. He got the Fox name when, as [551]
a young boy, he was sent to school with his sister.
The teachers did not care to learn the students'
traditional names, so they decided to give them
all "proper" names. Because his sister's name was
Medicine Fox Woman, they were both given the
last name of Fox.

Calling First wanted to have the Long-Time [432]
Pipe, even though Stephen Fox did not wish to
give it up so soon. So he decided to make sure of
a transfer by stealing the Pipe from Stephen Fox.
Fifty-two horses were among the payments made
during that transfer. Calling First had the distinc- [582]
[584]

[p. 149-A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
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Blood

796
778
415
262

Sacred berry soup being served to participants of the ceremony. This is a typical scene at all Medicine Pipe ceremonies. Most Owners and former Owners follow the custom of bringing wooden bowls to eat from, while others bring whatever containers they have available.

796
778
533
534
291

The drummers and singers of the Long-Time Pipe ceremony. From front to back: Willie White Feathers; Albert Chief Calf; Atsitsina; and Mark Old Shoes.

[P-151-A]

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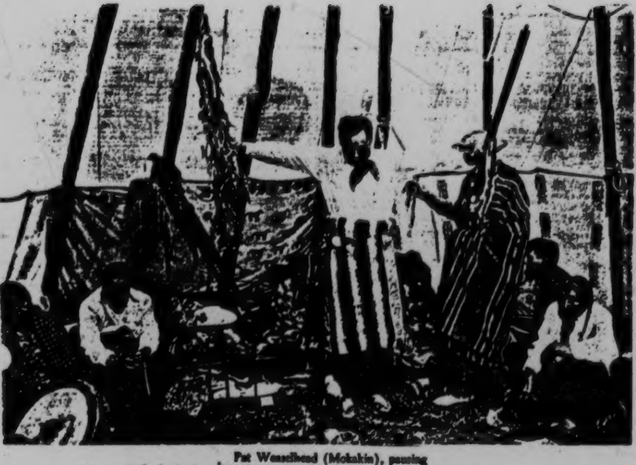
Blood

796
778
276
532
291
353
292
● 533



Pat Weaselhead (Mokakin), pausing at the beginning of his dance song. He is holding the Long-Time Pipe and the secondary Pipe.

[P.153A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
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Blood

This Bundle has the distinction that its 778 sacred Pipe, though fully decorated, is only the length of a normal pipestem. In the Old Days, there were several short Pipes, but only two remain today among all our divisions, and only this one is considered to have been a true war Pipe, the other having never been to war. Originally, [533] seven songs were sung for the opening. But during recent transfer ceremonies, only two of the original songs were sung; the others had been forgotten and were replaced by our usual Medicine Pipe songs.

George First Rider said that some of the 778 Pipe's wartime Owners included Atsitsina's 173 father, Natosina; Over-Designed Tipi; Striped Bear; and Big Wolf. From them he learned this 539 story of its origin: [115]

A man had only two wives. He was successful, but he didn't have many horses. He had one real good horse for buffalo hunts. When he went on a buffalo hunt, he killed many and gave much meat to the People. If he was asked for something he would give it. His name was gradually putting [536] *him into higher rank because he was very generous. But he didn't gain anything of real value from his raids on the warpath.*

One time when it was raining continually and the wood piles were all soaked, he went on a buffalo hunt. To enjoy the adventure of the hunt more, he didn't join hunting parties but went alone. When he brought home his meat, he was all soaked. He told his wives, "Don't bring the meat inside; unload it outside and give some to the People." Then the wives brought in the meat they were going to keep. They brought it in to dry. It is usual to dry the meat a little, so that [252] *when it is sliced it will not slip out of your hand. Fresh meat is slippery, and would cause the women to cut themselves with their knives. And the meat is tasty when it is cut dried. If the meat is sliced fresh, the flavor seeps all out.*

Now he told his wives, "Build a fire with that big-sized wood. I am tired from riding and drowsy

[p.160-A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
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Blood

Old Ways. So, for what he considered such a re- 156
turn from the museum, George began to pour out 177
his knowledge into four different tape recorders supplied to him at his house by the archives and museum library. The archives employed Dave Melting Tallow from the North Blackfoot Reserve to interpret George's information into English. George filled so many tapes that the interpreter, who has already been at work for several years, will require several more years to complete all the translating.

George's recordings of the Horns Society's secret ceremonies will not be repeated here. But I hope the stories that are will never be used as an exclusive source for learning about the many Blood People he tells about.

The stories George tells cover many different 127
subjects. The two we will hear now concern our Ways of doctoring.

DOG CHILD'S DOCTORING POWERS

I am First Rider. This is the Duck Moon [*March*]; *it is the twenty-third day. I will tell a story of my father, Dog Child, and how he knows about doctoring.*

There are two sharp-peaked mountains be- 756
hind Chief Mountain. On one of the sharp peaks 787
there was a bald eagle's nest. When my father was very young, he had a dream where he was told, "A man has invited you to go to him," meaning to go over to Chief Mountain. But my father didn't go. Many years later, when he was still a young man, about twenty years or younger, he dreamed again that a man was asking him to come to him at Chief Mountain. So my father went and slept there, and when he slept, the man told him, "I have sent for you so that you can watch me. This is the way I cure." The man showed him what to
do and taught him the song to cure with. This [533]
was the song of the bald eagle. The song began
with a spoken prayer: "HiYo, bird, help us. Now [782]
you are going to look for your meal. Help us that we may have something to eat this night and this

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day." Then came the song, which consisted en- 756
tirely of these words: "May I eat all that flies. May 787
I eat a fish." [782]

My father would start to sing this song him- [533] ●
self, beating his drum, and then another person, his assistant, would take over the drumming and begin singing also, as my father began the curing, inspired by the supernatural powers of the Bald Eagle.

My father also had supernatural powers from a bear who lived at the Belly Buttes. This bear was sketched on one of my father's drums.

Willie White Feather's father, Morning Writing, slept at the Belly Buttes and the bear told him, "Give me a woman and I will have pity on you." But we were never sure if he succeeded in bringing a woman from the camp circle to sleep up at the Belly Buttes.

My father cures with the claw of the bear. [237]
The bear also sang; he sang this song: "I am the [755]
dream bear. The dream bear, it pitied me."

I knew all my father's songs. I used to drum [533]
for him during his curings.

My father licked red-hot stones with the help 755
of the powers of that bear. He would stick his forefinger in boiling water, then put his finger on the red-hot rock, and then touch his finger to the sick person's body. My father did that to me once. I was having a headache. He licked the rock, heated red-hot; then he licked me on my temple. His tongue was so hot I felt the heat as it went through my head.

My father would paint his bare right foot with sacred Earth and put his painted foot in boiling water, next put it on the red-hot rock and then put his foot down on where the pain hurts the sick person. If the person was dying, even if he was barely breathing and couldn't move anymore, when my father touched his foot on the person, the person would jump up.

Sometimes my father used the bear claw to [237]
dig out Indian turnips [camas]. He chewed the [824]
turnip and sprayed the person with it.

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Hanging a yellow-painted whistle around her 727
neck, she then took from the sacred bag some yel- 755
low paint in her palms and spit on it. She daubed
her forehead with it and rubbed some on the back [534]
of her hands. Bear Hat lay on his back, the blood [362]
dried on his exposed wound. His wife told the People, "Bear Hat told me something might happen in times to come. You will do as I have told you and you will revive him."

Taking the yellow-painted drum from the [534]
lead singer, she sat by the doorway, beating very
fast on the drum and blowing on her whistle four [533]●
quick, loud whistles at a time. After four quick beats on the drum, she began to beat slowly on the rim, singing her song with no words. The men and women singers, who had never heard this song before, learned it quickly. She returned the drum to the lead singer, and they all sang as one voice. The women especially sang with skilled voices, just like coyotes.

The wife was wearing a yellow-painted robe with loops at the corners. She stuck her hands in the loops, and spreading out her robe with her arms, she made as if she were flapping wings, all the while blowing her whistle. Then she let the whistle drop from her mouth, and she put words to her song: "Man, sit up. Man, sit up."

Again, she blew on the whistle, as she moved slowly toward the covered curlews. Suddenly, she pulled the cover off the stuffed birds. The stuffed birds got up on their feet and spread their wings, making four trumpetlike sounds. The curlews staggered and then ran, flapping their wings; one ran around the north side, the other around the south, meeting on the chest of the wounded Bear Hat.

As Bear Hat began to rise upward into a sitting position, the curlews suddenly no longer seemed lifelike, and reverted to stuffed skins. When Bear Hat sat up, a cloth band was securely wrapped around his chest. Then a drink was prepared for him. Water was poured into a wooden bowl, and the yellow paint was added, which the

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it could go under water; its skin was common 825
in Medicine Pipe Bundles.

LOON: *Matsiisaipi*, or "handsome charger," because when it skimmed across water, it reminded our Old People of a proud warrior charging into battle; the loon is the second most important bird in Medicine Pipe Bundles, after the owl.

CROW: *Maisto* is its Indian name, but the origin has been lost.

RAVEN: *Omachkaisto*, or "big crow," which [787]
the Old People considered the wisest of birds. Men on the war or hunting trail always looked for and followed it because success was sure to await the party in the direction the raven flew. Two restless ravens in the path of a war party indicated enemies ahead. A raven circling slowly over a camp meant that some news was forthcoming.

WOODPECKER: *Pachpakskskissi*, or "pounding its nose." The red-headed woodpecker, whose cry is said to sound like the Blackfoot expression "stick your heads out so that I can eat you," is *mikimita*, which means "fire-reddened breast," or *ekotsotokan*, which means "red head." Lewis's woodpecker is known as "big mikimita." The pileolated woodpecker is called *sikskikunnikesuyi*, said to mean "flashes black feathers," although the term also suggests flashing something more vulgar than feathers.

MAGPIE: *Mamiatskikim*, or "has a body like a
fish," because of its long tail. Its cry resem- [533]
bles a slumber song old women sing for little children: "Long tails—fly ahead and stab your provision bag at my door." It refers to the way they stab their beaks at whatever they can find.

CATBIRD: *Pokah*, or "child," because its cry resembles a baby calling *Na-ah*, or "Mama."

MEADOWLARK: *Otachkuikaii*, or "yellow
breast." To the Old People, spring ar- [821]
rived at the first sign of a meadowlark. They [787]

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Blood

The Horns Society

Officially, the Horns Society ceremonies could not 575
begin until the Motokiks had finished theirs. On 796
the fourth morning after the women had put up
their lodge they took it down, signifying the end
of their celebration. A few husbands helped with
the dismantling. In a short time only the Center [782]
Pole remained standing, an offering to the Holy
Powers. The women gathered around it and
raised their headdress sticks toward the top. They
prayed and sang and no doubt asked for strength
and good luck so that they might all join together
again the next summer. Then they left their sticks
tied to the bottom of the Center Pole, along with
cloth offerings for the Spirits that had been with
them during their ceremonies.

With the Motokiks' lodge down, our atten- 575
tion turned to the Horns Society's. It had been 796
made with two tipi covers. Two frames had been 346
set up very close to one another so that the tipis
seemed to intersect, one opening into the other.
Actually, the poles that would have intersected
had been left out of the structure, making one
oblong frame over which were spread the two tipi
covers. One of the covers was white; the other was
partly painted with red symbols.

Not far from the lodge of the Horns was a
large white tipi in which those members of the
Magpie Society who were to become Horns were
holding their meetings.

That night, not long after Sunset, we heard 575
the Horns singing for the first time during the 533

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575
796
782

The Motokiks gather around their sacred Center Pole for one last prayer and blessing, before hanging up their Bundles for the year.

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encampment. At the start, several hand drums beat in unison a steady rhythm to accompany the men and women singing the comrade songs of their society. We all listened quietly and respectfully. The singing continued late into the night, a spiritual form of entertainment that was to be repeated during the next few nights. 575 533 ● [534]

The members of the Horns Society slept in their double lodge during the nights of their cere- 575 [796]

[p. 203-B]

also probably took place with others, like the 535
Crows and Piegans. The most important Grass 439
Dance items were two feather belts, or "Crow
bustles," which were transferred just like other [292]
Medicines. They are still among our People at [778]
this time.

Two aspects of the Grass Dance Society did [425]
not endure very long among our People. One 535
concerned the eating of dogs, which was a custom 575
among those who originated the dance, but was
despised by most of the Bloods. The other con- 177
cerned the method of joining the society. Old [262]
members would elect new members, rather than
bringing them in by transfer. As an exception, [424]
memberships were transferred among those own-
ing important pieces of dance regalia. But
eventually it all became a social affair, without
memberships of any kind.

Grass Dances were held either outdoors or in 535
dance houses, which were special log buildings.
Atsitsina tells this story of one place, down along [345]
the Bullhorn River, called Black Place to Dance.

I have been to dances on a lot of different 535
reservations. . . . We have different songs for 533
different kinds of people who come to the Parted-
Hairs Dance [*Grass Dance*]. *We will have a song*
and dance for a very brave man, also for a person
who got wounded; for a person whose horse got
killed in battle; for a person that got beaten; for
a scared person; for a person who has had many
wives; for persons that gave many presents; and
one for a person who has cut a horse from in front
of an enemy's door. The last song was usually for [555]
those who were wounded in battle; they are the
ones who lead the others out of the dance house
after reenacting their war experiences.

Those long knives—some of the members car- 535
ried long knives [*swords*] *originally taken from* 626
the enemy. A person that doesn't want to dance
will get slapped on the leg with the long knife. [411]
But if they get slapped too hard then they are [431]
given a present. . . . And there is a whip. Once
it was used to whip Crow horses. We got it in a [721]
raid and we used it for getting people up to dance.

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horses tied close to them. And then I saw riders 726
going away from the camp, driving before them a 787
herd of horses. I awoke. Sun was nearing the
middle of the blue. I lay there until my helper [252]
came and called me, and then joined my companions,
all of them up and broiling meat at a little smokeless fire. My helper gave me some meat, and, as I ate, I told my vision. All agreed with me that it was a good one; that its meaning was that we were to have good success and get many horses from an enemy camp somewhere ahead.

We heard a raven making its hoarse cry. It came from the north and rested upon a branch of a dead tree under which we were sitting. Again and again it gave its loud hoarse cries, looking down at us, and off to the south. My companions
looked up at it, looked at me. As I was a sacred- [793]
pipe man, I sang the raven's song: "Wind, it is [533]
my element, powerful is the wind."

And then: "Buffalo I am looking for. I have [778]
found them. I have found them upon the ground. The ground is my element. It is powerful." [The last words are from an Iniskim song; Iniskims were part of most war-pipe Bundles, but not sacred-Pipe Bundles.]

The raven listened to my singing, looked down at me, turning its head sideways, looking at me first with one eye, then the other, and when I had finished, it gave four cries, spread its wings,
and went flying on to the south. That was another [777]
sign that we were to have good luck. We were impatient for the coming of night, so that we could go on southward.

When the new day came, we arrived at the 726
north end of the Bad Mountains [Crazy Mountains], and stopped at the head of a small river, Bad River [Shields River], that flows down the west side of them, southward into Elk River [Yellowstone River]. Some time before the coming of the next day, we neared the junction of the two rivers, and saw fresh horse-tracks in a dusty buffalo trail that we were following. That meant that we were probably near an enemy camp. The far

When they got there the door was closed and 793
blocked from inside. Bernard told his brother, 276
Edward, "Darn it, that old man is smoking again 784
and I'm cold and want to go inside." They stood
around for a few minutes and then Bernard suddenly pushed hard on the door and opened it up.
Natosina was sitting in a chair near the door, his
pipe in hand. As they came through, the pipe fell
and his head fell forward; blood trickled from the
side of his mouth. His old wife told the boys to
hurry and close the door and then to stand still.
She began to sing the song of his sacred Power [533] ●
and pretty soon he lifted his head, looking somewhat dazed. While the boys looked on in amaze- [755]
ment, Natosina coughed loudly, his hand held in [302]
front of his mouth. He took the hand and rubbed
it on his forehead, which became covered with
sacred yellow paint. He coughed again into his
hand and wiped it on one of his cheeks; it became
covered with sacred red paint. One more time he
did this, covering his other cheek with red paint.
Then he told the boys, "Don't walk in like that
again when you know I'm smoking. I might not
be able to come back next time."

STORIES OF WEASEL TAIL

A contemporary of Natosina was Apachsoyis, or 159
"Weasel Tail." Although he knew a great deal
about our sacred ceremonies, he was not a leader.
His fame rested on his fearless bravery. He was [554]
also noted for being something of a historian, as
well as a great comedian who specialized in tall
tales.

Weasel Tail was born in 1859. When he be- [177]
came orphaned, he wandered and ended up living
for a time among the Crow People. He was still [721]
young when he married his only wife, Hate
Woman, who went with him on several of his war [562]
parties. Like his partner, Bird Rattler, Weasel
Tail went back to Crow camps during some of his
later horse raids. During one horse raid, he was [727]
caught with Bird Rattler and imprisoned at Fort

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MacLeod. He was one of the group that escaped 159
from that stockade and sought sanctuary in the [727]
States among their Piegan relatives. Unlike Bird
Rattler, however, Weasel Tail returned to his
Blood People after the escape was officially forgotten.
He stayed on the Blood Reserve until his
final years, when he again moved south to the
Piegan Reservation. He died in 1950, at the age of
ninety-one.

Weasel Tail attributed his Power to several 778
visions and Medicines. Among them were his own 787
personal sacred helpers, the otter and the kingbird. 726
He carried parts of both with him wherever
he went. When he went on raids and battles he [237]
usually wore a small bunch of sage hen tailfeathers
that had once belonged to his father. His [714]
grandmother had saved the sacred feathers upon
the death of his father, and given them to him
when he was old enough to go to war. Another [292]
Medicine he wore to war consisted of a wolf cap
and robe, given to him in a dream.

Eagle Child taught Weasel Tail how to paint 531
his horse for battle. He told him, "This you will 789
do to prevent the bullets and the arrows of the
enemy hitting you or your horse. You will paint 231
the horse's right shoulder and right hindquarters 822
with red dots. Why? Because when you shoot a
bullet through the flame of a fire, the flame is not
injured, not even touched by the bullet; and red
paint represents the color of the fire flame. You
will paint the horse's left shoulder and left hindquarters
with white clay spots. Why? When you
shoot a bullet or arrow through the smoke of a
fire, the smoke is not injured or touched; therefore,
the white dots upon your horse represent
smoke, and that gives you the power of smoke,
you and your horse, even as the red dots give you
the power of fire flame, to be unhurt by the bullets
and arrows of the enemy."

Before leaving on their journey, the members 726
of a war party usually met in front of their [533]
leader's lodge and sang songs. One of Weasel
Tail's favorite songs for such occasions had these

words in it: "Girl I love, don't worry about me. 726
I'll be eating berries coming home." Some of the [533]
time, however, the girl he loved had no reason to
worry about him, for she went with him on his
war adventures. He explained it this way: "My [562]
wife said she loved me, and if I was to be killed
on a war party she wanted to be killed too. I took
her with me on five raids. Some of them I led,
and my wife was not required to perform the
cooking or other chores. She carried a six-shooter. [411]
On one occasion she stole a horse with a saddle,
ammunition bag, and war club."

In 1929 Weasel Tail was camped by Water- 000

292
237
531

Eagle Child. He was apprehended at the end of his last [685]
horse raid by an Indian policeman named High Tree. He [625]
aimed his gun and the policeman fled. He then claimed [551]
the name High Tree and gave it to his grandson. (Glacier
Studio) [553]

[p. 267-B]

snakes drawn around its sides. John Red Crane 756
was one of the later owners of this tipi. 778

Calf Shirt was the son of Spotted Bear, and 532
he was noted for his bravery during the war days.
I have not heard of any stories in which he took 756
his rattlesnakes along to war. In 1870 it is re- 721
corded that he led a war party that killed seven
Crees, and during which he captured a pipe-
tomahawk. Seven Persons Creek, in southeast Al-
berta, is said to have been named for this incident.

There was another Blood named Calf Shirt 622
who is sometimes confused with "Rattlesnake 156
Calf Shirt." This other one, sometimes referred to
as "Mad Calf Shirt," is thought to have been the 273
strongest and meanest Blood that ever lived. He
was a minor chief who kept his People in line by
beating them up and occasionally killing them.
His terrible temper was all the worse because of
his fondness for liquor. He had two wives, and [593]
the older one was the only person who could con-
trol him at all. Sometimes when he was drunk she
would grab him by the ear and tell him, "Listen
to me, you old man!" His younger wife once tried
to keep him from fighting by offering him a kiss,
but he almost bit her lip off.

Mad Calf Shirt met his end at the hands of 177
Joe Kipp and some others operating a whiskey
trading post by a place called Left Bank, some
ways east of Fort MacLeod. Calf Shirt entered
the trading post late one night in an awful mood,
demanding more liquor. The traders mixed
strychnine with the brew and expected to see him
drop to the ground. Instead, he became even
more violent, threatening to kill those who were
near him. Someone hit him over the head with an
axe, from behind, but the handle broke and the
axe only bloodied his head. The traders then fired
several shots from close range into Calf Shirt.
That ended his fighting. They dragged his body
down to the frozen river, chopped a hole in the
ice, and stuffed his body through. The next morn- 763
ing his wives went to look for him and found his
body lying down, outside of the hole. They began [533] ●

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763 [533] to sing his Power song which he told them would bring him back to life. Others from the camp persuaded the women to stop, for fear that Mad Calf Shirt would return even madder in the form of a grizzly bear, which was said to have been his Power.

WHITE WOLF

793 [554] In his old age, White Wolf looked like a fierce old warrior who had never given up his thoughts about war trails. And until his death early in this century he was, indeed, one of the bravest warriors of the Old Days. Nevertheless, White Wolf is best remembered as a very kind and able holy man. He was Teacher to Natosina, who later became Teacher to Heavy Head, who was then Teacher to our Old Man.

[551] [553] White Wolf was also known by the names White Bull and One Week. The latter name was given to him because he so often said, "Rations in one week." It was the only expression he could say in English, having learned it around the agency.

532 212 Three of old White Wolf's war adventures are recorded with picture drawings on a buffalo hide in the collection at the Glenbow Museum. The story of one of the adventures goes like this:

726 793 *My partner was Pinukwiim. We went together on most of our trails. On one of these we were led by Sun Calf. There were eight of us. We went to raid the Crows, approaching their camps by going from coulee to coulee, so as not to be seen on the open prairie. Some early-morning hunters from the enemy camp spotted us just as we were going into a coulee to camp for the day. We should not have been out in the open after daybreak, so close to their camp. They went back to the Crow camp and returned with more than a hundred mounted men. Meanwhile, we got busy digging a pit, because there was no place for us to escape to on foot. We used our big knives for*

him a feather from their own Medicine or from 714
a Medicine Pipe Bundle or something that they [789]
had. He tied them all together and kept them for [726]
good luck. [431]

BIG WOLF

The name *Makwi Ena* means "Wolf Chief," but 793
was translated as "Big Wolf" and written that [551]
way on the agency records. After that the People
began calling Wolf Chief by the English name
Big Wolf. He was an experienced warrior and a
leader of holy ceremonies. He once owned our [778]
Long-Time Pipe and is thought to have been the [276]
last man who knew the proper ceremony for it.
According to him, that Pipe had a complete set of [533]
its own songs; they resembled sacred tipi songs and could be sung only by former Owners of the Pipe. The Long-Time Pipe was never opened by anyone other than a former Owner until its sale to the Provincial Museum.

Big Wolf was the first father-in-law of our Old Man, who told me this story.

Oki, at this time, my father-in-law, Big Wolf, 726
was called Hind Man. He and some others started 793
traveling at the time of changing weather, just before summer. It was raining and snowing, and they went on horseback. They rode along until they came to this big road. He told two of them to go and check the road to see if anyone had been moving along it, for the tracks might lead them to a camp to raid.

It was raining and snowing so hard that the two men waited in some bushes for a while, until the storm cleared a little. Then they saw a single rider going along the road with a travois attached to his horse. One of the men hurried back to the rest of the party to tell them that it looked like a man coming back from Where We Buy [trading post]. Before they all got back to the road, the man was gone out of sight. They went up on a hill to look down the road and they saw three men

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Spider was given his name by an old man 553
named Yellow-Painted Lodge, who had the
Medicine Power of the Spider. Here is the way he
used that Power.

Yellow-Painted Lodge and others in his camp 727
went on a hunt for buffalo. While they were
gone, their camp was raided by a Cree war party,
which captured most of the women. When the
men returned they were quite upset about their
loss, but knew that the Crees outnumbered them
greatly so did not try to follow. Yellow-Painted
Lodge heard that his wife had been captured
alive, so he made plans to go and get her back.

Yellow-Painted Lodge took with him a number of horses and other goods to give to the Cree in exchange for his wife. Before long he was at the Cree camp and he learned which lodge his wife was in. Yellow-Painted Lodge kissed his wife when he saw her. She told him that she feared for their lives, because her captor had a Medicine that was very Powerful.

The Cree were gone hunting. When they re- 727
turned, her captor asked, "Who is our visitor?" 789
The woman said, "It is your brother." The Cree
had seen the horses outside, so he knew the purpose of Yellow-Painted Lodge's visit. He was not
willing to give the woman up so easily, however.
He said, "I will show you the Power of my Medicine. If you are stronger, then I will take the
horses from you and you may have your wife
back."

The Cree took from a small pouch the red-painted wooden figure of a man. The Cree began
to sing and drum and soon the figure got up and
started toward Yellow-Painted Lodge. His wife
called to him, "Don't let that thing touch you or
you will be dead!" Yellow-Painted Lodge untied a
small buckskin bag from his back braid. He took
out of the bag a piece of rawhide cut into the
shape of a spider. He picked up a patch of grass [533]
and placed the spider on it, while he sang his own
Power song. He covered up the spider with his
hand for a moment and blew down between his

[p. 283-A]

told him to take back his wife and keep his 727
horses. He offered to give him any other goods 789
that he wished to have. Yellow Painted Lodge [533]●
sang another song and the spider dropped his
burden and hurried back to the bunch of grass.
He covered up the spider and blew on it, and
again it looked like a spider-shaped piece of rawhide.
He put it back in its buckskin cover and tied
it on to his braid. The little figure of the man lay
crumpled up where the spider had dropped it.

Yellow-Painted Lodge then told the Cree, "I 727
didn't come here for anything else but my wife. If
you will just give me a meal, we will be on our
way home. I want you to have the horses I
brought and you will be my brother. You can
come to our camp and be my guest anytime."
The Cree was happy to hear that, and he knew
that no further trouble would come once Yellow-Painted
Lodge had accepted food in his tipi.

At this time old Little Bear (SikskiAki's great- 755
grandfather) had a very sickly baby. While Yel- 553
low-Painted Lodge was visiting, he was given the
baby to hold, and Little Bear asked the old man
to pray for the strength of the child. Yellow-Painted
Lodge asked, "Do you want this baby to
become a man?" Little Bear told him he did.
Then he told Little Bear to make incense. He [533]
said, "I will sing my Power song. If my Power
comes alive then I will give its name to this baby
and it will grow up to be a strong man. He
brought out his rawhide spider and placed it on a
bunch of grass and began to sing. After he
breathed on his hand, the spider began to move
around, then ran across the floor to Little Bear
and his wife. They saw it. Then it went back to
Yellow-Painted Lodge, who put it away. He said, [551]
"Since my Power has come alive for your child, I
will give him the name Spider."

CROW-SPREADS-HIS-WINGS

At the time of his death, during the winter of 793
1953, Crow-Spreads-His-Wings was about ninety 756
years old and the last man among the Bloods to [595]

me. I pulled the gate open and let all the horses out 726
before I ran off in the darkness. I hurried back
to our things and met the rest of the group. We
got our stuff and went on our way to look for
Crow camps. We crossed the Missouri River. At
that point the mounted men decided to ride
ahead. We agreed to meet by a certain coulee the
next day.

When my partner and I reached the coulee we made camp. We saw a couple of head of beef nearby, so we went over to butcher one. By the time we got back to our camp with the meat, the rest of our party showed up, still with no news.

We needed water again. This time Crazy Crow volunteered to carry it if I would come along. It was raining lightly, so we stayed in the brush along the coulee to scout around. We followed up one branch of the coulee and found a running creek and a log cabin nearby. Crazy Crow wanted to raid the cabin, but I hold him it was too dangerous for two of us without our guns. Finally he talked me into it and we sneaked up quietly. When we got close, we hid behind a bush and threw a rock on the roof. Nobody seemed to be at home. We threw another rock at the wall. When nobody moved again, we ran up to the house and went in through the unlocked door.

The inside of the house was very neat and well
supplied with food and other stuff. By the time
we got our bundles on our backs we could hardly
walk, much less run. The house was out in the
open for a ways, so we were pretty worried about
running into the owner on our way. Somehow
we made it, and even managed to stop and fill our
water bag and haul it back to camp. When the [727]
others saw us with our loads they knew that we [533]
had made a raid, so they sang a victory song with
our names in it.

The others helped us carry our loads, as we
decided to move camp right away; we didn't want
to stay so close to our recent raiding site. We [342]
found a more secluded spot and made a good
shelter with the canvas. Then we opened the dif-

ferent cans of grub and really had a banquet. All 726
we had been eating was dried meat. After we ate,
we decided that it would be a good time to sing [262]
some songs and pray for success on the rest of the
trip. This was a customary thing to do when nearing
enemy camps on a war raid.

Each of us prayed and sang our special good-luck
song. Young Pine started out by singing: "If
we are married or single, a woman always waits 726
for us when we go on a war party, and she makes 533●
us think about her while we are gone. She gives [782]
us a good-luck charm to carry and a song to sing." [777]

My own song had these words in it: "Last
Gun, if I never see you again, I will do nothing
but cry all day long."

Because we were far from our home, we all
decided to add to our good luck by taking on new 727
names that belonged to some relative of ours. I 553
took my uncle's second name, Everyone Talks
About. Young Pine took the name Fine Young [551]
Man. Calf Robe took his brother's name, One
Spot. Crazy Crow took the name Looks-like-a-
Coyote. Prairie Chicken Old Man took the name
Many Mules.

We stayed in our victory camp all that night
and decided to travel in the daytime. We saw a [224]
lone antelope some way ahead of us. I took a
long shot at the animal and knocked it down. It
tried to run but was wounded in one leg. Calf [411]
Robe chased it and killed it with a knife. We took
the antelope up on a hill to eat and dry some of
the meat. We had lots of tobacco from our recent [276]
raid, but we had no pipe to smoke it in. Young
Pine was the only one who brought a pipe along,
but he had left it at an earlier camp. We cut up [321]
one of the leg bones from the antelope and made [323]
a good stem out of it; then we made a bowl by
shaping some clay and baking it in our fire. [237]

The first horse we stole on this trip was a
sorrel that belonged to some traders at a place
called Wide-Leafed Bush, in the Missouri River
Valley. Years before, these same traders killed one
of my stepfather's earlier wives. She would have [602]

[p.291-B]

fire, and pretty soon the water was boiling. Then 727
we put the blood-filled paunch into the boiling 252
water for a little while, until we figured the blood
soup was ready to drink.

By the time we made our next camp we were 727
out of spare moccasins, and a couple of us, in-
cluding myself, were actually barefooted. We
stopped at a place near present-day Shelby, Mon-
tana. There we found a stray cow that we shot
and butchered. I still had some sinew with me [292]
for sewing, so we each made ourselves a pair of
crude moccasins from the raw cowhide. We
didn't stay in this camp very long, because we
wanted to get back across the line into Canada,
in case the soldiers were still on our trail. We
moved north until we got near the present town
of Sunburst. There we made a good camp and [727]
had a victory celebration. One of us would sing
while the others would dance. We painted our- [533]
selves for victory with black charcoal from our [535]
fire. We didn't know at the time that the soldiers
were still on our trail and that the Mounties were [302]
looking for us, as well. We were traveling at
night again, so that we wouldn't be seen by scouts
or ranchers.

The next day we made camp back at the Pine
Tree. We slept there and had another small vic-
tory celebration. From there we had an easy ride
back to the Blood camps. It was daylight when we
reached the Lone Fighters band. When the Peo-
ple there heard our story they all painted their
faces black and we had a big victory celebration.
They gave me a good pair of blue pants—mine [291]
were very dirty and torn—and a white blanket
coat and even some bullets for my rifle. I felt [431]
much better after I got cleaned up and put on
the fresh clothes.

In the afternoon I left and rode down to my
uncle's camp. When I got close to it, I began to [533]
sing the victory song, and Running Wolf came
out to meet me. I told him the story and gave [431]
him the scalp, and the People in his camp had a
scalp dance and celebration, too. My uncle later [778]

ankles. When they cut him, he said that he felt 796
like his heart was being cut out of his body. His 785
body was all bloody by the time they got him [824]
fixed up. They even cut his back and tied a shield
to it.

From the holy woman's tipi he was made to [535]
dance to the Medicine Lodge. The wind blew on [152]
his wounds and caused him so much pain that
he cried all the way there. When he got inside he [782]
hugged the Center Pole and prayed, then he
leaned back on the ropes that somebody tied
from the top of the Pole to his chest. He leaned [533]
back real hard and jumped up and down and
sideways while the drummers sang a song. He
said that he jumped real hard because the pain
was so bad that he wanted to tear the ropes off
fast, but they didn't tear out. Black Eagle took
a stick and hit the rope hard and the skin broke
on that side. But my dad stopped him from hitting
the other side because of the pain. Big Wolf
grabbed him by his hair and pulled him back so
hard that the other side broke. Black Eagle was [555]
counting some coups so that he could cut the
loose skin off my dad's body. He cut the skin off [752]
and he put gunpowder on the wounds. After that
my dad was sent away to sleep and look for a vision.
That was when they had the riot inside the
Medicine Lodge.

My father said that he walked westward from
the camp until he came to the Belly River where
he slept on top of a cutbank. He could hardly
sleep that night from all the pain of his wounds.
The next day he was walking around by the river
when his relatives found him. They warned him
not to walk back into the middle of the trouble at
the Medicine Lodge. By the time they all got 796
back home together the trouble was over and the 657
People were packing up their camps to go home. 177
The men were angry and had their guns all ready
in case the Mounties came back to fight again.
Some of the Mounties had gone into the Medicine
Lodge to arrest old Calf Robe while the
men were just in there telling war stories. Those

[p. 300-B]

large party of Gros Ventres, who commenced 657
shooting at them . . . they firing in return, saw 721
some of the enemy drop; they continued to retreat, and noticing two Indians in the trail in front of them, they pursued them and killed one of them. . . . They however, arrived on the Blood Reserve with five of the stolen horses and one stray horse. . . . Owners for these horses have not yet been found. . . . They are at present running with our herd here.

CRAZY CROW'S STORY

In conclusion to the story of the last real war 127
party, let's hear Crazy Crow's version as told in a 212
letter to Mrs. Walters by his daughter, Mrs. Ethel
Tailfeathers. The letter accompanied Crazy [439]
Crow's yellow feather mascot, which was sold to Mrs. Walters upon Crazy Crow's death in the 1930s.

I was only 16 when I went on my first war- 883
path. My father was not very keen on my going so 721
young. He would say, "Son, there is plenty of time for you." But my spirit of adventure was too
strong. I would not listen. So my father invited [887]
one of the very old timers of the camp to come
and pray, paint, advise and impart his blessing on [726]
me. He sang the war song as he was tying the [789]
eagle feathers and dipped them in his yellow war
paint and tied them on my head; all the while [237]
praying that the mascot on my hair would keep [533]
me from all harm of the enemy and bring me
success in raids among other tribes. [301]

When we go out to raid we do not set out to kill, but to raid and only kill in self defense. We put on our best regalia so that if we get killed, the enemy will have something worthwhile. I went with an older friend [Calf Robe]; he would look after me as he had experience. I rode on a gray horse and the enemy was on a pinto. I especially wanted a pinto as a pinto is dear to the heart of an Indian. It was worth risking a life to secure

21: Hungry Wolf   F-4,5   (ca. 1972) 1977   NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

342
231
292

[575] Dog Child sings an honoring song for his son, George First Rider, while he leads a saddle horse and a team around the
[533] camp circle to show what is to be paid for his son's membership in the Horns Society. (Arnold Lupson)
[554]

[432] Construction of the sacred sweat lodge for the Medicine Lodge ceremony. One hundred willows are used for its frame. Dog Child is inside the circle, on the right.

346
796

[p. 325]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
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Blood

The last wife of old Shot-on-Both-Sides, 622 Long-Time-Pipe-Woman, was our chief's stepmother.

My real mother died when I was about ten or eleven. Her name was Drums-in-the-Water, and she belonged to the Knife Owners band. The only member of that band who is still living is that old lady whose father was the Negro interpreter, Dave Mills. My mother's brothers were Willie Wadsworth and old Weasel Moccasin. Nowadays I've got all kinds of relatives on the [144] *reserve, full bloods, half-breeds, and Negroes.*

His father had many sacred Medicines, in- 622 cluding the Long-Time Pipe and Backside-to-the- 778 Fire Pipe. He belonged to the Horns nine times. 425

[575]

I was very young when things were first transferred to me, before I went to school. When I [431] *went to school I gave away my weasel-tail buckskin suit. Bob Big Sorrel Horse transferred it to me. I think he transferred a horned Medicine headdress to me also. When I went to school I just gave them away. I was crazy. I should have kept them. I just gave them to my friend, Leo Crazy Bull. I didn't transfer them. He never did go to school.*

The last thing that was transferred to the chief was the rights to the famous One-Horned Headdress. The original, lost in Europe during the First World War, was given to him by Big-Faced Chief, a North Piegan. Bear Shin Bone painted him for it. He also had the Children's [575] Medicine Pipe once, and he belonged to the Pigeons Society twice. He said that he would like [533] to attend our Nighttime ceremonies if he ever gets [424] enough sacred songs to do so. At this time he is only allowed to sing twelve songs.

I think the Old Indian Way is good for 829 *young people. That is why I am helping the Horns* 771

[p.333-A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
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Blood

***treat me good. Some from Gleichen [North 793
Blackfoot] asked me to lead the Medicine Lodge 558
ceremony that they were going to give down here 156
last summer. I told them that I would, because 829
my relatives on both sides took part in Medicine
Lodge ceremonies in the Old Days. One time I [578]
was in a restaurant in town and Wolf Old Man
[our Old Man] came in and saw me. He came
over and asked if it was true that I was going to
lead the Okan. I told him it was. Then, right in [784]
front of everybody, he told me that I had no right
to lead that ceremony and that I didn't know
enough about it and might hurt others who were
taking part in it. But that isn't true. I know most
of the songs from it and I know what to do to
lead it. He's just mad because his brother [Crow-Spreads-His-Wings]
used to lead them and he
studied for a long time before he could do it.
I can open a Beaver Bundle, too, even though I
never had one. My father had one and my wife's
father [Tough Bread] had one and I learned the
songs from them.***

***The reason my songs are different from everybody [533]
else's is that I had a different Teacher. Most
of the ones who lead the Medicine Pipe ceremonies
learned their songs from Heavy Head, but
I learned them from Tough Bread. I'm the only
one still living who learned them from him, so
I'm the only one who sings them that way.***

***The reason why I sell my things is because I [425]
believe in the Old Ways. In the Old Days, when
the Old People were asked for something holy [778]
they always gave it, they never held back, and
I am the same way. The white men sometimes [439]
want the holy things much more than an Indian
will want it, so I let them have it to make them
happy. The Crow Beaver Bundle that I sold was
not being used any longer by the People. My
sons sold the Medicine Pipe and the Horns Society
Bundle. They didn't ask me about it before
they did it, so I am not to blame for that. I always [782]
pray for my family and for anyone that needs my
prayers. I am not stingy with them. The Creator***

[p. 335-A]

was hard for me to go back to my brother-in-law 778
and tell him that he couldn't take the ancient 432
Pipe because that white man was going to take it 829
to Edmonton." He added, "It was just as hard for
me when John Red Crane asked me to drum for [439]
him at the transfer. I didn't believe in it at all, [796]
but by the rules of our Old Ways, I couldn't [533]
refuse. He was my relative and I knew the songs.
I lost my son not long after that. Just about [784]
everyone who was at that transfer suffered some
misfortune soon afterwards, especially John."

Mark's father-in-law was old Long-Time 778
Squirrel. He died while he was still Owner of the 425
Different-People Pipe. At that time his son was
not prepared to take the Pipe, so Mark's mother- [768]
in-law asked him if he would take it, since it could not stay in the home where a member of the family had died. So Mark and his wife took it to their home, and had it transferred to them during the following Sun Dance.

Mark is the Weather Dancer as the result of 535
a relative's dream. A woman named Prairie 793
Chicken Calling was visited by a holy man while 787
she was sleeping. The holy man pointed into the distance and asked, "Do you recognize that man over there?" The man was Mark, dressed as a Weather Dancer. The holy man said, "I am telling you that if that man becomes the Weather Dancer and devotes himself to his duties, he will have a long life."

The woman told Mark about her dream. She
said, "Please pity me, relative, and do as my
dream instructed." Mark spoke to the Old Man, [425]
who was then the Weather Dancer. The Old
Man agreed to transfer his rights during the next [424]
Sun Dance. Mark has been Weather Dancer at
three Sun Dance ceremonies so far. He said,
"That's the most Powerful thing that I have, [886]
now. It's my life, and I will live by it so that I can reach old age."

[p. 336-B]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
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Blood

Back to Wintertime

OUR NIGHTTIME CEREMONIES

It is late winter now, not long before Thunder 796
returns and the season of outdoor life and holy
ceremonies begins again. But even during winter
we have come together to pray and sing our holy
songs in Nighttime ceremonies two or three times
each month.

Ach-kanotsisi—"All-Smoking-Together"—is 796
how our People announce a Nighttime ceremony.
People devoted to our Old Ways are invited to [533]
someone's house to sing the songs of the sacred
articles transferred to them during their lifetime. [778]
The sponsor of the ceremony provides a leader, as [425]
well as plenty of tobacco and food. In exchange,
he and his family will receive strength by hearing [782]
each participant sing sacred songs and say prayers [574]
for their benefit.

The Nighttime ceremony is commonly 796
referred to as a Big Smoke, or Sacred Smoke. During 533
the night-long ceremony, each participant
counts coups—he calls out the Medicines he has [778]
owned and sings the Medicines' songs. Usually
each person sings sixteen songs recalling experiences
with Medicine Pipe Bundles, Beaver Bundles,
Horns Society, Medicine Lodges, sacred
tipis, sacred necklaces and headdresses, and other
society memberships and Bundle transferrals. The
singing of all these songs is a summary of the holy
life of our Old Ways.

According to the Old Man, who was a leader 796
793

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
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Blood

of these ceremonies, the All-Smoking-Together 796
began very long ago. His Teachers, men like 793
Natosina and Big Wolf, told him that the first participants in these ceremonies were holy leaders of the formal summer ceremonies. They used to gather regularly during the wintertime to rehearse all the songs of their Bundles and to discuss the plans for the next Medicine Lodge ceremony. The Nighttime ceremonies developed from these gatherings and from dreams of some of those participants.

Joe Gambler told a story about a Nighttime 796
ceremony to the Provincial Museum:

> *Big Smoke: People will make a vow to it.* [782]
> *They think it is holy. A person that is going to die will say, "I will put up a Big Smoke so that I may survive," and he will not be sick very long and he will get better.*
>
> *A person who had many Sacred Bundles will* [778]
> *participate. A person who never had many Bundles will not participate, except the two orderlies, who give out the pipes for smoking, burn the incense, make the fire and serve the food, and the orderly who cuts the tobacco and gives out the*
> *smokes. These three don't sing, the rest will all* [533]
> *sing.*
>
> *There are lots of People who will officiate,* [793]
> *such as Wrapped Up* [Albert Chief Calf], *Brown* [Brown Chief Calf], *Wolf Old Man* [our Old

[p.345-B]

Man], and Skunk [Bob Black Plume]. Those four 796
people are the shamans of the Big Smoke. When [793]
people make vows they will say to the one who
will officiate, "Pray for my child so that he or she [782]
may get better. I will treat you very good."

To make the incense altar, a part of the [778]
ground will be scraped clean and Earth will be
added on top, and at one end a pillow-shaped [237]
thing will be placed and a piece of manure will
be laid on it. The little pipe is laid on this piece [276]
of manure, and there is another large piece of
manure on which some pipes are laid. The pipes
are given to the singers who will pray with them
and then they will sing.

The ceremonialist [leader] will select who will sing and how many songs they will sing.

Big Smokes are held at my house. Big Smokes can be held in any place where people can sit conveniently, as long as there is a stove in the house, as we use the hot charcoals for burning the incense.

The one that made the vow and prepared the [782]
Berry Soup will sit with the ceremonialist. The
one that made the vow will take his shirt off and [302]
he will be painted on the face and body with the
paint. He will take the pipe that is to be handed
out first and he will offer it to the ceremonialist.
The one that made the vow will give a smoke to
the ceremonialist and the ceremonialist will pray
for him in return for the pipe.

The one that prepared the Berry Soup will not sing. He will just sit at the back. He will be called the Holy Sitter.

After the ceremonialist finishes his facial 796
paintings he will take the rattles and rattle them 533
four times and then give one to each of the four
singers. The first man will then start. He will [782]
pray, he will not sing. When he gets through [534]
praying, he will sing. He will say, "I made an
offering at such a place," and he will give four
accounts.

The four men will sing about their most important sacred Bundle. They will sing of a

sacred Bundle that they depend on [for spiritual 796
strength]. That is how the participants will complete 533 ●
their singing in the first round.

After this they will sing a second round—that will make eight songs. They will sing of the miscellaneous Bundles, like tipis, that were transferred to them. First they sing of the Medicine Pipes, the Horns Society, and if a person owned a Beaver Bundle, he will sing of his Water Pipe Bundle [another name for a Beaver Bundle]. They also sing of their tipi designs, and Sun Dance necklaces, and Medicine Pipe necklaces, Weasel Tail suits, Medicine headdresses, All Brave Dog Society. They'll sing of all their miscellaneous Bundles that were transferred to them. That is why the singing takes so long.

Robert Wilson attended several Nighttime 796
ceremonies during the 1890s. Those differed in 114
some details from the similar ceremonies of today,
as well as others of the same period. Most of our [778]
Medicines were then still with us and numerous [425]
people had owned enough Medicines to sing at
least sixteen songs. Today, only a few have owned [177]
enough Medicines to sing four rounds of songs, and most of these have never learned to sing all of their own songs, so they ask the leader of the ceremony for help.

Here are Wilson's observations.

NOTES ON SACRIFICIAL CEREMONY

Feb. 26

One Spots Lodge, 15 people in the lodge, 796
nearly all men. At the usual spot in the lodge was [778]
*the altar, made in shape of a mound of clay about
4 inches high, an elongated cone. Opposite the
door and in front of the altar was a space afterwards
occupied by Old Moon [Ki-soum, or Sun,
who was the leader of this ceremony]. Between* [237]
*his seat and the altar was a pile of cow chips and
spread on top of them was a lot of wild sage, two* [824]
eagle feathers, and some little paint bags. Incense

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
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Blood

[Nighttime Ceremony, 1890's]

was made on a large coal of fire, not on the altar 796
but between it and the fire. A feast of tongue
soup was handed around and Moon prayed alone. [262]
He was followed by all the others, except some [782]
late comers who were handed their food and then
prayed, as usual holding up a little piece [of
tongue] and at the end of the prayer shoving it
into the ground [as an offering]. Old Moon be- 796
gan the songs at 2:15, all the men and women 533●
joining in the gestures, comprising holding all the [788]
fingers up, tips touching, and the sign to take
something and put it on the breast. While singing [276]
was in progress, a filled pipe was handed to the
oldest man, who, holding stem to the sun, prayed [782]
in a loud voice, the others singing throughout.
Squaws were in the meantime putting red paint [302]
on faces of children who were to be painted after- [852]
wards by Moon. Singing ceased and another pipe
was handed to Moon, who turned the stem quite
around. Then, pointing the stem up over the fire,
he prayed and afterwards pointed it to the earth.
. . . One Spot sat at right of Moon and Three 796
Bulls at the left. One Spot now took off his shirt, 302
moccasins, leggings, and presented them all to 788
Moon, also a piece of tobacco. He retained only
his blanket, which he now wrapped around him-
self. Moon renewed the songs, One Spot let the
blanket fall and sat upon it naked [with his
breechcloth on, I'm sure]. Moon took a piece of
fat meat and with many waves and signs from
altar to One Spot and all over the latter's body, he
handed to him, who rubbed it all over the head,
arms and legs and body then handed it to Moon,
who, after passing it all over his own body, passed
it to the left and it went around. Moon now took [522]
red paint and, with some signs, rubbed it on his
body, arms, legs and all, the others remarking with
laughter how fat he was. One Spot turned his back
and Moon rubbed paint all over it. One Spot's hair
was tied up over his head and Moon painted his
face all red. One Spot's son, a child of six or seven [852]
years, was brought forward and stripped to the
waist . . . painted by Moon. . . .

[p. 347-A]

[Nighttime Ceremony, Ca. 1972]

us of the animals that supply us with meat and 796
hides, just as the feathers remind us of the birds 782
that fly, and the cloth represents the life of the 778
People on Earth, red being for holiness and black
for victory. It is the People's gift to the Spirits of
nature.

Outside, the helper said, "Hoi"; he took 796
down the offering and stood toward the east, 782
holding it in his hand. The Old Man began a 533
song whose words tell that the sacred offering will
be brought in, in a holy way. After the song, everyone was quiet. Then we heard the signal from outside again. The Old Man began the same song again, everyone joining in this time. Four times we sang, each time the helper standing at one of the four directions to let all the Universal Powers have a symbolic look at the offering before it was brought inside. In Sun-wise direction he went around the house, and before the fourth song ended came inside and handed the offering to the Old Man.

The Old Man prayed with it, giving it a 796
spiritual welcome into the midst of our gathering, 302
then put it down. He rubbed kidney fat between 788
the palms of his hands, and took some sacred red
earth. The young man sitting holy took off his [779]
shirt and kneeled before the Old Man. The Old
Man sang the song for the red paint, while covering [533]
the boy's face, shoulders, chest, arms, and
wrists with it, smearing the last over the boy's hair
in ceremonial blessing.

He wiped the red paint from his hands and
took the black paint pouch and a fresh piece of
kidney fat. Singing the song for the sacred black [533]
paint, he dipped two fingers into the pouch and
mixed the powdered charcoal with the grease in [779]
his palms, as though he were washing his hands with a bar of soap. With his blackened thumb he put a mark on the boy's temples, and his nose, then traced a black circle all the way around the boy's face, over the red paint. He also put black circles around the boy's wrists. The Old Man then told him to turn around in a Sun-wise direction to bless him with the offering, rubbing it

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 355-B]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
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Blood

[Nighttime Ceremony, Ca. 1972]

of a willow stick. He then blew offerings of smoke 796
to the Spirits who dwell in the Above, in the 788
Below, and on Earth. Everyone was very quiet, 276
for the Old Man was symbolically smoking with
the Powers of the Universe. He blew smoke in various directions until all the tobacco in the bowl had been smoked.

The main part of the ceremony was now 796
ready to be started. Incense was made, and the 788
Old Man held four rattles over the sweet smoke. 533
He shook the rattles, to prepare the Spirits for [534]
singing, then passed them to the man who was
farthest to the right. The others sang a song while he prayed and told about one offering. In the same way, each of the four men sang four rounds of the song and called out four offerings.

The four men prayed for the other participants, [782]
calling each one by name, and their families. [201]
As each one heard his name, he placed his hands on his chest, signifying that he was taking the prayers to his heart.

When each man finished praying, he sang his 796
first four songs, representing the most Powerful 793
Medicines transferred to him during his lifetime. 778
Atsitsina and I were the only participants who 533
had not belonged to the Horns; our first songs were for our Medicine Pipe Bundles. Medicine Pipe Owners were allowed to sing four songs for the Bundle they were keeping. Beaver Bundle Owners could sing as many songs as they wished for their Bundle. All others were allowed to sing only one song for each sacred thing that had been transferred to them, even if that object had a great many songs.

As a current Medicine Pipe Owner, a special 796
ceremony was held at my turn to sing for the first 793
round. A blanket was spread to the left of the 783
altar. The Old Man sat to my left on the blanket. 533
A coal was deposited at the rear of the altar and I held a pinch of sweet pine needles over the hot coal, the Old Man's hand on top of mine. He began with a prayer, then sang four Medicine Pipe songs, slowly lowering my hand with the in-

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
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Blood

[Nighttime Ceremony, Ca. 1972]

142
291
796
533 ●
114

Singing the Medicine Pipe Songs: Makwi Api and me.

---

cense during the beginning of the first one. We 796
took the sacred smoke and symbolically purified 793
ourselves with it, while we sang of the holy 783
Bundle that had given its Spirit to both of our 533
lives.

After everyone had sung his first four songs, we took another break. The first of four rounds was over.

The second round of songs began with the 796
rattles over the incense like the first round. Most
sang songs during this round for Medicine Pipe 793
Bundles. One song was sung for the Bundle itself, 778
another for the necklace or some such sacred arti- 533
cle. After each man had sung his four songs, he told which sacred article they were for, who gave him that article, and whom it was finally given to. Some singers ended their round by saying that their holy object had been given to the white man by so-and-so, and it was now on display at such-and-such a place.

Those who have sold our major Bundles, and 000

[p. 356-B]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

[Nighttime Ceremony, Ca. 1972]

142
114
796
276

Having a smoke after singing Medicine Pipe Songs: Atsitsina and me.

Those who have sold our major Bundles, and 425
are still alive to tell about it, seldom come to our 439
Nighttime ceremonies. When they do, they usu- 778
ally sing the songs for what they sold, though
others feel that this is sacrilegeous, that no one 796
can benefit from the Spirit of a holy thing that
was given away for money.

The pipes were smoked continuously during 796
the rounds of singing. At the start of each round, 276
the first pipe was handed to the one sitting holy,
who presented it to the Old Man. The Old Man [782]
held the mouthpiece to the Above and prayed for
the boy and for those for whom the ceremony was
held.

During the next break we ate some raw kid- 796
ney and a bit of kidney fat, a delicacy among our 262
Old People. There was talking and joking while 264
we ate.

The next two rounds of singing were just like 796
the first two, but the songs representing sacred 533●
articles not so Powerful as those sung about at 778

first. The songs were for Iniskims and Iniskim 796
necklaces, painted tipis, Sun Dance necklaces, for 533
the duties of Weather Dancers, for parts of 778
Beaver Bundles, and for lesser societies such as
the Crazy Dogs and Pigeons.

The Old Man started the third round with a 796
song about the Power of birds. During the song, 533
he waved his right hand in the air to resemble the
sailing of a bird. Most of our songs used to have 201
symbolic hand and body motions to accompany them, but few of our People still know these or bother to use them when they are singing. But the ceremony was not yet over.

After the last song of the fourth round, 796
someone brought in a bowl with tongue taken 788
from the sacred blood soup. The eight pieces were 782
used to ask for blessings. The one who was sitting
holy took one piece from the bowl; taking and [262]
holding up that hand, the Old Man called out, "Oki, Natosi, Sun, this is for you. SikskiAki and Natosina promised to feed you this when they asked you to help AnadaAki, and now they are fulfilling their promise."

He lowered the boy's hand and let the piece drop at the edge of the altar. They took up another piece, which was offered to Moon in the same way. They did the same with a piece offered to Morning Star and a piece offered to Earth Spirits.

The remaining four pieces were held up, one at a time, in the same way, as the Old Man called out, "Oki, Sun, this young man is going to eat with you so that this meal will be holy. Give him your strength and guidance." He then pushed the piece into the boy's mouth, and it was eaten.

After the Old Man did this with the four 796
pieces of tongue, the boiling kettle filled with the 788
sacred soup was brought into the room. It had
been boiling all night long, from the time the 252
tongues had been cut up. The sacred soup is a [262]
mixture of tongue, serviceberries, and blood. The pieces of tongue are first boiled in water. Then the blood is mixed with flour to form a smooth

PROGRAM BY DAYS.

796 *First Day.* The program opens with moving camp to a site previously
[785] selected. On the morning of this day, the medicine woman begins to fast,
which may be taken as the real beginning of the ceremony. If the ceremony
[782] of "cutting the tongues" has not been previously performed or completed,
[533] it is now in order. In any event, the father and any male assistants he may
[343] choose to invite, spend a part of the day in "praying and singing over the
tongues." A society brings in willows and a hundred-willow sweathouse is
built.

Second Day. In the morning, the camp moves again to a site still
[824] nearer that proposed for the sun dance. A few green boughs of cottonwood
[343] are kept around the base of the medicine woman's tipi as a sign of its sanctity.
[782] A sweathouse is made, as on the previous day. "Praying and singing over
[533] the tongues" continues during the day and evening.

Third Day. The same as the second day.

Fourth Day. The camp moves again; this time to the site of the sun
[343] dance. In the afternoon, the fourth and last hundred-willow sweathouse
[533] is built and used. The singing continues during the evening in the medicine
woman's tipi.

Fifth Day. This is an active day.[1] The various bands cut and drag in
the poles and green cottonwood boughs to be used in constructing the
dancing lodge. The center, or sun pole, is selected and brought in with the
ceremonies pertaining thereto. During the day, the holes for the posts are
dug and the sides of the dancing lodge put in place and prepared for the
raising at sunset. A wind-break is erected at the west side, facing the forked
[756] end of the sun pole. Later in the day, some medicinemen take up their
[782] stations here to receive offerings to the sun and place them on the pole. In
the forenoon, the ceremony connected with the opening of the natoas
bundle begins in the medicine woman's tipi. This is completed by the middle
of the afternoon when there is a procession from the tipi to the wind-break
[431] facing the sun pole. The thongs for the poles are cut. While these are
[735] taking place, some food is distributed among the poor people. Those
[782] women, who, during the past season, promised "to come forward to the
tongues" now fulfil their vows by public declarations addressed to the
setting sun. The pole raisers then approach from the four quarters, erecting

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[1] As in many other cases, there is a difference of opinion as to what was, or is, the correct schedule. Some maintain that the timber and sun pole are brought in on the fourth day and the fifth day given over to the erection of the dancing lodge only. This is, however, a matter of no great moment.

the medicine woman takes part. There is no stipulation that the same man 796
must direct all parts of the ceremony, but, by custom, this office is performed 782
annually by the same man so long as he is physically capable. To this 793
ceremony are called the medicine woman, the women who have promised to
"go forward to take the tongues", and sometimes those having previously
performed these functions.

The manner of formally registering the vow and of collecting the tongues is stated as follows:—

Now the woman who made the vow calls on a man and woman who
have been through the medicine lodge ceremony to announce it. The man [302]
and woman come to her tipi and paint her clothes and face and those of [782]
the relative for whom the vow was made with red paint. Prayers are [533)
offered for them and a few songs sung. After this, the four stand in front
of the tipi and the man announces the vow. He says, "Sun, she is going
to make a sun lodge for you. I think you and those who are above can
hear what is said." Then they move in turn to the south, west, and north
side of the tipi, repeating the same words at each stop and finally enter
the tipi.

In the spring of the year, when the people run buffalo, the woman has 796
her tipi a little towards the front or center. It may be that she is only [793)
with one of the bands, while the rest are camped elsewhere. Her tipi
stands alone a little to the west of the others. The people are then notified
that the tongues are to be given to the woman. Her husband mounts
his horse and sets out, taking a pipe and tobacco, but no weapons with him.
When he finds a man butchering, he sits down on a robe, fills his pipe, prays
for those present, and smokes with them. The butcher cuts out the tongue, [824]
wipes it off with sagegrass, and places it near the man, who has spread some [237]
buffalo dung with sagegrass on top of it in a row before him. The tongues
are placed on the sage and dung. The man then takes the tongues and rides
to where the next man is butchering and goes through the same procedure.
After he has gathered up all the tongues he takes them home. Each time
buffalo are killed the man rides out to gather in tongues until he has accumulated a hundred.

The tongues having been collected, an important ceremony follows with 796
their boiling and slicing. An experienced man and woman are invited to 782
direct; these are spoken of as the father and the mother. Also, all the 252
women having made a vow "to go forward to the tongues" are invited.
In addition, a number of women and men familiar with the ceremonies are
called. The woman making the vow (the daughter) and her husband (the
son) sit at the back of the fire; next to the former, sits the mother and then
the other women; next to the latter, sits the father and then the men in order.

asserting their marital rectitude and recounting such occasions as they have 796
been improperly approached by a man. All this time, the father and his [82)
assistants sing in the tipi. One of the women takes a cup, makes four
movements with it and dips the water. At this moment the song runs:— [533)

"The water that I see.
Water is sacred."

On the return, the women make four pauses as before. When the pail is finally within the tipi, incense is burned between the fireplace and the door and the pail held in the smudge. The father takes up the board upon which some of the tongues lie and while holding it up in one hand, shakes the cup about in the water, meanwhile making a noise like the buffalo, finally striking the pail a blow with the cup. Here the song runs:— [533)

"Buffalo will drink."

This may be taken as marking one stage of the ceremony. The boiling of 796
the tongue is now in order. When all is ready, the father starts the songs 252
in the next series. The two women hook the kettle on the tripods and while [53]
the kettle is heated, there are other songs and incense burned and the song
runs:—

"Where I (buffalo speaking) sit is sacred."

While the water boils, the director takes up a tongue, holds it above the kettle, lowers it slowly, making a noise as if something were drinking. After this, the women place the tongues in the kettle and proceed with the boiling. Here or elsewhere, songs accompany the ceremonial acts. The pot must not boil over.

When the tongues have cooked, the two women rise and stand by the 796
fire as the songs begin. At the proper moment, they remove the kettle 252
and place it on the spot where the smudge was made. First, they take 533
out the painted tongues and then the others. The father takes up a small
piece, singing:—

"Old Man (sun), he wants pemmican.
He wants to eat.

Old Woman (moon), she wants back fat.
She wants to eat.

Morningstar, he wants broth.
He wants to eat."

796 Then the painted tongue is passed to the daughter. Now, each of the
women tears off a bit of the tongue skin and all hold up the pieces and
[782] pray. After the prayers, the pieces are placed in the earth and the tongues
are hung up to dry. First, the rope is taken up and a song sung. The
woman who made the vow, rises and ties one end of the rope to the tipi
pole on the north side and the other end to the tipi pole on the south side,
a little to the west of the fireplace. All the tongues, both painted and unpainted, are hung on this rope.

[824] During all these ceremonies there is no regular smudge. The smudges
are made with sweetgrass on the grass near the rear of the tipi. The
tongues are left to hang for two days before they are taken down to be
[262] cooked. When the tongues have been hung, all return to their homes, the
women taking the tongue skins with them for their relatives to eat, as
[778] they are considered to be blessed and supposed to bring good luck.

[777] After two days, all meet again in the same tipi. The two women who
796 went for the water place the tripods over the fire and while songs are sung,
252 the pot is passed to them with the red painted sticks. The two women,
each holding one end of the stick, go for water, praying on the way. When
they return to the tipi a smudge, over which they hold the bucket of water,
is made between the door and the fireplace. Then the bucket is placed
beside the smudge. While the others sing, the woman who made the vow
rises and first takes the painted tongue and then the others from where they
were hung. They are then placed on a buffalo hide and the woman returns
to her place. Four women sit down near the tongues; each one takes a
● [533] tongue, one of which is the painted one. Kneeling and swaying their bodies
in time with the songs, they sing the buffalo songs. The painted tongue
is placed in the kettle first and a song is sung: "When buffalo go to drink;
it is powerful. Where buffalo sit is powerful (natojiwa)." Then the rest
of the tongues are placed in the pot which is hooked on the tripod over the
fire. Songs are sung and four sticks, about the length of the forearm, for
stirring the tongues, are placed where the tongues were first placed. One
of the cooks takes a pair of the sticks and stirs the tongues with them.
When removing the tongues from the kettle they are held between two of
these sticks.

796 Another song, called the song of rest is sung, and all rest for a time and
533 smoke. When the tongues are cooled, another song is sung, the two cooks
rise, and taking the pot, place it over the smudge place near the door.
To the singing of songs, the painted tongue first, and then the others, are
[262] taken out and placed on half a rawhide. The soup is poured into wooden
[415] bowls and distributed among those present. No tin cups must be used
in drinking this soup. While all sing, the woman who made the vow rises

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and first takes the painted tongue and then all the others and hangs them [533]
up as before. This ends the ceremony.

Two days later, the same participants are called together to the same tipi
and the woman rises and takes first the painted tongue and then the others
from where they were hung. A parfleche is brought and a buffalo song [533)
sung: "Buffalo I take. Where I sit is powerful." The painted tongue
and then the others are placed on the parfleche. Wild peppermint is put [263)
in with the tongues, the parfleches are tied up and placed at the rear of the
tipi. Sometimes tongues are dried in front of the tipi on a stage made by [251)
setting up two travois with a lodge pole tied between them.

The man and woman who lead the ceremony must not have any metal [823]
about them. Brass rings, earrings, and all such trinkets must be taken off. [301]
Nor must there be any knives in the vicinity. Even the knives with which [784)
the tongues are cut are taken out. No one must spit in front of him, but
always close to the wall under the beds. If they do, it will rain. No water [821)
is brought into the medicine lodge and when water is brought, it is covered.
The only time when it is permitted to eat or drink is before sunrise and after
sunset. They must be given food by the instructors. The prayers in this [782]
ceremony are prayers for good luck for everyone in the camp.

This closes the preliminaries to the ceremonies leading to the sun dance 796
and may be designated as the cutting of the tongues. As in most other cases, 178
there seems to have been considerable variation in this procedure, both as to time and order. Certainly, for a number of years, it has been much abbreviated. As implied in the program, this ceremony may be performed on the first day. The gathering of tongues was dependent upon circumstances and after the days of the great buffalo drives was a matter of gradual accumulation. Thus, it was explained, that by necessity, the "cutting" was often repeated, though naturally with less ceremony.

The parfleches containing tongues are kept in the medicine woman's 796
tipi where they are "prayed and sung over" during the first and second days 178
of the program. The underlying thought seems to be that they are consecrated to the sun.

In the procession of the fourth day, the parfleches are carried behind the medicine woman by her attendants. In former years, these were the women who had promised "to go forward to the tongues." They are present at the ceremony in the medicine woman's tipi and may be said to be in
attendance during the entire fasting period. At the time indicated in the 796
program, the parfleches are opened and the women in turn step out with 782
some of the dried tongue, face the west, and each holding up a piece, address the sun then nearing the horizon. They declare their innocence of adultery, as at the time of making the vow and cutting the tongues. They also

796 343 The following account of the evening ceremonies in the medicine woman's tipi was given by Red-plume:—

539 In the evening, after sunset, the first sweathouse is made. All those who took part in the ceremony before and a few other old men are invited. The man who fills the pipes and tends to the smoking during the ceremony remains on duty during the
[575] whole sun dance ceremony. Four-bears is told to tell the mosquito society to sing that night in their own tipi which is inside of the circle. This society is to sing the
[533] sun dance songs, the weather-makers dancing songs, the rest of the people remaining quiet through the night. In the medicine lodge they sing until a little before daybreak.

The smudge place in the medicine lodge on the first day and for the first sweathouse is a square marked in the soft earth with a crescent in the middle of it. It is not painted. Under the crescent is a dot where the smudge is made.

796 539 533 When all the guests are assembled in the tipi the ceremony for the evening begins. Food is given to all; the medicine woman and her husband have their meat cut up for them. While a song is sung a piece of meat is held over the smudge, four passes made with it, and then fed to the man and woman. The same thing is done with water. After this they may help themselves to the food. After the meal is over the singing begins. The sweetgrass is taken up and a song sung: "Old man, takes spring grass. Old woman comes in with her body." Another man takes the smudge stick and places a live coal on the smudge place. The singer holds the grass over head and then brings it down on the coal. This song is for the morningstar: "Morningstar says let us have a sweathouse." Seven songs are sung for the sun and moon which are spoken of as the old man and old woman. These with the seven sung for the morningstar make fourteen sung thus far.

796 533 539 302 Since the men have been in the sweathouse where the paint has all washed off, five songs are sung to re-paint the man and woman. As the man sings, he takes some red earth paint with a ball of fat which he rolls in the palms of his hands. The song is: "Old man says red face I take." He makes a streak crosswise on the man's forehead, vertically on his cheeks, and across the chin. The entire face is then covered with the same red paint. The robe is then taken from the man's shoulders. He sings another song as he takes up the sagegrass and brushes one side of the man's head, his arm, and then his body. At the same time, the woman is painted on the other side of the tipi. Another song is sung and he takes the paint, rubs it in his hands, and sings: "This man I am making his body holy, powerful." The same words are sung for the woman. The man's body and robe are then painted.

796 533 539 237 When the tongues were first taken in to be sliced, two round buffalo dungs together with a ball of sweetgrass were given to the man and woman. They keep these to wipe the paint from their hands. A song is sung for the dung. The two men and the two women hold their hands over the dung. They make four motions with the closed fists and then touch the ground to the southeast, southwest, northwest, and northeast of the dung. The words in this song are: "This may help me to live long, and help me through life." There is also part of a buffalo dung. The smudge stick is taken up, with the song: "Timber I am looking for? Timber I have found and taken." The two men and the two women all grasp the forked stick. They sing as they take up the dung with it and gradually move it up the stick until it rests on the fork. Then it is held over the fire. Someone knocks the dung into the fire and it is covered with ashes. The song is: "Powerful, I start. Powerful

796 533 539 237 where I sit." To throw the dung off into the fire is a sign that enemies will be conquered.

Four songs are now sung for the muskrat skin used to wipe the faces of the man and woman: "Man says, my medicine, I am looking for. I have found it." The skin is taken up. Two songs are sung for the parfleche with tongues in it. It is taken up very slowly and the singing continues during all the movements made with it. It is held over the smudge and placed to one side, the cords untied, and the tongues taken out and distributed to all who are now in the tipi. The two medicine-men and women also eat. The song when first taking up the parfleche is: "Buffalo [782] [262] I am powerfully starting. It is powerful where I sit." When undoing the cords the words are: "Buffalo I take some." When the first tongue is taken out, a little piece is held up by everyone, prayers are said, the small pieces are placed on the ground, and they begin to eat them.

Seven songs for the eagle tail feather with which the sun is supposed to have brushed off the scar from Scar-face's face and is supposed to be the feather brought down from the sun by Scar-face follow: "Old man says, hand me a feather." The feather is passed to the man. Another song follows: "Old man says he wants a hundred feathers. Old woman wants different kinds of feathers." Seven more songs are sung, the words of some of them are: "This man says that above have seen me. It is powerful. The ground I see is powerful. Old man, says, white buffalo robe I want. Old woman, says, Elk I want. Old man says, don't fool me. Old woman says, don't fool me." The meaning of this is to be sure and give them what they ask for, that is, offerings made at the sun dance to the sun, moon, etc.

796 533 539 Seven songs are sung before they take up the rattles and the rawhide and five songs for the raven. At this time, the man takes hold of one of the rattles by the ball part touching it to the ground, while he holds the end of the handle straight up. The raven songs are: "Raven says, buffalo I am looking for; buffalo I take. The wind is our medicine. The brush is our home. Buffalo I take." The man pecks the rattle handle with one finger on both sides and crows. Then they begin to beat the rattles on the rawhide and shake them in a circle once.

Now seven songs are sung for the smudge which is made of a species of fungus that grows on a kind of willow. The songs: "Old man says, all right, may my lodge be put up. Old woman says, all right may my lodge be put up or built." These words mean that the sun and moon are speaking and want the sun dance lodge built without any accidents.

The next songs are for the natoas bundle which is not opened. The songs: "Old man comes in, he says, I am looking for my bonnet. I have found it. It hears me. It is medicine." The old woman sings and uses the same words in her songs. There are six of these bonnet songs. The songs for the badger skin follow: "The man above hears me; he is powerful. The ground is my home; it is powerful." There are four songs for the badger. The badger skin and other things are not handled, the songs about them are simply sung. The songs for the natoas are: "Old man says I am looking for my bonnet. I have found it: it is powerful." The woman then sings a song with the same words, which is followed by a song about the stone arrow points on the natoas. There is a song for everything which makes up the bonnet which is as follows: the leather band, the blue paint on the band, the stuffed weasel skin tied crosswise on the bonnet, the weasel tails hanging from the bonnet, two feathers in front, and two behind, two plumes on each side of the bonnet, a flint arrow point, a buffalo calf tail, a snipe, and a small doll the head of which is

796 stuffed with tobacco seed. The song for the doll on the bonnet is: "Children are
533 running about. They are running from us. They are running towards us. They
539 are boys. They are powerful." The man says, "Give me the child," and makes the
movement of reception. Another song is sung: "Child is crying," and the man imitates the crying of a child. The song for the little birds is: "Bird says water is my medicine; it is powerful," for the calf tail: "Man says calf tail I want," and for the arrow point: "Sharp points are on both sides." Then follows the song for the leather band which represents the lizard: "Yonder man, I am angry and mad at you." This song of the lizard refers to the prairie dog chief. The blue paint on the band represents water and the song for it is: "The blue waters are our medicine." The song for the feathers is: "Feathers I want." Another song for the plume on the feathers: "Red I want." This closes the evening ceremony. The man and woman are put to bed and all go home.

796 This is the ceremony after the first sweathouse is made. Three more moves of
539 the entire camp and three more sweathouses must be made. The fourth move and
543 sweathouse is where the sun dance takes place. Nowadays, only one sweathouse
[484] is made for the sun dance.

796 It seems that the final camp is marked out by a society laying rocks around its bounds, according to which the arriving bands find their proper places.

796 At the fourth camp and on the fourth day, the natoas bundle is opened,
798 or its formal ritual demonstrated. Early in the day another tipi is pitched
before the medicine tipi and the covers are joined, thus enlarging the space and providing for a few spectators. A few men and women are invited to assist in the ceremony: the men use the rattles and with the women aid in the singing. The father and other men sit on the north side
[793] of the tipi, the former next the medicine woman's husband; and the other
women sit on the south side, the mother next to the medicine woman. She directs the medicine woman and the singing of the other women. The ceremony opens at about ten A. M. with the first series of songs in the ritual.
[534] Three men hold a rattle in each hand, beating them upon the rawhide by
a vigorous downward forward stroke, the seventh rattle is used by the father.

796 The ritual of the natoas will be found in Volume 7, pp. 215–220. Nor-
798 mally, this ceremony transfers the natoas to the daughter. She may,
however, waive the right, in which case the bundle returns to the former
432 owner. Yet, she seems to enjoy all the privileges accorded to one having
been an owner.

Theoretically, no one can perform a transfer ceremony without having first owned the bundle in question. In case of the natoas, even now, a beaver owner is regarded as competent to conduct the proceeding, though he may never have gone through the ritual with his wife. This is consistent with the tradition that formerly the natoas was a part of the beaver sweathouse procedure now follow while the stones and a pail of water are passed in by an attendant. The covers are then drawn down and the vapor bath taken. 796 343

After the ceremony the procession returns to the medicine woman's tipi. The cover is removed from the sweathouse and the buffalo skull placed on top where it remains.

Should there be more than one medicine woman, another sweathouse is made on the east side of the camp circle and the others grouped around them equally. [793]

Since after the sweathouse ceremony there is formal singing in the tipi until far into the night, it may be said that during the four days of the fast the ceremonies begin with the sweathouse at sundown, while on the fifth day the ceremony begins in the morning and ends at sundown. [533]

To this generalized statement the following account from a Piegan may be added:— 796 343 539

Now, when the first sweathouse is to be made, orders are given in the morning to one of the societies to get the willows to make the hundred-willow sweathouse. Another man is to get the creeping juniper to use in the smudge place in the medicine lodge, and still another is to cut out the smudge place. The moves are short. The people all move camp, as before, and the society goes on ahead and stakes out the camping ground. When the tipis are pitched at the new camping ground, the society comes in with the willows and the rocks for the sweathouse. They circle once around to the right of the lodges and stop outside of the circle, west of the medicine lodge. They must neither eat nor drink while building the sweathouse. They gather wood from among the tipis until they have enough to heat the rocks. Robes for covering the sweathouse are borrowed from the people of the camp. One man goes to the medicine lodge and digs out the smudge place.

When the sweathouse is ready for the medicinemen, four of the men who helped in the construction go and inform the men and women. They carry the parfleche with the tongues in it on a robe, each man holding a corner. The two medicinemen take the lead, the two women follow, then come the four men with the parfleche. Four stops are made before they reach the sweathouse. The instructor leads, and is followed in single file by the other man, and the two women walking very slowly and singing. They march once around the sweathouse in the direction of the sun. The other old men who are to join them and the two medicinemen go in while the two women remain seated on a robe just west of it with the parfleche beside them. A smudge is made with sweetgrass, and a crescent-shaped place marked out between the square hole and the rear of the sweathouse and live coals are placed on the dot in front of the crescent. A song is sung while the smudge stick is taken up and a man goes after the coal for the smudge. The sweatgrass is placed on the live coal and the two songs for the smudge are sung: "Spring grass I take. Where I sit is powerful." A pipe is handed in and the pipe bowl and stem painted red. The man holds the pipe over the smudge and prays for the one who gave it to him and then passes it to the last man to his right who lights it and all smoke it. When the pipe is all burnt out, the man who blessed it, takes it, and with a red-painted stick loosens

Four men are called upon to assist the father and son. As the latter 796
stand upon the pole, they encircle and screen them with their blankets 346
and join the father in singing. The songs call for good luck in erecting the [533]
dancing lodge. The son does not sing. Four songs are sung. At the end
of each the father blows a whistle while someone shakes the pole. The
last time they jump off the pole. The son drops his blanket (some say the [782]
father also, some add moccasins) painted black as a sun offering. Another
blanket is handed him at once.

As soon as the men leave the pole the advancing raisers rush in, raise the center pole, put on the rafters, tie them with the rawhide strands and place brush all around to form the wind-break. This is accompanied by much shouting, but without shooting.

While the sun pole is being raised the daughter and mother stand watching it. They pray and make movements with the corners of their robes as though steering the rising pole. As it sways from side to side, they gesture as if righting it.

As soon as the pole is set, the natoas, robe, and moccasins are taken off the daughter by the mother. She may call on someone to do this and pay a gun or a horse for the service. The mother and other attendants then lead the daughter to her tipi where she resumes her ordinary routine.

The father and son go to a sweathouse where all the paint is washed [302]
off. This is not the hundred-willow sweathouse and is the fifth sweat- [343]
house, if it were counted. The two men go in and some sagegrass being
handed to the father, he takes off the feathers tied to the son's hair, the
hair necklace, and whistle. After the first opening of the sweathouse
he takes the sagegrass and wipes off the black paint on the son and hands
out through the west side of the sweathouse the necklace, whistle, and
feathers which are to be taken home. At the same time, the two women
are in the ceremonial lodge, the mother caring for the daughter.

When the men have completed the sweathouse ceremony they go to the
medicine woman's tipi. The father and his wife wrap up the natoas and [778]
place it in the badger skin. After this is done, they no longer have to [261]
eat sparingly. This ends the ceremony of the medicine woman.

Early the next day she and her husband must obtain the cotton- 796
wood brush with which the booth for the weather dancers is made. Another 793
man digs out the place in the booth, making it the same as the smudge 346
place in the medicine woman's tipi, with the sod on three sides and creeping juniper on top of it. The fireplace is dug out to the west of the center post and is made as in the medicine woman's tipi. When going for and returning the brush, the woman rides one horse and leads the one dragging

old men on the west side of the center pole dance in their places. The 796
rawhide held in front of them, hangs down like an apron. They beat 535
time on it, holding the rawhide in one hand, and the rattles in the other.
An old man counts deeds and marks out with a knife the fireplace and the [887]
booth for the weather dancers. These are dug while the dancing and [354]
shooting take place.[1] [346]

The hole, or fire pit, is dug between the sun pole and the entrance to 796
the dancing lodge. It is about three feet by two and "two hands" deep. 354
A warrior is then called to start the fire. Warriors now come forward 555
in turn to count their coups. In this a man took a piece of firewood and
holding it up, called out in a loud voice how he once struck a Sioux, a Snake,
etc., then placed it in the fire. When he had recounted all he gave way to
the next. Stories are told of men having enough coups to make a fire large
enough to threaten the destruction of the dancing lodge. We were able [804]
to confirm the statement of Clark[2] that the height of the flame as determined [237]
by a buffalo tail hanging down was the criterion for determining a great
warrior. One informant states as follows:—

There is always a cow tail hanging down from the center post. In [237]
olden times this was a buffalo tail, to the end of which a blackened plume
was tied. This hangs down over the fireplace which was used at night to [373]
furnish light for the proceedings. The assembled people were entertained
by narratives of warriors as they came forward to narrate their deeds;
each threw a stick on the fire for each deed counted and he whose fire
blazed high enough to reach the tail was considered a great warrior. It
was a great honor when a man could tell enough war deeds to scorch the
tail. All this time there was singing (the cheering songs) and drumming, [533]
while berry soup was served to all. The persons taking part are designated
as those "who are about to make the fire." In recent years, this ceremony [178]
has been performed in a very perfunctory manner.

After the ceremony, the fire was fed in the ordinary way and kept 796
going during the greater part of the succeeding days. The origin of this 354
dance is often ascribed to Scar-face.

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[1] It will be recalled that in the sun dance of the Dakota type (p. 110) there is a ceremonial [171]
shooting at the sun pole. Here the shooting takes place in a perfunctory way, while the pole
is dragged to the sun dance site. Yet, McQuesten claims to have witnessed the driving of [113]
evil power from the sun lodge at a Blood ceremony in 1912. ("The Sun Dance of the Blackfeet" *Rod and Gun in Canada*, March 1912.) As this is not noted in older accounts and we failed to get information as to it, we suspect it to be due to foreign influences, or perhaps the author's own interpretation.

[2] Clark, *ibid.*, 72.

stating that if brought home safely he will sacrifice a finger. This sacrifice can be 782
made at any time; either when on the warpath or when at home in camp or at the 304
sun dance. In such cases, the finger is offered to the sun in the precise manner as 785
the pieces of skin described above. 539

There are, however, occasions upon which fingers are cut off that are not offerings [726]
to the sun. Thus, people who are in mourning sometimes sacrifice a finger. In [765]
those cases it is usual to call upon some old woman who is skilled in the amputation.
She cuts off the finger, usually reciting a kind of ritual, but it is not offered to the sun.
It is simply thrown away. Then again babies' fingers are sometimes cut off to give [777]
the child good luck. Thus, if a woman lost many children she would call upon an
old woman to make the sacrifice for her newly born. In this case, the tip end of a
finger is cut off and wrapped up in a piece of meat which the mother is required to
swallow. This is supposed to insure the child's living to maturity. It had no
connection with the sun.

I have told you how men are called upon to cut off pieces of skin and how certain 539
old women were selected to amputate fingers. You should also know that in olden 763
times there were some women and men who might be called upon to cut open dead
persons for various reasons. Sometimes they did this on their own account in order
to get information as to the cause of death.

These accounts show for one thing that the cutting ceremony in the sun 782
dance is but one of a type of blood and flesh offerings made to the sun, in 304
fulfillment of a vow. The sacrifice of a finger is more frequent and less 785
specialized, though frequently done at the sun dance. Then comes the
very frequent offering of bits of skin, a sacrifice common in war raids at all
times. The offering of bits of skin in the precise manner described here is [191]
found elsewhere in the Plains. The writer has observed men so scarred
among several divisions of the Dakota. The method of removing the skin
was here the same as followed by the Blackfoot. The thrusting in of the
awl has a curious similarity to the cutting and skewering in the sun dance;
one may even be pardoned for wondering if it did not so arise.

SUN DANCE SONGS.

Two songs have a special place in the ceremony. They are sung by 796
the men as they ride into camp with the willows for the hundred-willow 533
sweathouse. They are sung again when the procession of pole raisers
moves up to raise the sun pole. Formerly, they were sung by any considerable body of the tribe approaching the camp of strange Indians.
Likewise, when they approached a post to open trade.[1]

Red-plume, a Piegan, has a smudge stick on which are notches said

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[1] For musical notation see McClintock, Walter. *The Old North Trail, or Life, Legends and Religion of the Blackfoot Indians* (London, 1910), 311. [113]

796 to represent the number of different songs used in the ceremonies of the
533 medicine woman. There are 413 which is said to be the full number of
songs. These, as has been stated in Volume 7, are in reality a part of
the beaver bundle ritual.

The singing at the dancing ceremonies after the sun lodge has been erected is usually confined to the songs of various societies concerned. There are, however, a few with characteristic airs that are regarded as peculiarly appropriate to the occasion, regardless of who may be dancing.

THE SUN DANCE CAMP.

361 In a previous paper, we called attention to the belief that the camp
621 circle was formed expressly for the sun dance. Our informants say that
formerly the circle was formed by the assemblage of the bands some time
796 before the medicine woman began her fast. In winter, the tribes scattered
[221] out, usually two to five bands in a camp, often many miles apart. At the
approach of summer, the husband of a woman having made a vow to give
[203] the sun dance sends a man to look up the camps and invite them to join
his band. He carries tobacco and presents some to each head man with
the invitation. As the head men receive the invitation, they order their
bands to move, forming the circle at the medicine woman's camp. Once
formed, the circle is not broken until after the sun dance, a period estimated
at from two to four months. The whole body may move about and even
make long journeys aside from the four ceremonial moves required while
[221] the medicine woman is fasting. After the sun dance, they split up into
parties for the fall hunt and finally went into winter quarters. The import
of our former statement is thus apparent. The suggestion is that the
camp circle is intimately associated with the sun dance. At least, one
point is clear, the camp circle is initiated by the woman who starts the
sun dance and even so is one of the preparatory steps.

As previously stated in Volume 7 of this series, there is much uncertainty as to the order of bands in the circle. We doubt if it ever was absolutely fixed beyond change at the will of those in charge of the sun dance proceedings.

MYTHOLOGICAL NOTES.

773 The way that several distinct myths are used to account for different
796 features of the sun dance might be taken as a suggestion that the ceremony
grew up among the Blackfoot. We suspect, however, that we have here
an example of pattern phenomena. Those familiar with the detailed

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721 of Black Coulee, and in the evening left the river and struck off northwesterly upon the plain. Three mornings later we stopped for the day in a grove of pines on the north slope of the Bear Paw Mountains. Silently, glumly, we sat around our little fire as we broiled and ate portions of a yearling buffalo that we had killed the morning before. What wrong had we done that the gods seemed to have deserted us? Was it that we were heading straight to our end at the hands of the enemy?

[787] Many-Tail-Feathers named me to take the morning watch, and then as always went off by himself to pray for a revealing vision and sleep. I drank from the little spring near by, went down and sat in the lower edge of the pines. To the north were a few buffalo and antelope, peacefully grazing, resting, some of them going for water.

Came noon. I went up in the pines, awakened Little Otter to go on watch, told him that, so far, no enemies had come in sight. Then I stretched out where he had lain, to sleep and forget my troubles. Late in the afternoon loud singing awakened us. Many-Tail-Feathers, happily singing the wolf song, the good-luck song of warriors, ● [533] came dancing toward us, and we all sat up and stared at him. Then, ending his song, he shouted to us:

721 787 "Take courage, my friends. Take courage. The gods favor us. They heard my prayers; they gave me a vision. It was that, as we were traveling, we discovered some enemies. We attacked them; some of them fell. Then I awoke. But that was enough, my friends. You all know as well as I do that a vision of falling, dying enemies means success for us."

"It does! It does!" Heavy Runner cried. And all began happily talking, telling of visions that had proved to be true. And hotheaded White Antelope said: "Well, now that we are to have success, let's broil and eat what little meat we have left and then be on our way."

Said Many-Tail-Feathers: "No. My vision does not free us from being ever cautious. We will raise no more smoke here on this high place for enemies, possibly wandering about, to see. Besides, except for antelope, game is scarce. We were lucky to find that buffalo yearling. No. We will not eat the meat we have left."

morning. Constantly keep looking at the plain and the valley, far 721
and near. It is that we may be close to the camp of the Cutthroats. If so, you should discover riders out from it in quest of meat."

Taking up his rifle, Heavy Runner at once set out for the rim of the plain, and Many-Tail-Feathers as always strode off into the timber to rest apart from us. We others smothered the fire and stretched out to sleep.

The sun shining hotly on my face through a parting in the tree branches awakened me. Very thirsty, I went to the river to drink and was surprised by Many-Tail-Feathers coming and joining me on the shore. Stepping noiselessly across the sand and to my side, he startled me. Looking up, I knew at once from the worried expression of his face that something was wrong with him. "*Kai yiwahts?*" ("What troubles you?") I asked.

"My vision. It was bad. I heard women wailing for their dead. It 787
was night. The lodges were just dim shapes in the darkness. Though 721
I could not see them, I could plainly hear the women mourning for their dead. You know what that means. It is warning that there is trouble ahead for us."

"But your good vision, your vision of us killing enemies; and then the raven circling over us, beckoning us eastward—all that, you said, meant good luck for us."

"So it did, but this, my new vision, brings all that to nothing; it is sure warning that we are heading into danger."

"Well, what are we to do about it?"

"Be more than ever cautious, watchful; pray now, all of us. Pray 721
to the Above Ones to keep us safe, to give us success against our [276]
enemies," he answered. With that he led back to our sleeping companions,
awoke them, told of his bad vision; and soon we were gathered [533]
in a circle, smoking in turn his pipe, singing his elk-tongue pipe songs after each of his fervent prayers to the sky gods for our safety and success. And so to the last one of his songs:

> *Raven says, my medicine, it is strong, it is powerful.* [533]
> *Enemies I seek. I have found them.* [539]
> *Dead on the ground they lie.*
> *My medicine, it is powerful.*

shelter of another grove. As we were about to round the bend we heard singing below it, men singing a high-keyed song strange to our ears, undoubtedly a war song. It brought us to sudden stand, made our hearts beat fast.

"Enemies! A war party! Coming up!" Many-Tail-Feathers cried. He turned, looked back at the grove we had left, shook his head, muttering: "Too far. Too far." Then pointing to a grove of rosebrush and sage to our right, he told us to hurry into it.

In no time we were kneeling in it peering through the tops of it at the bend and wondering how many of the enemies we were so soon to see coming up around it. Many-Tail-Feathers saying this to us: "Now, my friends, mind this that I tell you. Though they be only a few, we must not shoot into them unless they discover us here. It is that we must not spoil our chance for finding and killing White Dog this night."

Ha! He had no more than said that when a lone man appeared rounding the bend. A tall man walking swiftly, easily, wearing a white blanket capote, a fur cap, carrying a gun, its barrel resting in the crook of his left arm, a bulging pouch at his left side. Well back of him, down around the bend, the shrill singing continued as though the singers had come to a stand or were dancing.

Said Many-Tail-Feathers, excitedly: "*Ha!* He appears to be White Dog, this oncoming man."

"He is White Dog," Little Otter exclaimed.

"Yes, White Dog himself," White Antelope hissed.

"Mine. Mine alone at last to kill," our leader declared.

"You must not shoot him now, Many-Tail-Feathers," said Weasel Tail. "We have first to see his followers. They may be too many for us to fight."

Our leader's answer to that was quickly to aim his rifle at the man and fire. The bullet broke his left leg between ankle and knee, for we saw the foot flap as he went down upon his knees.

Yelling triumphantly, Many-Tail-Feathers sprang up, fired again, hit him somewhere in the body, ran toward him, we all following him. Like us, White Dog had a Henry rifle and though grievously wounded he managed to fire it at us three times, his first shot killing

Buffalo Robes

In the daytime, save for the shouting of children at play, the great 574
camp was quiet; but with the setting of the sun it livened up. Men 517
began shouting invitations to their friends to come and feast and
smoke with them. Members of the various branches of the *Ikuni* [575]
Kahtsi (All Friends warriors society) got together to sing and dance. [533]
At once in a hundred lodges there were various social gatherings— [535]
gatherings of old men, young men, old women, young women, chiefs
and leading warriors, Sun priests. Evening always found me joining
one or another of the lodge-fire circles to listen to the talk, and so
I heard great tales of war, of hunting, and of the wondrous doings
of the gods. In greatest demand were the tellers of humorous stories; [522]
they had so many invitations to social gatherings that they were
rarely found at home. And theirs was clean humor; one never heard [831]
any obscenity in the lodges of the Blackfoot tribes.

What George Catlin had to say of the Mandans he visited in 1832 574
—that they were kindly, courteous hosts—was equally true of the
old-time Blackfeet. A man giving a feast-and-smoke stepped outside [203]
his lodge and shouted his invitations. One by one the guests came
and were seated according to their standing in the tribe. The more 554
prominent a man was—such as chief, Sun priest, warrior—the nearer
he would be placed to the host. When all were seated, the women of [262]
the lodge placed dishes of food, the choicest that they had—boiled [276]
or broiled buffalo tongues, buffalo dorsal ribs, berry pemmican,
stewed berries—before them, and the host, not eating, began cutting
finely a mixture of tobacco for the smokes. At the same time he 521
started the talk about something of general interest, or, perhaps, 574
called on a certain one to tell of some thrilling experience he had
had in hunting or at war; or, as often happened, a Sun priest would
talk about the gods or relate a powerful vision that the gods had
given him in the night. As the talk went on, all ate slowly, moderately, and in most pleasant manner, of their portions. Contrary to [261]
the general opinion of them, the Indians, anyhow the Blackfeet, were
not gorgers of great quantities of food.

When all had finished eating, the host passed the filled big-stone 276
bowl with its long stem to someone of the circle to light from the 793
fire—always a Sun priest if one were present—and he, touching a coal 574

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648 other tribes. He could speak Blackfoot fairly well. For all his unprepossessing appearance he was undoubtedly a man of dominating character and brave, else he could not have been a chief.

The meeting of the Blackfoot and Blood chiefs with Big Bear was apparently fairly friendly. As soon as they were seated, Kipp [273] served to each of them a drink of whisky, then handed to Crow Big [276] Feet to light a big stone pipe, long-stemmed, which he had ready for the occasion. All smoked it by turn, and that was encouraging. Food was set before them and they ate and talked of inconsequential matters. There was another round of whisky. The pipe was refilled and smoked, and then Kipp said to his guests: "My friends, you are camped here in the midst of the last of the buffalo herds. Soon they will be no more. That you may live well upon them so long as they do last, I urge that you camp and hunt in peace with one another. I speak, too, for your women and children. Well you know that your fighting makes widows and orphans of them."

●[533] As he spoke, we could hear the young hotheads in the Blood and Blackfoot camps singing war songs and shouting to one another.

Said Crow Big Feet: "I am for peace between us and your Crees, Big Bear. What say you?"

Said Big Bear: "We knew that you all were here, but we had to come or starve, for there was no place else for us to go. I am all for peace. You are many; we are few. I ask you to have pity for us."

Then Running Rabbit: "Hear them out there, singing make-ready-to-fight songs. Let us go quiet them. At once go."

Out they went without further words, Kipp and I close trailing them. First into the Blackfoot camp, where Crow Big Feet briefly said to his warriors that, positively, they were not to fight the Crees. If any disobeyed his order, they would later have to fight him, himself.

From there we hurried to the Blood camp, where Running Rabbit gave like instructions to his warriors, and surlily they listened. Then, as we neared the Cree camp, all hurried out to meet us, and I noted how strained, how anxious was the expression of their faces. But after Big Bear spoke to them they were all smiles and turned back to their various affairs happily chatting and singing.

787 And said Little Bird Woman: "Oh, brother, after your fast, join
785 Seizers; they are the best clothed, best singers and dancers of all of
575 the warrior bands."

"No, you will join the Raven Carriers, they such always-successful warriors. My father, my brother were members of it," the mother said.

785 There followed some argument between mother and son over
787 which of the medicine men (Sun priests) should be asked to pray
[778] for his safety and success in his lone and strenuous fast. The result
was that Fox Eyes brought in his horses, roped and led one of them
before the lodge of Black Otter, owner of the sacred Thunder Pipe
bundle, gave him the horse and said: "*Haiyu!* Oh, powerful, Sun-favored
Thunder Pipe man. I am to undergo my lone fast. Help me.
Pray for me!"

346 "Yes. Build a sweat lodge at once and I will join you in it," the old man answered.

Badger Woman, her daughter, and some of their women friends were already building the sweat lodge. In shape it was a semisphere, about ten feet in diameter; its frame, of willows; its covering, an old lodge-skin. In its center a small pit was dug; and lastly, in the near-by fire, some stones were set to heat.

783 Came presently Black Otter with his sacred pipe, a wooden bowl,
793 and a buffalo tail; and he and Fox Eyes went into the little lodge,
[778] undressed, thrust out their clothing, and naked sat. The women
passed in the red-hot rocks, and with a stick Fox Eyes rolled them
into the pit; lastly, the old man's bowl, filled with water, was passed
● 533 to him. He dipped the buffalo tail in it, sprinkled the rocks, and, as
782 dense steam began to fill the lodge, he sang the first one of his Thunder
Pipe songs and then fervently prayed Sun to protect Fox Eyes,
to give him success in the lone fast which he was about to endure.
[821] Followed more sprinklings of rocks; more songs; more prayers to
Sun, Night Light (the moon), the Seven Persons (constellation of
778 Ursa Major), and Thunderbird. Lastly, with the sacred pipe in hand,
776 Fox Eyes prayed the Above Ones for success in his undertaking, for
782 long life and happiness for his family, and for all of the people of his
tribe.

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tribe. We were a crowd of men and women sitting close around 783
the little sweat lodge, listening to it all; the prayers and songs, solemn,
fervently impressive, heart stirring, they brought tears to all eyes.
Finally the old man and Fox Eyes reached out for their blankets, and, [515]
wrapped in them, came out and with heads bowed walked slowly
to the river to bathe and dress.

On the following morning, accompanied by his mother, sister, 787
and a half-dozen men relatives for protection, Fox Eyes rode off for 785
his fasting place, and I joined a party of hunters. We were back long [793]
before sundown with the choice parts of some buffalo cows we had [533]
killed, just in time to see old Black Otter riding the round of the [782]
camp, stopping occasionally to sing a sacred song, pray, and call
upon the people to pray for the safety and success of Fox Eyes in
his lone and strenuous fast.

Three mornings later Badger Woman, Little Bird Woman, and I rode out to visit the faster. At the mouth of Crooked Creek we turned up the valley of the Missouri and then up to the foot of a cliff, where we left our horses, climbed for a time, and turned off upon a narrow shelf of the cliff; presently we came to Fox Eyes in a cavelike depression formed by the overhanging rock. Wrapped in his blanket, he was lying upon a buffalo robe, and at his side were his gun and a red-painted, empty, water bowl. "*Ha!* Here you are: mother, sister, and my good friend *Apikuni*, too," he said.

"Of course," I answered. "I shall come often to see you if I may."
We sat down beside him, and his mother emptied a bladder skin of [415]
water that she had brought into the wooden bowl; carefully he raised [237]
it, took a few slight sips of the water, said that he would like to drink
it all.

"You haven't yet had a vision?" his mother asked.

"Last night, the beginning of one," he answered. "I was walking in 825
a valley, in a grassy length of it. A big longtail (cougar) came out 787
from the timber, and I said to it: 'Oh, you powerful, always-successful killer of your food. I am poor. Pity me. Help me; give me of your power; help me to live a long and successful life.' He looked at me, turning his head this way and that way. At last he answered: 'You

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the eagle might pluck out the seizer's eyes with its sharp bill or tear 223
his flesh with its poisonous claws.

It was late when we finished our work on the butte and returned
to camp. In the evening we sat for a time in Black Otter's lodge, and [793]
he sang some sacred songs and prayed Sun to give Fox Eyes success [533]
in eagle-catching. On the following morning Badger Woman gave [782]
us an early feed of broiled meat and tea, and then Fox Eyes burned 824
some sweetgrass close before his couch, bending over the smoke 783
and grasping handfulls of it with which he rubbed himself. Sweetgrass was a sacred plant; its delicious perfume was greatly prized by Sun; the smoke of it removed all human odor.

Having purified himself, Fox Eyes, as was required of him, said 223
to his mother and sister: "I am going this morning to attempt to catch an eagle, and you women must do all that you can to aid me. Until I return you must remain in the lodge, continuously praying
for my success. Also, lest in seizing an eagle he should pierce me [784]
with his claws, you must not put any thorny wood on the fire, nor eat thorny berries, and for the same reason you must not use a needle, or awl, or scratch yourself."

With that we saddled the horses that we had picketed the evening before, on our way taking up a human skull which we had found at
the edge of a grove and which Fox Eyes was to place in the pit. There [826]
was nothing that the Blackfeet dreaded so much as a human skull, but for this very reason it was considered necessary for an eagle catcher to have one in his pit. It was a test of his courage to sit with it during his long times of waiting and watching for an eagle to appear, and there was no possibility of going to sleep and losing his chance to seize one, with such a fearsome object at his side.

When Fox Eyes had settled down in the pit and was comfortable, I carefully replaced the sticks and grass that he had pulled aside in order to enter. Then. saying that I hoped he would have quick success, I mounted my horse and, leading his horse, rode to the top of a butte a half-mile away and sat down in the shade of a pine tree to await the result of our work. The sun was then well up in the blue, and I searched in all directions, but not an eagle was in sight. Not even

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796 782 us, men, women, children, give long good life, good health; help us
714 to overcome our enemies who are ever seeking to destroy us."

714 Some women were heating a number of stones in a little fire, and
281 near it a small pit had been dug in the ground. The women rolled
part of the stones into it, covered them with a thin layer of loose
[793] earth. Then Black Otter, with the help of three war-clothed friends,
laid the circular piece of hide over the pit and, inserting pegs into
slits that had been cut at regular intervals along its edge, fastened
it to the ground.

[555] As each man drove in a peg, he counted coup, told of some fight
with the enemy in which he had been the victor. Tightly the hide had
been fastened down; it began to shrink from the heat under it until
it pulled the pegs over. As fast as they loosened, the three men helpers
[793] drove them in again; Black Otter carefully supervised the work,
often feeling of the hide to make sure that it did not get hot enough
to burn, and calling for more hot rocks as they were needed.

In about an hour the hide had shrunk to about half its original
[793] diameter, and was at least an inch thick. During that time Black
[782] Otter had frequently prayed, and with his helpers had sung a num-
● [533] ber of sacred songs. Finally Fox Eyes took the hide home and in due
714 time made a beautiful, tail-feathers-trimmed shield of it. Lastly he
made a war bonnet of the remaining tail feathers, and was then ready
[721] for war. A few days later he did set out with a small party to raid
the horse herds of the Assiniboines, and I returned to the trading
727 post. A month or more later Fox Eyes came to visit me, came sing-
554 ing a war song, riding a fine horse and leading another. Tossing its
[533] rope to me, he said: "*Apikuni*, I give to you this Cutthroat (Assini-
boine) horse. Three of them I took. One Cutthroat I killed and this
--see it--many-shots gun I took from him. *Apikuni*, Sun is good to
[787] me. My sacred helper, that water animal of my vision, is powerful.
[825] *Apikuni*, I am a happy man. I am soon to have a lodge of my own."

"Good! Have three wives, four wives. While you are about it, be
a real chief," I said.

294 Spear Woman had decided that her daughter should have a new
[777] gown of soft-tanned thin antelope skins, and there was much talk
[531] about the making of it. There should be, they decided, two suns of red, white, and yellow porcupine quillwork on the breast; a red quill butterfly—symbol of good dreams and good luck—high up on the back; and from the waist down, rows of elk tushes. Six antelope skins were needed for it, the mother said, and it was for Eagle Head and me to furnish them.

224 So was it that we four rode out from camp early one morning—
[462] Eagle Head and I to hunt, mother and daughter to gather choke-
[533] cherries. As we turned from the camp, heading up the valley of the Musselshell, Eagle Head broke out with the Defiance Song: "*Ahksi Kiwa! Ahksi Kiwa! Ahksi Kiwa!*" ("I care for nothing! I care for nothing! I care for nothing!").

777 "Eagle Head," exclaimed Spear Woman, "at once stop singing
533 that bad-luck song else you will get us into trouble! For three days
224 your uncle, Little Otter, sang it before he went out against that bad Cutthroat, White Dog, and he never returned. It is an unlucky song for this family. I forbid you to sing it."

"*Ha!* Just your woman's thought of it. It is a good song; it makes one feel brave," he replied, but sang it no more.

224 After riding up the valley five or six miles we turned east into a
[291] wide brushy coulee. Eagle Head, wearing a cap made of the upper
[237] skin and horns of a buck antelope head, was in the lead. As we neared the head of the coulee he motioned for us to stop and went on very slowly, rising often in his stirrups to get a view of the plain. Suddenly he ducked, slid from his horse, and beckoned us to join him. In a moment we were out of our saddles and beside him.

"Step out a little farther, look out through the brush and you will see them, a big band of antelope," he said.

Sure enough, well up on the slope of a ridge about a mile south of us was a band of a hundred or more, all lying down except three or four sentinel bucks keenly watching for the possible coming of enemies, wolves or men. Between them and us stretched a level plain, but close behind the ridge on which they were resting was a long coulee running down to the valley of the river.

Eagle Head spoke swiftly to his mother: "You and sister turn

721 hands and shouting. At sight of them her pursuer turned abruptly
726 and headed for his companions, who stopped circling us and drew
together, yelling excitedly.

"Our fighting men! We survive!" Eagle Head shouted joyously.

The two horseless Indians sprang up behind two of their party and all were off, madly quirting their beasts and heading for a coulee away to the south. Eagle Head and I fired our remaining cartridges at them, but neither of us made a kill. And then our warriors were speeding past us, yelling happily, noticeably gaining on our fleeing enemies.

At last came Spear Woman. Springing from her horse, crying and laughing both, she hugged and kissed Eagle Head, turned and did the same to me, saying again and again: "Oh, how powerful, how good is Sun! He brought our warriors to our rescue; he saved us!"

[727] Eagle Head ran and seized the horse of the man we had killed. It was strange, I thought, that one or the other of our horseless enemies had not tried to take it for his getaway.

Said Spear Woman, "Oh, my saved ones! Didn't you make any kills?"

727 "One," Eagle Head replied. "I killed him. Now I count coup upon
555 him!" And with that he ran and scalped the man, a Cutthroat, and
took his belongings, a Springfield carbine, belt of cartridges, knife,
and war bonnet in a parfleche case.

● [533] Spear Woman happily looked on, singing and exclaiming again and again: "My son Eagle Head, he killed this enemy. Brave is my son Eagle Head!"

So happy were they over the kill that I refrained from saying that it might have been my bullet that tumbled the man from his horse.

726 Our enemies and their pursuers had gone out of sight beyond a low ridge of the plain, but now, as we heard distant rapid shooting mother and son fervently prayed the Above Ones, Sun, Moon, and Morning Star, to keep our warriors safe and help them to kill off the enemy.

727 Anxiously we awaited their return, and presently they appeared
533 topping the ridge, singing the victory song, waving scalps, leading
the horses that the Cutthroats had stolen from our herds during the

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night. All seven of the Indians were dead out there on the plain, 727
and not one of our rescuers had been killed. 533

So was it that I had a horse to ride homeward, in place of my fast buffalo runner that had been shot. We found Flying Woman right where we had left her, and gave her back her own horse to ride.

That evening our lodge was crowded with visitors to hear us tell
of our day's experiences. At last, when all had gone and we were
about to take our rest, Spear Woman said to Eagle Head: "My son, 533
it was your singing of the Defiance Song that nearly caused the end 777
for us today. Now you know that you should never sing it, the
terrible, terrible bad-luck song."

"Yes, I sang it," he replied, "and what happened? Why, we killed eight Cutthroats, took eight guns and many other things. Mother, can't you see that it is the best of good-luck songs?"

And to that Spear Woman had no answer.

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He had a fine, firm face and big, honest, eager eyes. He wore a plain 727
buckskin shirt and leggings, quilled moccasins of Crow design, bow-and-arrows case at his shoulder. His hair was neatly combed in Crow fashion. Surely a Crow, I thought. But as the stern of the boat grated upon the shore, he surprised me by saying in perfect Pikuni-Blackfoot: "Oh, white man! Generous white man! I am a Pikuni man. I seek my Pikuni people. Can you tell me where they are?"

"They will arrive here today to camp and trade. I live with them. I came on ahead, my woman and I, last night. Get in. We will cross," I answered.

He shoved the boat out, springing in, and said, "Oh, Sun is good to me; he has helped me to survive the many dangers so that today I shall meet my own people."

"Who are you?" I asked.

"I am Three Bears," he proudly answered. "White man, perhaps you knew my father, Running Wolf, killed by the Crows when I was a young one of five winters; and if you knew him, you knew my mother, Red Bird Woman, a Crow slave since that time, and now—*haiya!*—but recently dead!"

"Let me think . . . . Yes, I do remember them. We were camped on Bear River. They were of a small party that went off to hunt. We never saw, never heard of them again," I answered.

"Are any of their close relatives—my close relatives—still living?"

"Yes. Your father's brother, Black Eagle; your mother's brother, Little Otter; several women."

"Oh, good! Good!" he cried. "My mother often told me of them." And then, pointing: "They must be my people, there coming down off the plain."

It was the long caravan of the Pikunis, chiefs in the lead, heading 648
for the fort. There were two thousand men, women, and children 439
riders; several thousand pack horses; more thousands of loose horses; [484]
countless wolflike dogs. We landed, hurried to the entrance of the fort where Beaver Child, in brass-buttoned, blue-cloth uniform, sword at his side, waited with his many *engagés* to greet the oncoming chiefs. The cannon in the east bastion boomed a welcome to [727]
them; they answered by firing many guns. All in their war clothes, [292]

[533]

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727 singing a peace song, they neared us, and Three Bears, close at my
[648] side, breathed hard as he stared at them with eager eyes.

[439] "Oh, white man! I feel queer, poor, inside me. You tell them who
[292] I am," he gasped. "Yes. Wait," I answered.

● [533] The chiefs, noting his roached-up hair, glared at him as they came on and got off their horses; kept looking back at him as they moved on to be welcomed by Beaver Child. Biding my time, I grasped the young man's arm, led him forward, and said to them: "Chiefs, this is Three Bears, son of Running Wolf and Red Bird Woman. From the Crows he has just now come."

For a little, puzzled, thinking back, they stared at him; then loudly, happily exclaiming, they came hurrying to welcome him, excitedly hugging him, questioning him, claiming him as their own. Word of his arrival reached the people making camp just below the fort, and came running his relatives and almost smothered him with their embraces. Each uncle, each aunt, wanted him for his, for her, very own, to make a son of him, and they quarreled, were very bitter to one another until Chief Big Lake turned to them and said: "Now, now, be not fire-heads. You all know that Black Eagle, his father's own brother, has best right to him."

None could deny that, and after a little Three Bears, all but overcome by their friendliness, managed to say: "At last to be here with you all, oh, what happiness for me. I want to be close to you, my relatives."

That evening Big Lake called a meeting of the chiefs in his lodge to hear Three Bears tell of his years with the Crows, and I was present. Sadly, so low voiced that we could barely hear him, he began his tale but soon became loud and fierce as he told of the wrongs that he had suffered from some of them.

"My mother often told me that I was five winters old and the only little one of the party of seven men and five women who went out from Bear River to hunt that day," he began. "With my mother and the other women I watched the men run a big herd of buffalo and kill many. We then rode on to help them butcher their kills. All were at work—my father and mother were at work on a cow when suddenly many enemies came riding out from a coulee and shooting

cessful, to survive the wiles, the bullets, and the arrows of his enemies, 721
he should always go alone against them. [776]

There follows his tale of his last and greatest adventure, as he often [787]
told it in the long-ago:

It was Running Wolf who came hurrying into my lodge that morning and said that a war party had made off with some of our horses during the night. They had taken his swift black-and-white-spotted horses that he had tied before the doorway of his lodge. I went out with him, with the others who were camped above us, and we found that forty-one of our horses had been stolen. We found, too, the defiance of us by the stealers: their coupstick set upright in the ground behind Running Wolf's lodge, the piece of deer leather tied to it, painted with a black bird. *Ha!* The war party were Crows!

Returning to my lodge, I told my women to put into my war 726
sack several pairs of moccasins, some pemmican, my little sacks of 515
sacred paint, and to build a sweat lodge. Late in the day Red Eagle, [714]
powerful sacred man, owner of the Sun-favored Thunder Pipe, went [778]
into the sweat lodge with me, and, thrusting out our blankets, we [276]
sat naked within it. The women rolled in the rocks that they had [237]
heated red; we poked them into the little center pit we had dug, and,
dipping a buffalo tail in a bowl of water, Red Eagle sprinkled them
with it. As steam filled the lodge, and we perspired, he prayed Sun, 782
Moon, and Morning Star to keep me safe from all dangers along the 515
way that I was to go and to give me success in my raid upon the 276
Crows. I prayed too, and we smoked as we sang Sun's songs and the
songs of the Thunder Pipe. It was dusk when we reached outside for [533]
our blankets, and, wrapped in them, ran to the creek and plunged
into its cold water; then we went home to dress.

Sad-faced and silent, my women set hot food before me. "Don't 777
you dare cry, for that would bring me bad luck," I told them. "Be 726
cheerful; laugh; sing; count the days of my absence as you pray for me, and that will bring good luck to all of us." Came in Red Eagle and others for a short visit and smoke with me—one advising that I ride his fast horse, so that I could quickly go to the far Crow country. I replied that riding to war was too dangerous. A horse, though well

726 hidden in the timber during the day, was likely to be discovered by
777 enemies, who would then look for its rider. Well, my visitors soon
[714] left. I slung to my sides my war sack and sacred, slender-cased, war
[411] bonnet, took my rifle, and started off upon the long, southward trail
● [533] that I was to follow—my women, as I had ordered, singing the Wolf
Song, good-luck song for the hunter, the warrior, as I left them.

721 Day was near when I arrived at *Osaks Ituktai* (Backfat Creek,
Dupuyer Creek) and went into hiding in its brush for the day. Three
mornings later I came to where Bear River joins Big River (Marias and
[501] Missouri rivers), and there, needing meat, I killed a deer. In the evening
[481] I built a small raft to keep my belongings dry, and, swimming
and pushing it, crossed to Big River's south shore. I was then two
nights in making Yellow (Judith) River, right where we Pikunis had
[136] camped and hunted four winters back. And sad were my thoughts;
then there had been plenty of buffalo on the plains, plenty of deer
648 and elk in the mountains. How happy we all had been there until
some white soldiers arrived and said that they were come to move us
[130] back to our own country, to our agency on Badger Creek. Our chiefs
told the soldier chief that we were, right there, in our own country;
that twenty-five winters back, at the mouth of Yellow River, we
had made a treaty with some of Our Grandfather's men, and they
had put into writing the fact that from Elk (Yellowstone) River
north to the Red Coats' country and from the summit of the Backbone
(Rocky Mountains) between them and east to the mouth of
Little (Milk) River was the country of us Blackfoot tribes. But the
soldier chief said that our chiefs were wrong; that, many winters
back, Our Grandfather had ordered that all of the country from
Elk River north to Bear River was the country of the whites, and
that we would have to pack up at once and return to our agency.
So that we had to do, because we could not fight the many white
soldiers who would attack us, kill off our women and children if
[731] we refused to go. So was it that we never again had buffalo; so was
136 it that, for lack of them, many of our people died. And now there
178 were no more buffalo; the whites had killed them all off. Close above
where I lay hidden in the Yellow River brush were some white men's

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the other one: "Come on! Come on!" and together they rode swiftly 721
down off the plain out of my sight, having probably found their 787
horses. Then how sure I was that the Above Ones and my secret 776
helper, sacred animal of my vision, were powerfully aiding me; 721
would surely help me to do this that I had set out to do. Hunger, [271]
thirst were nothing. I prayed to my powerful helpers, I sang the [782]
Wolf Song, lay down, and slept at times during the day. [533]●

I was sitting up when Sun was going down beyond the western 721
mountains, going on to his far-off island home in the Everywhere [821]
Water. I was so thirsty that my throat and lips were swollen. The [271]
plain, so far as I could see it, was bare of any kind of life, but I was
taking no chances of being discovered by Crows or whites. I waited
until it was fully dark, then set out for the river. I struck the rim of
the plain where, in the morning, the two riders had appeared; looking
down into the valley, there, as I expected it would be, I saw the Crow
camp. There were more than a hundred lodges, all glowing red with
their evening fires; and faintly came to me the drumming and singing
of happy people. I stole down into the valley. The camp was in a
wide, long bottom of grassland and well out from the timber bordering
the river. There were many horses grazing in it. I did not want
any of them; my takings would be the powerful, fast, valuable horses
that were nightly tied before the lodges of their owners. I passed
the camp so closely west of it that I could plainly hear the people
talking and little children squalling. On weak, trembly legs I pushed
on through the timber and at the shore of the river, knelt, and drank
and drank of its cold, soothing water. Then I sat back and for the [261]
first time ate of the pemmican in my war sack; not much, for I was
saving it for just such times as this—times when, close to my enemies,
I could neither kill a meat animal nor build a fire.

The water and the food gave me back my strength. I cautiously moved out to the edge of the timber to look at the camp; I would wait for the lodge fires to die out, the people to sleep, and then go in for the horses. Straight out from me, midway between the camp and the timber, some men built a large fire and began dancing in the light of it. I could plainly see them, their beautiful war clothes, their longtail war bonnets. Very graceful was their dancing and

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72 fierce their singing, in time with their four drummers-and-singers, old men, close to the fire sitting. Now and then when they rested, one after another would get up and tell of his killings of enemies and takings of enemy horses. How I wished that I could understand their talk! Then, presently, one of them, a tall, big-bodied man, telling of his raids, sign-talked, too, and I plainly saw him sign: "Five summers back, three of us, Striped Eagle, Long Bear, and I, set out to kill enemies. On foot, northward we traveled. This side of where Big River and Yellow River come together, out on the plain, we saw three riders. They rode down into Yellow River Valley and we heard shooting. We walked back into the valley. Walked down through the timber, looking for them. We saw them—a deer skinning. We approached them. I leading. I killed two. Striped Eagle killed one. We took their guns; their horses. They were Pikuni men . . . ."

Ha! My cousin, Fox Head, was one of those three he told of killing; they went out hunting, never returned, we never knew what had been their end. But now, knowing it, I burned with anger. I had loved my cousin. "Though I die for it, I will kill that man, his killer," I said to myself, and carefully aiming my rifle at him, fired. He threw out his arms, fell; those there with him began loud yelling. I sprang up and ran back into the timber, then up the valley in it, slowing to a careful noiseless walk. Out in the camp men were still shouting, some women were crying. That crying made me happy. I had killed the man who caused my cousin's women to cry.

I knew that for the night I was safe enough in the timber. In the morning I would be well hidden when the Crows began searching all up and down the valley for the killer of their coup-counting warrior. But where to hide? I did not want to go far for, come night again, I was going into that camp for horses. I turned in to the river; drank; lay down on the shore, slept a little now and then. When the first faint light of day came, I looked for a good hiding place and found it: a big pile of driftwood at the end of a long, sandy point running out into the river. I took off my moccasins and leggings, waded out. The pile was higher than my head. I got into it; found a comfortable place to sit, and under it, a way to crawl and safely
[417] hide at the very bottom of the pile. I made a screen of drift brush

[533]

through which to look, ate a few mouthfuls of pemmican, filled and 721
lit and smoked my pipe, felt so happy that it was hard to keep from 417
singing a victory song. I was so near the Crow camp that I could 533
hear now and then, though faintly, the barking of the dogs.

Sun was but a little way up in the blue when I saw a rider coming up the shore of the river and heard others coming up in the timber, now and then calling to one another. The shore rider came on bent over, looking for footprints or any other sign of the killer of the night. Well, he wouldn't find any of mine. With some fine brush that I gathered I had swept out my footprints as I made them in crossing the sandy shore to the water. So was it that, when the rider came to my point, he crossed the base of it without even looking out at the driftwood in which I sat watching him. Soon he passed around a bend of the river above and was gone. Below me the river ran straight a long way without a bend; so I saw women of the camp come out to it for water; men drive their bands of horses out to drink. Children, too, came out and played for long upon the shore. I felt safe there in the drift pile. I got down into the bottom of it and slept upon the dry sand.

Sun was passing down behind the mountains when I awoke and crawled up to my sitting place in the driftwood. Some of the Crows were driving their horses to drink and catching their best ones to tie before their lodges for the night. I prayed the Above Ones to help me safely get off with some of them. As soon as it was dark I left the drift pile, ate a very little of my pemmican, drank, and walked slowly down through the timber to the place in its edge where I had sat the night before. But now the people in the camp were not as they had been then. They were not singing, drumming, dancing, nor even laughing. Their quiet talking was like the far-off buzzing of bees. They were sad because of the one of them I had killed. He must have been a chief, I thought.

The stars were shining in the clear sky, but Night-Light (Moon) 721
did not appear. Impatiently I waited for the lodge fires to cease burning, 821
for the people to sleep. Often I looked up at the Seven Persons (Ursa Major). They had moved around nearly to their middle-of-the-night position when, again praying the Above Ones for help,

I will help you all I can, pray with you for your success, give you 696
the buffalo robe and rope that you need." Then soon came Bear 657
Child, riding a Red Coats' horse, and entering, said that he had prevailed upon Bull's Head to send him on an errand to the North Pikunis and that he would be all night with them. And after short, serious talk with me, he left.

Came night, and long Bear Child's mother and I prayed and sang [782]
Sun's sacred songs for my success. I then cut the buffalo robe into [533]
two pieces, and with them, the rope, and last helpful words from that kind woman, I left the house. The night was very cold; the snow, ankle deep; the sky was clear, the stars brightly shining. I stole as near to the corral as was safe for me and sat down. Four Red Coats were guarding it, one at each of its corners. Every little while they would all change corners, passing one another at the center of their sides of it. They kept doing it; and when they stood at their corners they often stamped their feet and slapped their bodies, for it was
very, very cold. I had on buffalo-robe moccasins; a capote over my [291]
two shirts; two pairs of leggings; buffalo-robe gloves and cap. I was comfortable. I sat at the edge of a coulee that ran down not far from the north and long side of the corral; its bars were in the center
of its east side. I began to fear for the success of my plan. I prayed [782]
the Above Ones for help as I never had prayed before. I could see that the Red Coats were getting colder and colder. At last, one of the two at the upper end of the corral ran down into the coulee, built a fire, and stood warming first one foot, then the other, and warming his hands. After a little, he went back to his corner, and the Red Coat at the other, north corner of it hurried to the fire and got warm; then, by turns the other two Red Coats went to the fire and got warm. And at last, after further pacing of the sides of the corral, they all gathered at the fire, which they had kept replenishing, and began smoking their pipes. My chance had come; from where they stood in the coulee they could not see the corral! I hurried into it. My four horses stood together, apart from the many others, all strangers to them. I roped *Sikopi*, started with him toward the corral bars, and the three others closely followed. There were three bars. I let the lower one down noiselessly, placed a piece of buffalo robe on it

On several occasions I saw the girl standing with hands raised to the 782
sky, praying for the safe return of her sweetheart as old Three Bears 722
rode by shaking his rattle and calling upon all to pray for the absent ones. Beautiful, lissome she was. Her kindly, serious eyes, her every action bespoke the fact that here was a real woman.

Close back of camp, on the north side of the creek, was a high 887
sandstone cliff; there lone old men were wont to sit, alert for signs of any approaching enemy, looking sadly down upon the activities of the great camp, off to the billowing plain, scene of many a successful hunt, of exciting adventure when they had been young and full of life. Early one morning, as Bear Head and I were going to the creek to bathe, there were three of the oldsters perched upon the
cliff. Pointing to them, he said: "*Apikuni*, don't you dread the time [888]
when we, too, will be sitters upon cliffs, just feeble cliff-sitters, nothing more?"

"Let's not think of it," I answered.

We did not bathe that morning, for as we neared the creek the old [202]
men upon the cliff sprang up and stood alertly staring at the plain [201]
to the south, hands shading their eyes from the early sun; waved their
wraps and shouted to attract our attention; and then in the sign language:
"Pikunis coming; driving many horses; they are near." Whereat 727
Bear Head and I ran back to camp, an excited camp, everyone staring at the south rim of the plain, excitedly talking; children bawling, dogs barking, horses prancing at the ends of their picket ropes. And presently appeared a big band of horses hurtling down the slope,
the war party close following. They had stopped somewhere not [714]
far out and painted themselves and their mounts; put on their fringed [237]
and beaded and quilled war clothes and bonnets of eagle feathers. On [533]
they came, brandishing their weapons, holding aloft some scalps, singing fiercely the Victory Song. What a sight, a stirring sight, they were!

The women and children ran out across the flat to greet their returning husbands, fathers, brothers, sweethearts; surrounded and escorted them in, shouting their names, praising them for their bravery and success in despoiling the hated Crows. Meanwhile, the men in camp, standing before their lodges and enjoying the lively scene,

ward, some Black Robes lived. Old Mission, not far below there, was 361
Heavy Shield's camp, and Big Skunk set up his camp of many lodges
on Point-of-Rocks River, close to where it flows into Big River.

Came Falling-Leaves Moon and a number of the men of my father's 721
camp and Calf Looking's camp set out to raid the horses of the [648]
Flatheads (Kalispel tribe), going by way of the pass at the head of
Two Medicine Lodges River. There were four who went from Calf [302]
Looking's camp and one of them was Big Snake, he who had the
longest hair of all of our people, men and women. It was gray, and
its braids were so long that they hung down almost to the ground as
he walked. To the right front braid was always tied a white shell in [301]
which were seven holes, they representing the Seven Persons (Ursa [821]
Major), to whom he prayed. In a sun-given vision that he had experienced [782]
they had appeared to him and said they would be his sacred, [776]
powerful helpers. [781]

It was in the Falling-Leaves moon when the war party set out to [533]
raid the Flatheads, and winter had come when the members of it [727]
from my father's camp returned—came charging, singing in with many horses that they had taken from the Flatheads and proudly waving some Flathead scalps. And at once they inquired for the four other members of their party: Big Snake, Yellow Weasel, Cut Finger, and New Robe. Had we seen them or heard of their return? Learning that we knew nothing of them, they went on to say that, soon after they had crossed the Backbone (the Rockies), Big Snake and his three friends had left them; had turned north to raid the Kutenai people, and they wondered what had been their success.

Early morning after the return of the war party, my father told 224
me to round up our horses and catch two of them, his fast buffalo horse, Short Tail, and my favorite horse, Striped Face, for he was going hunting and I was to accompany him and help him butcher his kills.

I soon had the horses tied before our lodge. My mother set food before us. We ate plenty, saddled, and were off, riding southward out upon the plain, expecting soon to sight a herd of buffalo. But none were in sight when we topped the rim of the plain, and we rode on and on, my father repeatedly saying: "Now, this is strange! But

721 Shield: "Bear Chief, it is true; Cold Maker is coming. We will be
[201] glad to go with you to the camp of your friends for the night. So let us go at once. You and your son lead the way. Walk your horses, even trot them. We will keep up with you."

[821] We had traveled but a little way when Cold Maker overtook us
[776] with his fierce, cold wind and snow so blinding that we could only dimly see each other. But my father was sure of his course, and as we neared Point-of-Rocks River, Cold Maker was suddenly gone on with his storm and Sun was setting in clear, blue sky. As he passed out of sight behind the Backbone, we came to the rim of Point-of-Rocks River and looked down upon the camp of Calf Looking. But instead of the forty lodges of his band we could see only ten, and my father groaned: "*Haiya, haiya!* Oh, how unfortunate for us. So few of them there! Oh, Sun. Pity us. Help us in some way to survive the danger of these many Crows."

Then Painted Shield was signing to him: "Those down there are the lodges of your kind, your friends?"

Smiling, pretending to be happy, my father answered: "Yes, those down there are my relatives. Come, we will join them. Good are their hearts. Soon you will be resting before their lodge fires, eating plenty,
● [533] smoking." And with that he led us on, loudly singing our song of peace and friendship. All of the people of the lodges ran to stand with Calf Looking and his women before his lodge and stare at us, the men with weapons ready for instant use. And oh, how big, how frightened were the women's and children's eyes.

[201] Calf Looking, laying aside his gun, advanced to meet us, and my father signed and also said to him: "Calf Looking, this is Painted Shield and his war party of Crows. I invited them to stop with you all for the night."

"Good! Good!" he signed to Painted Shield. "Crow chief, we are glad that you have come. You all will rest and smoke and eat with us. My lodge will not hold you all, so, Painted Shield, divide your men, half of them to stop in that lodge next to mine, the lodge of my brother, Running Rabbit."

"I will do as you say. Generous you are," Painted Shield sign-answered and, turning to his men, named those of them to go into

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721 Little Otter arose and hurried from us, the Crow chief signed to Calf Looking: "Those women yelling, frightened. What troubles them?"

"It is nothing. Just that a dog bit one of Little Otter's women," he answered.

Said my father to Calf Looking: "We have but one chance. Someone must hurry to Big Lake for help, get him and his many braves here before day comes."

Said White Wolf: "I will send my son, Bird Rattle, on my fastest horse."

"Do that, but don't jump up and hurry out. We are being watched. Soon I will give you cause to go."

True, the Crows were worried. They sat stiffly up, watching my father, Calf Looking, and White Wolf as they talked, and now and then they spoke to one another, their voices low.

Calf Looking began thrusting his hand in his tobacco sack, then into one at the head of his couch. He frowned, grunted, and said and signed to White Wolf: "My north white men's rope tobacco is all gone. You have plenty of it. Bring some for our Crow friends and us to smoke."

"*Ah! Ah!*" White Wolf replied and, rising, carefully wrapped his buffalo robe around him and went out.

● [533] [201] Calf Looking smiled, briefly hummed a peace song, appeared to be happy and carefree, and, turning to face Painted Shield, signed to him: "Chief, tell us of your travels, where your people were camped when you left them, and by what way you came up into the country of the Pikunis."

Signed Painted Shield: "Where Big Horn River joins Elk River (Yellowstone) we left our people. That was fourteen nights ago. We crossed Elk River there, crossed Big River where your Bear River (Marias) runs into it, followed up your Milk (Teton) River for a long way, and then struck across the plain. We were going to cross the big mountains at the head of your Two Medicine Lodges River. We have come far. We are tired. It is good that we eat, rest, and smoke with you tonight and so be strong to go on our way tomorrow."

Said my father to Calf Looking: "The liar. They were not headed

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"Again tell me the number of winters since the white traders were 323
with our long-ago people and saw those dishes."

"It was 175 winters back that he saw the dishes and wrote about them."

"And now our people have no knowledge of it. Why, even my grandfathers and grandmothers did not know that our people once made earth dishes, else I would have heard them tell of it.[2] *Ha!* But see: There is a song that our women sing to their little ones that may 533 ●
be about those dishes. Listen. This is it: 323 [539]

> *Ponokahyo, aksa kitahwatop?*
> (Elk, what do you eat?)
>
> *Kahsimi ni tahwatop.*
> (Sage I eat.)
>
> *Ponokahyo, aksa kitsi taiswitan?*
> (Elk, what dish do you use?)
>
> *Okwitok sota nitsi taiswitan.*
> (Stone dish I do use.)"

He finished, gave me a questioning look, and I said: "They made the dishes of sticky clay, then burned them so that they became very hard, like stone."

"*Ha!* Then the song is surely about those dishes, and we of today do not know it, do not know that our long-ago people made them. We are poor minded; we lose, we forget our past. You whites, how wise you are. You write about the things that you do, you see, and the knowledge of it is always with you. Well, tell me how long ago 648
it was that that first white trader came to our people."

"*Ha!* It was 183 winters back, and the Entrails People had come [77]
to us for protection before that time. Well, I am of eighty-four winters. I was in my tenth winter when our long friendship with the Entrails People ended."

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[2] It seems strange that Big Brave would not have known of the Blackfoot traditions of pottery-making. Wissler, Kidd, and Ewers all obtained such traditions among the older people. (See John C. Ewers, "The Case for Blackfoot Pottery," *American Anthropologist*, Vol. XLVII, No. 2 (April-June, 1945), 289–99. [113]

701 my people. At that time we were camped on Big (Missouri) River, a
702 short distance below the mouth of Bear (Marias) River. My father
was to be the leader of the war party. Other prominent members of it
were Tail-Feathers-Coming-Over-the-Hill, Buffalo-Painted-Lodge,
False-Heavy-Runner, and Owl Child. In all we were seventy to go.
726 Came the day for us to prepare for our departure. Sacred-pipe men
702 prepared sweat lodges for us. How proud I was when, with my
515 father and others, I entered the one owned by Red Eagle, whose
[778] sacred bundle was that of the Thunder Pipe. We thrust our wraps
outside and sat in a circle, naked. Women passed in stones that they
[237] had heated red hot. We rolled them into a pit in the center of the
lodge, and with a buffalo-tail asperger Red Eagle sprinkled them
[533] with water from a red wooden bowl. As dense steam arose and filled
[782] the lodge, he began his sacred songs, in which we joined. He prayed
[276] Sun, Morning Star, and other Above Ones to keep us safe upon our
dangerous trail and give us complete success against our enemies. He
passed his sacred pipe, and by turns we each drew a few whiffs of
smoke from it and prayed Sun to help us get the particular things
[720] that we wanted. This one desired enemy horses; that one, enemy
scalps; and so on. Myself, I prayed Sun to help me take an enemy gun.
The ceremony ended, Red Eagle said to us: "Go, my brave ones,
[722] and Sun be with you. Myself, I will daily ride through camp during
your absence, shouting your names, calling upon all the people to
pray for your success and your safe return."

With that, we reached outside for our wraps, then ran to the river,
plunged in, and after a short bath hurried to our lodges to dress and
702 go. Came night, and singing a war song, we struck out northward
726 with only four horses, I riding one of them, the others carrying some
[411] of our belongings. My weapon was a powder-and-balls, five-chambered pistol that my father had bought from the Many-Houses (Fort
Benton) trader named "Sleeping Thunder" (George Steel). I was
afraid of it, for once when I had fired it all five of its loads had ex-
[782] ploded, burning my hand. As we traveled, I prayed Sun to help me
take an enemy gun. Between prayers I asked myself: "How can you,
a boy of only eight winters, take a gun from an enemy?" And always
I answered: "Sun is with you. He will help you do it."

my father sent Heavy Runner up onto the ridge, close ahead of us, 726
to look for enemies.

As he neared the top of the ridge, Heavy Runner climbed very 702
slowly. At last he got onto hands and knees, crept to the top, looked [201]
over it for some time, then crept back down a little way, and stood
up and signed to us: "Four men with one horse, coming." *Ha!* Good
news. At once we began singing that war song, "Enemies are coming. [533]
We shall kill them." [539]

Heavy Runner crept back to the top of the ridge, and my father sent Buffalo Child to scout farther west on the ridge. Heavy Runner soon signed to us: "Another enemy has appeared. He is coming straight toward me." And then Buffalo Child signed: "The four men with one horse, they are heading to strike the coulee close above the point running to it from this ridge."

At that my father named some of us to remain right where we were and led the rest up the coulee; I, of course, kept close to my father. As we moved on Buffalo Child came down off the ridge, joined us, and said that we must hurry up to where the four enemies would strike the coulee. We did hurry and when past the point my father had us scatter out along the coulee, lie at the top of its slope, and cautiously look off upon the plain. We soon sighted the four enemies, one of them on the horse.

They were coming at a fast walk, guns ready to fire, looking for deer or antelope, as no buffalo were anywhere in sight. Presently they stopped, appeared to be arguing about something, and after a little one of them struck off by himself, heading to strike the coulee farther west than would the three. Meantime, Heavy Runner had come down off the ridge and joined those whom he had left below; the lone enemy first discovered was nearing them.

I was terribly excited as I watched the three enemies coming nearer and nearer to us. My father had ordered us not to fire at them until he gave the word for it. But Owl Child, always very strong willed, suddenly shot and killed one of the three, and then we all fired and killed the other two.

The fourth one of these enemies, farther to the west and still some distance from the coulee when he heard us shoot, saw his friends fall,

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726 702 By the time we had finished dressing ourselves and mounted our horses, the enemy hunters had left the coulee and, screened by a sharp little ridge in the plain, were approaching the herd of buffalo. We all lined up in the lower edge of the pines and at a shout from my father raised a shrill war song and charged out upon the plain. Seeing and hearing us, the buffalo went leaping and thundering westward against the wind, and the party of hunters got closely together and, with guns and bows and arrows ready, awaited our coming. Well they knew that they could not escape from us by running for their camp. Well they knew that their end was near.

● [533] Still singing our war song, we rode swiftly to pass to the right of them, we shooting at them with our many-shots guns and seeing some fall; they returned our fire with their bows and arrows and the poor guns that they had. I shot at one who was fast shooting arrows at us; shot again, saw him fall. Then, before I could shoot again, False-Fast-Runner and his horse, close in front of me, were suddenly killed, and as they went down my horse stumbled against them, plunged down to his knees, and almost I went on over his head. But for quickly grasping the back of my saddle with my left hand I would have gone off. I was terribly frightened. Bravely my horse lunged and lunged until he got back on his feet and carried me on, and then we were all of us well past the enemy and, headed by my father, turning to charge past them again. And loudly we yelled as we saw that they were many who were down, dead, or wounded. Twice more we charged past them, shooting more down until at last but five were standing and able to fight. Said my father, as again we turned: "Now, my brave ones, once more we charge; be careful, aim to kill, so that we this time put an end to them all."

This time, well spread out, we rode straight at them, shooting over our horses' heads. Almost at once four of the five went down. The fifth one, singing, stood for a little with his gun at his hip, singing to us to come on. For all of our shooting, we were failing to hit him; it was as though he might be a man of sacred power, protected by his gods. At last, when we were almost upon him, he raised his gun, after long aim fired it, and killed my father's close friend, Big Elk.

father, Many-Tail-Feathers, who was a powerful decoyer, had long 224
been urging our chiefs that we use the *piskan* there, and at last
they had given in to his plea. He was a great warrior as well as a
decoyer. He was married to three sisters; my mother, the eldest one,
was his sits-beside-him-wife.

We made camp on the north side of the river, opposite the *piskan*
on its south side. On the following morning my father and our chiefs
climbed to the top of the sacred butte for a look at the country, and
I followed them. We arrived upon its flat top. There, long since, 776
some of our Sun's men had, with many white stones, made a figure, 778
very large, of Old Man (a powerful but mischievous god of the 782
Blackfoot tribes). Yes, it was a very large figure of him, his arms and
legs outstretched. When we stopped before it my father made a 224
prayer. "*Haiyu*, Old Man!" he chanted. "Pity us, help us to prosper.
Our *piskan*, there close below us, help me fill it with buffalo." And
as one man the others chanted: "*Haiyu*, Old Man! Help us to pros-
per! Give to us long and full life."

We then sat down and looked off. In all directions, near and far, 224
the plain was dotted with herds of buffalo and antelope, some graz-
ing, some resting, others going to and from water. Said my father:
"Sun is good to us; just see how plentiful are the animals that he cre- [776]
ated for our use. Let us smoke and pray to him." [782]

Four pipefuls, sacred number, they smoked one after another as [276]
they prayed to Him, sang His sacred songs, and then we returned [801]
to camp. Many of our people, with their horses, were drawing old [533]
logs and tree branches out to repair and heighten the *piskan*. Not a
cliff *piskan*, it was at the mouth of a small, short coulee running down
from the plain, and the cut bank at its inner side was just high enough
to prevent the buffalo jumping back out of it. From the head of
the coulee, of course, ran the two ever-diverging lines of rock piles,
and just beyond them was the little ridge so necessary for preventing
a herd, farther out, from seeing the decoyer and the frighteners
hurrying out to take their various places.

Came night, and in our lodge my father and some of his friends [276]
smoked and prayed Sun for quick success at the *piskan*. *Ha!* Before [782]
the middle of next day our watchers came hurrying down from Old

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fear was the shouting and waving of us frighteners, continually rising 224
upon their either side and running after them. So on they ran, straight ahead, down into the little coulee and jumped off the cutbank into the *piskan*, we frighteners singing and yelling, hurrying thither. Oh, what a satisfying sight it was, that great *piskan* filled with buffalo, as later counted, 181 of them; our hunters on top of the *piskan*, with guns and with bows and arrows shooting them. I climbed up onto the *piskan* beside my father, reloading his flintlock gun. "Give it to me. Let me kill one!" I yelled.

"No! You are too young for that," he said. But I grasped his arm, hung onto it, pleaded hard, and at last he handed me the gun. I aimed it at a yearling close by; aimed for the ball to pierce the lungs. I pulled the trigger, and down off the *piskan* that gun kicked me flat upon my back. My father and the others near by laughed at me. I climbed back upon the *piskan* and looked down: my yearling was dead.

"Laugh, you crazy ones; I don't care. I have killed a buffalo," I yelled.

Said my father as he recovered his gun: "So you have, my son. Next time hold the gun tight against your shoulder and it will not kick you."

Men and women, boys and girls, we all worked hard the rest of [462]
that day in butchering the many buffalo, and with pack horses and [482]
travois horses getting the meat and hides across the river to camp.
And then what a happy evening for us all! My father's friends were [574]
constantly coming to our lodge to smoke with him and praise him [261]
for his decoying of the herd. There was feasting and smoking and [276]
singing in nearly every lodge. Some of the warrior societies, the [575]
Crazy Dogs, Raven Carriers, Kit Foxes, and others, sang and danced. [533]
I sneaked into the lodge of the Raven Carriers society to see them [535]
dance, hear their powerful heart-stirring songs. Their leader, Eagle [727]
Head, had recently led a war party on a raid against the Crows, and
they had returned with many horses and scalps. He, himself, had
killed three of the Crows. He noticed me sneaking into the lodge 575
and I thought that he would tell me to leave. But, no. He signed to 224
me to come and sit upon his couch. I did so and he patted my shoul- [535]

785 "So on the next morning we mounted our horses and set out for
787 the mountain, Talks-with-the-Buffalo, my two women, and I. Upon
154 our way to it, I took up the whitened, dry head of a buffalo bull that
[237] had been killed in the run of a herd that our hunters had made three
summers back. Arrived at the mountain, we rode up the west slope of it as far as our horses could carry us and then, leaving them, climbed up to the summit, arriving there a little after Sun had passed the center of the blue. In a small, level place on the very top of the mountain, we found the buffalo head that Eagle Head had used for a pillow and another head brought up there by some far-back sacred faster of our people.

"My women had brought along my bedding, two buffalo robes and a blanket. They went back down the slope, got some pine branches and made a good bed for me, placing the buffalo head at the west end of it so that I could see Sun as he came every morning
[782] to travel across the blue. Then Talks-with-the-Buffalo again prayed
● [533] for me, and, crying, my women joined him in singing some sacred
songs. And then they left me. For a little I stood, looking off at our great plain, at our Pine Needles Buttes (Sweetgrass Hills), at our Bear Paw Mountains, much farther to the east. Would I ever camp
[782] and hunt among them again? Earnestly I prayed Sun for help, for
a good vision, and stretched out upon my couch.

"I slept continuously, had no vision on that night. Awoke hungry and thirsty, became more so as the day wore on. For two more nights
782 I lay there, sleeping at times, becoming weak from want of food and
785 water, often praying the Above Ones for help. At last they took pity
787 on me. On my fourth night there they gave me a very sacred vision.
776 Came to me a certain animal that frequents the water, all but lives in
154 it, and said that he would help me in all of my undertakings; and
that in return for his help I should do certain things for him in the way of prayers and sacrifices. Oh, how pleased I was. Although so weak that I could hardly stand, still I felt that I had power to do great deeds.

787 "As they had agreed to do, next morning came Talks-with-the-
776 Buffalo and my women to learn how I was getting along, and pleased
154

Indians obtained its seeds from them and began planting them, and 171
that finally the Blackfeet got seeds of the sacred plant from the latter 249
tribe.

The Blackfoot Tobacco Planters are a society of Sun priests—so- 575
called medicine men—and the leader of them is the owner of the 778
Water, or Beaver, bundle, consisting of the prime-furred hides of 237
beaver, otter, mink, and other water animals. The ceremonies pre- 249
paratory for planting the seeds are held in his lodge—four days and 776
four nights of prayers and songs to Sun and all of the Above People. 782
Prayers more fervent, inspiring than any offered by the most zealous 533
of Methodist preachers. Songs deeply solemn, soul lifting; truly as 755
classic as the music of Mendelssohn and Beethoven. During this time 822
the sick are welcomed in the lodge, and, after painting their faces 302
and hands with Sun's sacred color, red ocher, the Planters pray for
their recovery and prosperous long life—prayers believed to be ever
efficacious except through some fault of the sick one.

Each member of the Planters society having selected the place 575
for his garden, his women and children burn the brush and weeds 249
upon it, make it ready for planting. On the fourth and last day of the 237
ceremonies a large, buffalo rawhide vessel shaped like a dishpan is 415
brought into the lodge and filled with a mixture of manure and
serviceberry soup, and then the tobacco seeds are stirred into it. The
vessel is then taken to the gardens—in a large cottonwood grove
bordering Bow River—and each Planter drops pinches of its contents into holes in his plot that he has made with a sharp-pointed
stick, then fills the holes with loose earth.

During the four days' ceremonies, the sits-beside-him-wife of 575
each Planter has made two images—one of a man, the other of a 778
woman. Each of them has an extra pair of moccasins and a little 782
pouch of pemmican. For the closing rite of the ceremonies, the 249
Planters pray to their images, entreat them to guard carefully their
plantings from all depredations, and then place them at the heads of
their gardens. And finally the people are warned not to go to or 575
even near the gardens, lest the images do them grievous harm. Long 778
ago, a crazy young man of the tribe, singing a song of defiance, went 784
to the gardens and stole some of the sacred tobacco leaves, with the 249
[533]

575 result that he soon choked to death. Also, three summers back, a
778 white rancher living near the reservation, disregarding the warnings
784 of the Planters, sneaked into the gardens, had a good look at them,
249 took one of the tobacco plants, and then at the agency bragged of
[533] what he had done. With the result that, upon his homeward way,
his horse threw him and he died of a broken neck.

123 Incidentally, because I have been a member of the Pikuni tribe
575 of the Blackfoot Indian Confederacy for more than fifty years, and
249 because my wife is an active member of the *Mahtokiks*, the womens'
778 secret society of its Blood tribe, we were two summers ago invited
to take part in the ceremonial rites of the Tobacco Planters and visit their sacred gardens. We were the only white persons ever given that privilege. It was a vastly interesting experience.

782 But to return to the visit of my friend, *Ahko Pitsu:* We smoked a
123 fourth pipe—four, the sacred number—and then he said to me:
[801] "*Apikuni*, friend, write a letter for me, a letter to my Tobacco Planters friend.'

"Yes. Wait until I put a thin leaf in my writing machine. There. Begin."

> *Running Rabbit, my very close friend.*
>
> I have not forgotten your invitation. I am not well. I have pains in my breast. But daily, nightly I pray Sun to keep me alive, at least to enable me to be with you sacred ones when you have your tobacco-planting ceremonies; for I know that your prayers for me will be favored by the Above Ones, so that I will become well and strong again. Yesterday my son drove me over to a grove on Two Medicine Lodges River. There I sacrificed my otter-fur cap to Sun. I tied it to a tree limb and prayed the powerful one to give me strength to go to you when comes next New-Grass Moon (April).
>
> My wife, my children, my grandchildren are well. We hope that you and your loved ones are also well.
>
> Your friend,
> Ahko Pitsu

177 Such is the faith of my friend *Ahko Pitsu* and all the other full-
797 blood members of the three Blackfoot tribes. The missionaries of the
various white religious sects have made no least dent in it.

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A Bride for Morning Star

Tall, handsome, proud Young Bull had entered and stood just 787
within the doorway listening. Lance Woman turned and saw him, 701
sadly said: "Oh, my sweetheart! You heard then. *Kyaiyo! Kyaiyo!* 726
We are not to set up a lodge together."

"Yes, I heard. It is true that, as the gods direct, so must we do. [776]
Well, though we cannot marry, I shall be ever with you on your war trails," he answered, and that, too, had the loud approval of our circle.

Proud, pleased was Lance Woman's crippled father when, returning home, she told him of her vision and that she was to follow
Pinukwiim to war. Chiefs, medicine men, staid old warriors hurried [533]●
to Three Bears' lodge to be told in full the vision and recount the brave deeds and sing the songs of that long-ago woman warrior, Running Eagle; and tell Lance Woman that she must be such another virgin leader of Pikuni warriors.

(As you well know, dreams—visions, as they call them—powerfully influence the lives of Blackfoot people. To them, dreams are actual experiences that enable them to learn what the future has in store for them of good or ill. For instance, if one dreams of green grass, it is that he will live to see the new-growing grass of another summer.)

Came the day for us to go, and we were ten men and one woman 701
busily preparing to follow *Pinukwiim* into the far-south land. Of 726
these there was one, White Antelope, whom the chiefs hesitated to accept, for he had long been a persistent and unsuccessful suitor of Lance Woman. However, because of his well-known bravery,
Pinukwiim finally told him that he could go. He was tall, eagle-beak 000
nosed, fierce appearing, of some twenty-five winters. My main preparation for the long trail was to go to the fort, where I had a good sum to my credit, and draw out two hundred dollars in gold for possible emergencies. The bourgeois, forceful, friendly Alexander Culbertson, head of the American Fur Company in the Upper Missouri River country, advised me not to go. His good wife, Sacred Snake Woman, said that she was glad that I was going, as I could do much to protect her good young friend, Lance Woman.

Sun was near setting when with our saddled and pouches-laden 726
701

533

701 horses we gathered before *Pinukwiim*'s lodge to sing, as was the
726 custom of all war parties when ready to leave. From their father's
[533] lodge came Red Wolf and Lance Woman, and all eyes were at once
[714] upon her, for she wore the clothing and accouterments of a man: buckskin shirt and leggings, blue breechcloth, beaded moccasins, red blanket wrap, powder horn and ball pouch at her sides, sheath knife
[821] in her belt, light smoothbore gun in her hand. Red painted were her cheeks, and on her forehead, in blue paint, was a +, the symbol of Morning Star. At once several of the women around us began voicing disapproval of her costume, whereat *Pinukwiim* roared: "My friends, our young woman companion is dressed as I requested, for in woman's clothing she would be the one of us most wanted by our enemies. You all know that to them the capture of a fine young woman is more than the taking of many scalps."

In answer to that we heard on all sides shouts of approval: "Take courage, Lance Woman." "Perfectly clothed one, heed not the talk of these few jealous women."

726 "And now the Wolf Songs," *Pinukwiim* ordered, and we sang
[533] them with good will, for they were believed to bring good luck.
[777] Lastly we sang the Going-Away Song, very solemn, very slow, the
[539] burden of which was: "We go. But still the women will bear children; our tribe shall not end." With that we mounted our horses and were off. None of us spoke, and silent was the crowd watching our departure. Sun was setting as we passed the fort, its inmates gathered before it to see us pass and doubtless wondering as did we—myself, anyhow—how many of us would ever return. Fording the river just above the fort, we climbed up onto the plain and struck off southeast for Arrow Creek. Night came on clear, almost frosty. A full moon enabled us to see the herds of buffalo and bands of antelope that now and then fled from our approach. The howling of wolves and the muffled barking of coyotes were ever in our ears.

It was dawn when we turned down into the deep and narrow valley of Arrow Creek, killed a cow buffalo, took some of its meat, and unsaddled in a grove of cottonwoods. Over a fire of dry, all but smokeless wood, we broiled and ate our fill of the meat, Lance Woman broiling the tongue of the cow for *Pinukwiim*. Very happy

girlhood. Gifts were presented to visiting B
friends and relatives and distributed at Grass 431
Dances, she recalled, but the modern 178
ceremonial form had not yet crystallized.

The chairman of the Blackfeet Tribal Council, a man a generation younger than Mrs. B— and her cousin but well informed on tradition, corroborated Mrs. B—. "No, give-aways don't go real far back," he said. "In the old days, people went to the lodge at which goods, not money, would be given away. It would not have been blankets so much in the old days, because they didn't have so many blankets, they really held on to them when they got a blanket." The chairman supported our impression that the number of giveaways has been increasing in recent years.

B
The formal modern giveaway seems to
have developed from the nineteenth-century 121
and probably earlier, practice of distributing 431
gifts to validate leadership roles. Wissler 178
(1911:23) emphasized that "no Blackfoot can
aspire to be looked upon as a head man 157
unless he is able to entertain well . . . and 554
make a practice of relieving the wants of his
less fortunate band members. He who can
meet all such demands soon acquires a place
in the social life of the band . . . Great deeds
in social and ceremonial life would alone
elevate one to the status of a head man."
Wissler added (*ibid.*), "This phase of their
social life is very much alive, having survived
not only the changes in economic conditions
brought about by the reservation system but B
the direct opposition of its officers." Mrs. B– [533]
described a custom in her youth, "doorway
singing," when small groups would serenade
householders, who if ambitious could demon-
strate fitness for leadership by generously
rewarding the singers honoring them (v.
Wissler 1913:460).

Powwows today represent the reduction B
of a variety of nineteenth-century social C
gatherings to one or a few annual events 796
planned by a regularly constituted committee, 178
and often underwritten by a grant from the
tribal or band council. The number of these 177
scheduled powwows has increased with the 431
increase in Indian population and the asso-
ciated increase in reservation emigration and
economic assimilation into the Euro-American
regional or national (urban) structure. The
powwow is modeled upon Euro-American

One final entry on the event was recorded the 224
following day: 175

> Some Blackfeet arrived from the camp where I had been, bringing a quantity of fat meat. They informed me we had scarcely left when a large herd was brought in; they had called to us, but we did not hear, as we were too busy racing.

The Drive Complex: Ritual

For purposes of discussion, the drive 224
complex can be divided into two phases: (1)
the drive ritual, and (2) the drive procedures
proper. I would at this time like to pass [128]
hurriedly over the ritualistic aspect, as it is less
immediate to our interest than the mechanical
details of the drive.

The drive ritual apparently centered about 224
the *iniskim* or so-called "buffalo stone." The 778
iniskim is a fossil type of marine shell that bears a fanciful resemblance to a buffalo. They can be found in various parts of the Reservation, at places like Buffalo Lake. The apparent resemblance to an animal probably led the Blackfeet to employ these ammonite septa as charms that possessed magical powers to lure the buffalo.

There is an origin legend that accounts for 773
the presence of the buffalo stone among the
Blackfeet. Clark Wissler, James Willard 224
Schultz, and others recorded different ver- 778
sions of this myth. In the story, the stone revealed itself to a woman and gave her a number of songs by means of which she was able to influence the herd so that her people
were successful in the drive. According to 224
Blackfeet ritual pattern, a man and a woman, usually a husband and wife, teamed together to carry out certain observances. Often, they
were assisted by friends. A series of songs [533]
and possibly imitative dances were performed as part of the drive rites.

These songs took up most of the night.
Early in the morning, the runner was sent out 224
from the lodge where the ceremony was held to the gathering area. In part, the ritual was intended to ensure the safety and success of the runner out on the range, and the success of the drive was now largely dependent upon his skill and good fortune.

The Drive Complex: Procedures

The native Blackfeet term for the runner refers to "drawing in" or "driving in,"

726 When a war-party of Blackfeet was surrounded
778 by enemies, and the owner of the pipe happened
821 to be one of their number, his tribesmen always
789 believed that they would be safe. If this happened
●[533] in winter, the pipe-owner unwrapped the pipe,
sang his medicine-songs, pointed the pipe backward and forward, and placed it under some earth.[1] A severe snowstorm followed almost immediately, it is said, thus giving the party an opportunity to escape.

Should a war-party have a similar experience in summer, the same ceremony was performed, except that in this case the stem of the pipe was wetted, when a cloudburst was bound to follow, again giving the party a chance to escape.

If a party bent on capturing horses approached an enemy camp on a very clear night, the pipe was unwrapped, whereupon the weather would change, thus giving the Blackfeet an opportunity to enter and leave the camp unseen.

778 The pipe is kept outside and taken round the
821 lodge, always facing the sun. At sunset it is
taken inside, but before doing so incense is made in the lodge.

787 When Little Dog was a young man, about
778 1835, and owned the Black Wrapped pipe, the

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[1] The contact of the pipe with the earth, contrary to the injunction received in the dream, is not explained.

were unwrapped and the transfer ceremony was 787
performed. Four times he thus dreamed, and on 778
each occasion was taught the ceremony and the 575
songs. The buffalo-stones are placed in the pipe bundle because the first owner was a caller of buffalo; and for the same reason a buffalo-tail is fastened to the pipe.

The pipe bundles, therefore, as well as the Catchers Society itself, had their origin in the dreams of the original pipe-owner.

The following song belongs to the bundle: 533 •
778

This is my pipe; it is powerful. 575

This is sung while dancing with the pipe, which [539]
is held first in the crook of the right elbow, and [535]
then transferred to the left.

The following buffalo song also belongs to the pipe:

This man chief, he says he wants to eat rump fat. [539]
This woman, she says she wants to eat rump fat.
This is the piskun; leader do not turn.

While singing this song the left arm is held in a half-circle, indicating the rim of the *piskun*, while the right hand is moved edgewise over the curve of the left arm, representing the buffalo going over the edge.

The leader is powerful; I want to eat. [539]

714 even almost deaden the force of a bullet. They were always
[281] circular, from two to three feet in diameter, preserving
[237] their shape without the aid of a frame, of which they were
[531] destitute. These were always handsomely ornamented with
[533] eagles' feathers and gaudily painted by the medicine men,
who dedicated them with religious rites and songs, without
which they were supposed to have no virtue. This shield
was carried upon the left arm and formed an indispensable
439 part of every warrior's equipment. When the trading posts
714 of the American Fur Company were established in their
177 country, the company caused a quantity of polished metal
178 shields to be manufactured, which it sought to introduce
[156] in lieu of those of their own manufacture. The attempt,
[434] however, was opposed by the medicine men, who would thus
have been deprived of an important source of revenue, and
the superstitious feelings of the Indians induced them to
prefer their own which alone could undergo religious dedication and enjoy the favor of the Great Spirit.

Lodges

342 The lodges were made of buffalo skin, tanned without
[281] the hair. They were made in the summer, in the months
[221] of July and August, when the hide of the buffalo was
thickest, and always, if possible, of the skins of cows, as those of the bull were found less adapted to the purpose. From six to twelve skins were ordinarily employed, according to the size desired or the wealth of the occupants. The number rarely exceeded twelve but occasionally reached eighteen and twenty, and Major Culbertson relates having once seen one of forty skins that would hold a hundred people. A six-skin lodge was about ten feet in diameter, holding six persons, while a twelve-skin lodge was about fifteen feet in diameter and afforded shelter to eight or nine persons. The cover was stretched over from eight to twelve lodge poles, in the larger lodges from eighteen to twenty, standing in a circle and inclining inward till they joined near the tops at the height of from eight to twelve feet from the ground. The exterior shape of the lodge was, therefore, a cone, and it always had but a single entrance,

175 Union, bringing with them for sale a white buffalo robe.
439 It seems that at that time the Mandans were desirous of
648 making a sacrifice of unusual costliness, and a council was
at once called to consider the propriety of securing this robe. It was decided to do so and the means were provided with which to effect the purchase, consisting of eight of their best horses bearing goods of a value exceeding that of the horses. These were dispatched to Fort Union, the Blackfeet were still there with their treasure, the price was accepted, and ere long the wonderful robe was on exhibition in the lodge of the principal chief of the
175 Mandans. In due time after public curiosity was gratified
648 by its inspection, the robe was consecrated by the medicine
men and attached to a pole over the Mandan medicine lodge, where, according to the custom of the tribe, it probably remained until it disappeared from decay.

It can not certainly be said that this robe and the one that disappeared from the Blackfoot medicine lodge are identical, but we think that few of our readers will hesitate to arrive at that conclusion.

SONGS

●533 The songs of the Blackfeet had no words but existed in great variety. They were scarcely to be called monotonous, as they possessed quite a range of notes and varied greatly in expression from the lowest articulation to the most vociferous yells. They were, however, unmusical to civilized ears.

SCALPS

727 When scalps were taken they were turned over to the
535 squaws upon the arrival of the war party at the village, to
[462] be prepared for the scalp dance. This was done by stretching
each scalp upon a hook, the hook being then attached to a small pole, six or eight feet long, a separate pole for each scalp. Each pole is borne by a squaw, usually a relative of the warrior who took it, who leads in the dance, the warriors and squaws all arrayed in their best attire following her in single file in a circle of a size proportioned to the number of dancers. The step of the dance is

524 by thirty in length was cleared of obstructions and rendered as smooth as possible. A ring of bone, stone or metal about two and one-half inches in diameter was provided, across which were stretched two beaded strings, crossing in the center of the ring at right angles. Two players participated in the game, each of whom was provided with a small stick about six feet long, one end of which terminated in a small hook. Standing side by side at one end of the prepared place, one of the players tossed the ring so as to roll it along the ground in their front, when both started after it together, throwing their sticks in advance of the ring with the object of catching it upon the hook. The players then resume their stations and throw the ring and follow it as before. A stick of wood is placed across the farther end of the course to stop the ring in the event of both players failing to catch it upon his hook. The writer has been unable to learn with certainty the manner of counting the game, but it appears to have been determined by the particular division of the ring (made by the crossed strings) in which the hook was [525] caught. Large amounts were often staked upon the game and the players would become so interested as frequently [171] to continue it the entire day. A very similar game was described by Catlin as prevalent among the Mandans, but it differed in several particulars.

541 The men also played the game of ball already described and in summer horse racing was a favorite amusement, [525] the course being usually three or four miles. As in civilized society extensive betting accompanied every race and there was nothing the Blackfoot gambler was not ready to stake except his liberty and his wife.

524 525 ● [533] Another favorite gambling game was that of Open and Shut. It was played by any number of persons, divided into two sides, who sat facing each other on the ground, and, while all sang a particular song, some member of one side passed some small article back and forth in his hands endeavoring to conceal in which hand it finally rested. If guessed correctly his side paid a forfeit, otherwise it received one from the other side.

524 The women had certain games peculiar to themselves. The principal one was played with six pieces of flat bone, six or seven inches long, shaved thin and sharpened at the needs and marked on both sides with peculiar lines, each side different from the rest. Two squaws played the game seated on the ground facing each other. The pieces of bone were all gathered in the hand and thrown edgewise on the ground, when the marks were counted on the sides that fell upward, the throw alternating between the players according to the count. They played another game called "The Bowl and Counters." The bowl was of wood, six or seven inches in diameter, and contained five flat seeds differently marked, which were tossed up and caught as they fell, the exposed sides being counted as in the case of [525] the sticks. The women were almost as much addicted to gambling as the men and only their limited leisure and inadequate means prevented them from rivaling quite the sterner sex.

The Blackfeet had no games that could be considered merely social, and the men and women rarely played their games in common. This happened occasionally, however, more frequently in the game of ball. It should be added [177] that the squaws frequently played ball alone. When playing cards were introduced they rapidly superseded all their former games except billiards and ball.

Music

534 The Blackfeet had but two instruments of music, the drum and the flageolet. The former has already been described. The drum was used only as an accompaniment to the dance or in the incantations of the medicine men. The flageolet bore a crude resemblance to the civilized instrument, upon which some of the young men played a few simple melodies, always in the evening and usually by [533] way of serenade. These instruments were very rare. The Blackfeet possessed quite a variety of songs, but all designed to accompany their dances or games. (See Songs).

535 promise between the old and the new. The pre-Lent dance, for example, is the last
177 dance for forty days, as the Bloods, who are predominantly Anglican (Episcopalian)
[785] and Roman Catholic, forego dancing during Lent. This is the first year of the pre-
[795] Lent dance and is another step in the adaptation of native ceremonies to modern customs.

575 Another sponsor of dances, as mentioned earlier, is the Horn Society. This totally
177 non-Christian religious group has also shown a compromise with the Church by spon-
[535] soring the annual Christmas Dance. A powerful society even today, the Horns play a
[776] vital role in the summer Sun Dance (*okan*) ceremonies, which are the basis of the native religion of the Bloods.

575 Members for the Horns are taken from the age-group societies and, originally, were
561 changed every four years. However, the period of membership in the Horns has lately varied from two to four years, depending upon the activity of the group. Membership in this society is decided upon in an alternating pattern similar to the dance sponsorships. For example, the Horn Society members were chosen from the Eagle society in 1951 and, upon the completion of their term, one of the odd-numbered societies will provide the new members.

535] During the sponsorship of the Christmas dance, the Horns may also call upon the allies of their parent group for assistance. During the 1952 Christmas dance, the Horns, who were predominantly from the Eagles, were permitted to seek assistance from any of the even-numbered societies.

575 Thus, through this complex social organization, a keen and wholesome rivalry is
561 constantly being stimulated to produce the best dances. Some members are ordered to
535 provide food or soda pop; some decorate the hall and set the stage for the important
578] night. Other members of the group, whether rich or poor, are solicited for gifts of cash or blankets to meet the heavy expenses of the evening.

626] In speaking to a member of the Magpies shortly before the New Year's dance, it was learned that he had been ordered to bring fifty sandwiches and would be fined $10 by his society if he failed to comply.

The recognized leaders of the society sponsoring a dance usually divide the responsibilities as much as possible among their own group and then turn to their allies for
533 specialized assistance. The principal specialists needed for an Owl Dance are the
535 singers, a dance announcer, and the Chicken Dancers.

The singers both carry the tempo of the dance on the drum and accompany it with the traditional Owl Dance songs. Therefore, to make sure the music will be of the highest quality, the societies call upon certain members who are outstanding in singing for each dance sponsored by their allies. Such men as Percy Plainswoman, Harry Shade, and Alex Little Shield are typical examples of the singers who are most likely to be called upon whenever an allied society presents a dance.

So, too, with the dance announcer. This man is responsible for urging the people to dance and for announcing changes in the dancing routine. Both the even-numbered and odd-numbered societies have two or three elders who are particularly adept at announcing, and they are continually called upon to take part in the activities.

535 The Chicken Dancers are the men who provide the entertainment at the dance. After every Owl Dance, these gaily-clad performers strut onto the floor and imitate the intricate steps of a male prairie chicken vying for the favor of a hen. These dancers make use of sleigh bells, hoops, masks, feathers, and colorful clothing to put on an

535 exciting show. The Chicken Dancers are drawn from every allied society, and even from friends or relatives among the Blackfoot proper and the Piegans on other reserves. As many as eighteen or twenty dancers, ranging in age from twelve to seventy, may be on the floor at one time, executing the varied and intricate steps of the dance.

None of these specialized entertainers—the singers, dance announcers, and Chicken
Dancers—are paid for their evening's work, but they are provided with free meals and
[431] often with transportation. The cash donations and fines collected before the dance
provide the necessary funds, as well as gifts of money to important visitors from other
reserves.

The Owl Dance is a slow shuffling step which follows the tempo of the drum. Each male dancer stands beside his female partner and holds her in much the same manner as in a modern schottische. His right arm encircles her back, his right hand resting on her shoulder, while his left hand clasps her right hand in front of them. The female's left hand holds her partner about the waist.

To the beat of the drum in the center of the group, the couples shuffle clockwise in a large circle, each placing the outside foot forward and drawing the other up to it in a dragging step. As the outside foot steps forward, the knee of the inside leg is bent slightly, giving a bobbing effect to the group.

It is customary among the Bloods for the man to dance on the left of his partner,
which places him on the outside of the circle. However, the Blackfoot proper have re-
[171] versed this process by allowing the females to dance on the outside. This latter custom
has passed on to the Plains Cree of central Alberta, who use the Blackfoot style in their
interpretation of the Owl Dance.

The Bloods begin the dance in a clockwise circle although, if the hall or grounds
[344] become too crowded, the circle is often broken into a second circle within the first. At a
dance in the Blood community hall (a converted Air Force barracks) at Christmas, 1952, the crowd of men, women, and children was estimated at more than one thousand, with at least half of them getting up for each dance. Here it was impossible to do more than move the feet in rhythm with the drums and shuffle forward at each opportunity. However, the group was still able to retain the general clockwise movement, with each couple following faithfully in line.

Each dance lasts for about twenty minutes and is broken into four or five sections,
● [533] with rest periods in between. The singers signify the rest between laps of a dance by
ceasing the drum beat and halting their singing. During the rest, which may last from half a minute to two minutes, the singers take time for a cigarette or a drink of soda pop, while the dancers remain standing in the circle. When the next lap of the dance is about to begin, the singers start their songs and the crowd moves forward on the first beat of the drums. The end of the dance is indicated by a roll of drums which follows quickly on the heels of the regular beat.

After each complete dance the Chicken Dancers put on their performance, which
[431] may last from twenty minutes to half an hour. Two other rest periods during the
evening give an opportunity for the serving of food and the presentation of gifts to important visitors.

[533] The number of singers at an Owl Dance may vary from four to six to eight or ten
[417] men, depending upon the merits of their voices. In the modern community hall on the
Blood reserve, a special portable singers' bench has been constructed for the dances. It is circular, measures about six feet in diameter, and resembles a miniature bandstand.

533 All singers face the centre of the circle and beat a single large drum with cloth-covered
535 sticks.

Although there are numerous Owl Dance songs, none has words. They consist only of a melodious chanting. It is not uncommon for the singers to preside at dances from eight o'clock in the evening until eight o'clock next morning without repeating a single song. Many of these tunes are born in the fertile imagination of modern singers, so that each year there is a popular "hit parade" of new songs.

As no names are given individual songs, each one is identified by singing the first few bars. Usually one of the singers will say, "Here, let's sing this one," and begin the song. His companions will wait until he has completed the first portion and then join
[562] in. On some occasions women will stand beside the bench and add their high-pitched nasal style of singing, but they are never allowed to sit with the men or remain at the bench during the Chicken Dance.

535 In addition to the normal clockwise movement of the dancers, there are many minor steps; and new routines are continually being added. The most popular variations are the "turnabout" and "turning on the spot" features. While the dance is in progress, the announcer may shout, "Turn around and dance in the opposite direction." At this cry there is general confusion for a moment as everyone turns round and dances in a counter-clockwise direction.

In the other variation the announcer may call, "Turn each other around." This consists of a slow turnabout movement, with the partners retaining their "schottische" hold. They then wait a moment to hear if he shouts, "Now do it again." This latter feature causes a great deal of amusement among the dancers, as there is often still some confusion after the first call.

Throughout the dance, the announcer is continually moving among the crowd, urging everyone to join in. The literal translation of a popular call is: "Don't waste all
[626] this good music. Get up and dance." A few decades ago, it was customary for the announcer to carry a small whip with him to strike the legs of persons who would not get up to dance. However, this has not been necessary within the past few years, as the floor is usually filled to capacity with willing dancers.

178 In the dance itself, there are a few restrictions which have been carried over into
535 modern social dancing from earlier customs, though many of them have suffered revision in the compromise with modern society.

[576] Among the Bloods, it is the woman who asks the man to dance, and it is con-
[562] sidered highly insulting for a man to refuse without good reason. In the old days, a woman could publicly denounce a man for this action and strike him across the back as an obvious sign of distaste.

When the dance has ended, the male dancer is not required to show his partner to her seat, but returns to his own place, leaving the woman to her own resources.

[593] Most interesting is the custom prohibiting a man and his wife from dancing to-
[602] gether. A few years ago this custom also forbade dancing with blood relatives such as brothers, sisters, parents, aunts, uncles, nieces, or nephews, but it is in force today only
[578] against married couples. Needless to say, this custom has given rise to numerous jealous arguments in which a wife complains about her husband's being chosen by one particular woman, or the husband protests his wife's choice of partners.

It is therefore probably a wise ruling that considers it in bad taste for dancing partners to carry on a conversation.

sides, thinned toward the ends but not sharpened, and about this long. [Scraping White indicated a distance of about 2 inches between his thumb and forefinger.] Then sinew was wrapped around the ends of the skewers and they were tied, each skewer to a 4-strand plaited rawhide rope. The two ropes were fastened at their far ends to the center pole at its forks.

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I stood up and Yellow Horn told me, "Now you walk up, put your arms around the center pole and pray. Tell sun, now your vow is being fulfilled." I did just as he told me. Then I stepped back. Yellow Horn pulled hard on the rawhide ropes attached to the skewers. Then I danced. I didn't dance long before my flesh gave way and the skewers pulled out. Yellow Horn came to me and cut the skin that had broken. He trimmed it off even. Then he gave me the pieces of skin he had cut away and told me to take them and stick them in the ground at the base of the center pole, saying, "Now sun, I have completed my vow."

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[535]

Heavy Head's narrative of his torture experience was still more detailed:

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There were only two of us, Buffalo Teeth, my partner, and I. We went to war together to take horses. At Medicine Hat we found a small camp of Cree half-breeds. It was night when we saw their camp. It was moonlight. I looked up at the moon and prayed to it, "I shall be tortured at the sun dance if I have good luck and get home safely." Then I stole up to the camp and got one bay that was tied in front of a lodge without any of the enemy waking or seeing me. Buffalo Teeth took a roan. We started back to the Blood camp, traveled three days and three nights with no food other than a black rabbit. We got awfully weak and hungry.

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When I reached home I told my story to my father, Water Bull. The old man got up and sang his encouraging song. Then he told me, "My son, you have done something worth doing. You have made a vow that you will be tortured at the sun dance. You must do it this coming sun dance."

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[533]
[796]

A few days later I went out to the east point of Belly Butte to fast. While I fasted I dreamed that a sacred person came to me and gave me a drum and certain herbs to use for doctoring. Then I returned home.

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A short time after that the bands began to come together for the sun dance encampment. I prepared myself to go to an old man named Little Bear, a relative of mine, who had been through the torture himself, years before. I

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52: Uhlenbeck L-5 (1910) 1911 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Piegan
Montana

539 nistoχpuaua? Kimåχtáiimiχ´puai? Otsítanikaiks: Omá Einíotasopoχtsisàk nimåχtáiimiχ´pinan.

course with, talking about him. There was another woman, [who] went to them. She said to them: What are you talking about? Why are you laughing? They told her: There is Whom-the-buffalo-inquires-after, we are laughing at him. [There was no such man in the camp, but the women invented that name, not wishing to betray Wolf-going-west.]

Bear-chief's songs.

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533 1. This song was communicated to Bear-chief by Big-plume (O´maχksàpop). It is called „The song of the horse-stealing" (ponokå´mitaikamosìniχ´ksin).

Nató's, sámmokinàn, nitsikímmatàpspinàn, spúmmokinàn!

Sun, look on us, have pity on us, help us!

2. This song was revealed to Bear-chief by the Sun.

Noχkoié, pinákoput, kítoχkot kamotáui.

My son, don't fear, I give you protection of life.

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751 3. Bear-chief was taught this song by Big-plume. It is a help against incantations of jealous people. With „my kindred above", mentioned in it, the Sun (Nató's), the Moon (Kokúmikesum), and the Morning-star (Ipisóaχs) are meant.

Amóχk ksáχkuma nitáiåχto, níksokoa spóχtχk nitáinok.

This earth hears me, my kindred above sees me.

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533 4. This is a war-song which Bear-chief sings, when he hears the sound of gun-shots.

Námaiks ninå´χkainoki, auáksopaiks nitáinoaii, sistsíau, àuauanósiau.

The guns can see me, I can see the bullets, they are birds, they curve.

5. The song which follows was communicated to Bear-chief by his father, Weasel-moccasin (A´paitsikina). Bear-chief used to sing it, when he saw the camp of the enemies, in making a raid. Together with this song belongs a buckskin-string, which was given to Bear-chief by his father, when he taught him the song. Bear-chief uses the buckskin-string to tie his hair with. He was also instructed by his father always to take his moccasins off, and turn them inside out, when going into the camp of the enemies. The song was revealed to Bear-chief's father in a dream. 539 533 714 726

Kokuísts nimátsitainòko, imitáiks ninå´χkakaii.	In the nights I am not seen, the dogs are my partners [that means: they never bark at me].

6. Every night when Bear-chief goes to sleep he sings the following song to avert misfortune. He was taught this song by Under-bull (Stáχtsìstàmik), who was also called Black-came-up (Síkotamisò). 539 533

A´nnik kokúyik naχksók, nitsítåχkanàiniχ´p manístsiχ´p.	When I sleep during the nights, I see all, how it lies [that means: I see all things in the future].

7. The following morning-song was also given to Bear-chief by Under-bull.

Spóχtm nápiekoā`n, spúmmokit, nípapàukani náχksikamotàχkitsiχ´p! A´χsii ksistsikúyi kókit! A´io, kímmokit!	Old man on high [= Sun], help me, that I may be saved from my dream! Give me a good day! I pray you, pity me!

8. Big-plume taught Bear-chief the following song, which was sung by Bear-chief's women every night during his absence on a raid. Bear-chief used to sing it with his women, the night before he started, that they might know it well. The Indians, that are mentioned, are the jealous men who use charms against him. 539 533 722

Kanáitsitapìua kanáisaièpitsiu. Kanáitsitapìua, namóχkitàisaièpitsit, namóχkitàipuyit, kitáksisamainoki! Kinétoχkanistaiàkùinoàu Nínoχkyàio!	All Indians tell lies. All Indians, you can tell lies, you can talk, [but] you will see me a long time! You will always see Bear-chief!

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9. This song was revealed to Bear-chief by the Dove (Kakóa).

Spóχtaim istoχkanáitapìua níksokoa, ki amóχk ksáχkuin istoχkanáitapìua níksokoa.	All the people on high are my kindred, and all the people of this earth are my kindred.

10. As before.

Aʹpistotoki, noχksikímmokit, noχkóχtokit, noχkspúmmokit! Noχkótsit nitánisini!	God, [I pray you], pity me, hear me, help me! Take what I say! [that means: accept my prayer!]

11. As before.

Napíaki, kikátaikìmmoka? Nimátoχkaiiksikimmàuaki!	My partner, who does not pity you? I don't pity him!

12. As before.

Napíaki, kanáitapìua nitáχkanaikimmàuaki.	My partner, I pity all the people.

13. This song was revealed to Bear-chief by the Sun.

Noχkoié, noχsokúyi natoyíu. Noχkoié, nitsísani natoyíuàki.	My son, my road is holy. My son, my paint is holy too.

14. This song was revealed to Bear-chief by the Moon.

Noχkoié, spóχtχkaki natósiu. Noχkoié, amóχk ksáχkum natósiuàki. Nistóakauk kokúyi iχʹtáiapiua.	My son, [the people] on high are holy. My son, [the people of] this earth are holy too. It is me, [that] can see through the night.

15. This is the song of the One-that-sets-in-the-west (Nímistsitaupi).

Niskáni, iχʹkanáuauatsìnima nitā́ʹχkanàinok. Niskáni, iχʹkanáuauatsìnima nìtoχkanáukos.	My younger brother, all the moving beings, they all see me. My younger brother, all the moving beings, they all are my children.

115 this, that all the people may be your friends. All the raids, you will make, you will always have success. I shall give you one song. Then 781] the Dove walked around him four times, and then sang the song: [583] All the people on high are my kindred, and all the people of this earth are my kindred. All of a sudden the Dove and Bear-chief were both standing on a high butte. When he woke up, he was inside [177] his own lodge. Til this day he believes in that dream [which has strongly been influenced by notions of Christianity, and by [583] the story of Scar-face, though Bear-chief himself seems not to be aware of it], and he uses the song of the Dove as a protection for his family [the Dove has taught him some more songs, which have been printed above]. That dream has given him good luck [302] in everything, he has undertaken. And the reason, why he has [583] confidence in paint, is that he was painted in his dream. Bear-chief had some more dreams, in which the Sun, the Moon, and the One-that-sets-in-the-west gave him songs [which are printed in this volume]. He had all those dreams in the same lodge.

115 Early in the spring of 1880, Bear-chief and five others met 726 some Cree half-breeds, who were drinking whiskey. These half-breeds caught Bear-chief's horse, and he told one of his party, who was a boy: Run away, go back to the camp. You might be killed. His other companions came near. The Crees commenced to shoot at Bear-chief's companions. Those of the Crees, who had hold of his horse, tried to pull him down. They succeeded, and then they attempted to take his gun away from him. In the meantime he took his six-shooter out, and he shot four of them down. His companions were at the same time fighting with others. One of the Peigans was shot through the arm, and had that arm broken. They came safe back to the camp, and started afterwards for the Sioux. Bear-chief's vow to the Sun of not killing Sioux had expired.

The party consisted of three Peigans, and four Crows. When they got to the Sioux, they discovered one Sioux lodge, and they waited until dark. Then they stole all the horses, which were to be seen, and having done that, they waited there until daylight. Then they made a charge on the lodge, and they all shot. One man tried to run out with a gun, but Bear-chief standing at the door shot him right through the head. He took the gun, the man had had in his hand. One of his party jumped into the lodge, and killed two Sioux, whilst they were in bed. Bear-chief followed him into the lodge and took another gun, which he found there. They killed only the men, of whom one escaped. They left the women and the children unhurt. They came home allright.

Afterwards Bear-chief and two other fellows started for the 115 Cypress hills. Next day they saw two men, driving a band of 726 horses towards the Cypress hills. Bear-chief and his companions intended to kill them, and waited for them in a coulee, until the two riders came right close to them. All three jumped up, aiming with their guns at these fellows. One of them was a Peigan half-breed, and the other a Cree half-breed. The Cree half-breed ran off, right on the hills. They talked with the Peigan half-breed. He told, where he stole the horses from his own people. Bear-chief took four of the best horses, and his friends took two horses, each of them, and told the Peigan half-breed, that he could go on now, but must never come back to steal horses from his own people. The reason, that Bear-chief did not kill him, and left him most of the stolen horses, was that he was a kinsman of Bear-chief's. Bear-chief went home, and he took his third wife, his second wife staying with him also.

Some time later he started out, and he had his third wife with him, and nobody else. Every morning he sang his war-song, and [533] without being asked, his wife joined him in singing it. It was „The song of the horse-stealing": Sun, look on us, have pity on us, help us! This song was given to him, a long time ago, by chief Big-plume. When Bear-chief and his wife were on this trip, a fire had started somewhere west, and the country was very smoky, so that they could hardly see far ahead. They were travelling down a small river, and all of a sudden they came to a large prairie, alongside the river, where there was a very big camp of Crees. The Crees saw Bear-chief and his wife, but did not mistrust them. They went to the brush, where they stayed all day, and watched the movements of the people. Late in the afternoon Bear-chief [302] painted himself and his wife, and put one eagle-tail-feather on her [301] hair. It is not often, that a woman of this tribe will go out on a raid. So it was a great honour to Bear-chief to have such a [701] wife. He told his wife: We now shall go to the camp, you in the lead, and I behind, and if we see any one, you must turn and run, and make your escape to our camp. I shall stay and fight. When Bear-chief told her this, she was very much frightened. Bear-chief sang another song, before he went up to the lodges [533] with his wife, immediately after he had talked to her. This song was given to him in a dream by the Sun. The words are: My son, don't fear, I give you protection of life. He told his wife to go to a lodge with light in it, without stopping. She was, however, going to stop, because she saw a woman going out to get

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Itauániu omá nínàua: Mátakèopa, áχkitaikakauasàiniop. Itauámiopiu, itáutækomaχkau. A´ìkaistapauakàitapiu. Itǽsiiχ´tsimau. A`kéks itáitsotsistsimàiau. A´ksistuyitakìks manikâ´piks itápapisamiàu. Itáiniχ´kâχtâχsiau. Omá nínàua áistæmaniu: A´koχkoχtaseiniòtakiop kaχtóma. Itáumatapinimàu. [533] O´mòχksksinòoχpi mìkoχponìks ótàsiks, miomáχkaiks, ǽnniksaie âχpátsiu. A`umató. Iχ´kitópisoò. A´istæmoχtàpauàuaχkau, manistǽpakanàpiχ´pi. Nútsitapìi iskunǽtàpsi miikítapì, ǽnniksaie áüsapæ̀sapìi. Apáikæstsiau. Manistǽpikauaχkùskoχpi, iχ´táuanistæ̀pauàuaχkaiau. Itaiápiau moyí. Itǽskomaχkàiau. Ainoǽsau omím ótapisìni, itáuχkumìau: u'ú +. Amóm soóæm itápauχpatskotsiu. Itauánistaiau: Sékamiksik áistomaχkàiau. Nítsapiau. A´uautsìau. Akâ´χtsimaiè atǽnnimaukâ`n. Omá sóyepiχ´tsìu nitúkskæm itapǽskòaiks. Ǽ´nnaie otáitsinikòkaiks. Otáuanikaiks. A´mistomàuk itaukúnaiiu. Ǽ´nnaie túkskæm âχkanáitsinikatòmaie. Aukanáiâχtsimìs, itáitamitakìu. A´ikakæ̀niχ´tsiniχ´kaχtâχsin. Ki omá mátsìua manikâ´piua nitǽstonikìu: Annóχk ksistsikúiχ´k kitákskainòki. Námaiks túkoχtòtaki. Saioχtótakìnikiau, tǽmakesæ̀pskaukik.

they gave the pipe. They would say to him: Now here is your smoke. Pity me, I have suffered. Pity me, that I may have revenge. Let the nights not be many, that I see [that means: before I see] a scalp.

That man [the medicine-man] would say: We are not women, that we only cry. Then he [the same man] would get on his horse, then he would run around. The people [that followed him] were getting many. They ran near the lodges. The women then yelled. The young men that felt brave yelled. They sang [their war-songs] to themselves. That man [the medicine-man] then would say: We shall also make cry our enemies. Then they began to catch their horses. As they knew their long-winded [literally: hard-winded] horses, [and] hard-runners, they would take those along with them. They started. The warriors went on horseback. They went around, where they were hidden from view. Two strong brave men went ahead to look about. They were the scouts. They went that way, where the coulees were about [they followed the coulees]. They saw the camp [of the enemies]. Then they ran back. When they saw the people [their own party] over there, then they yelled: u'u' +. The warriors then crowded one another about. They were told: The cranes [that means: the scouts] are coming. They really saw [the enemies]. They [the

Itáumatapò. Itsitáutòaie. Itáutàupiuaie. It*á*s*a*miuaie, omáχkanistapsakapomàχkaniaii. Mátaiiksis*a*mòa, itáisakapomaχkàiinai nátsitapìi. Itápåχpatskotsìu itauámiàupiu. A´isimotsèu: A´kékáiái, ákékáiái. A´χkaistsaipiskoχtoaiiks. A´utsatstsìsaiks, itáisapiskoχtoyìuaiks. Oma manikå´piu ikáiaiîn ótàs. K*é*nny*a*ie ótomatsitsìuaiks. It*á*nisoauaniàiks. Omá manikå´piua sápòp okímmàni. Noχk*á*tsisinìsoiauanìu. Itsipótstsoχkètsiotsiiau. Ò´tsitsipòtokaie. Míkst*a*maniàpiksatsiuaie. Onámaii mátoyiua. Initsíuaie. *Á*nuynie nitsinámaχkau. Túksk*a*ma èpíu. Ki omá stsíka mátòtsimaie únnopànists. Ki amói stsíka matápiua otokå´ni sáautomoyìuaie. *Á*nniksinàu-

cranes] made a circle. There was 539
a big [literally: a far-reaching] 726
circle [formed by the main part
of the warriors, after they had
seen the cranes making a circle].
The leader of the party alone
went back to them [the cranes].
He was told the news by them.
He was told by them: Close by
they [the enemies] are camped.
He [the leader] alone told his
coups. When they all heard it
[that the enemies were camped
close by], they were happy. Many 539
of them were singing [war-songs] 726
to themselves. And a brave young 533
man sang words in his song:
To-day you will know me. I shall
take one of the guns [of the
enemies' guns]. If I do not take
one of them, then put a womans'A
dress on me.

Then they [the warriors] would 539
go on. Then they came near to 726
[the enemies]. They sat near by
them. They looked at them, that
one of them might run out on
the prairie. It was not a long
time, then two of them [of the
enemies] ran out from the camp.
Then they [the warriors of the
war-party] crowded one another.
Then they [the same warriors]
got on their horses. They warned
each other: Wait, wait! Let us
charge on them close [that means:
when they are close by]. When
they [the two enemies] were close
by, then they [the warriors] made
a charge on them. The horse of
that young man [that sang the
song] was fast. That one [that

A [Erratum: this should read "woman's"--Analyst]

Ki omá námaχkau áutòmomaχkau. Aitspyómaχkàs, ótapìsin itǽskunækiòp. Itǽsksksisiu: Nikáitåχpatsistòaχpi, onámai nitótoain. Ki itáitsotsistsinatomoau. Okóaii tǽmitsipìm. Matsisæmóa itomoóyi Mátokeks. Itsitápoχtoòiaiks. Itsitótòiaiks okóaii omá saiínikiu. A'itotsinòkimaiaiks. O'ksòkoaiks ótoχkænsokomaχkokaiks. Ponokå'mitai, piápi, ǽunyaie nitsókomàχkiu. Ki omá stsíka ponopáni mátsinàmaχkau mátsitapoiau Mátokeks. Mátsinokimakàiks. Píapìi kákakàuo ótsokomaχkòaχpiaiks. Ki stsíkim iníkìim Mátokeks mátsitotsinòkimaiau. Ki ámoii píapi matakáuo mátsokomaχkòyiuaiks. Itonítsotsèiau: O'kí, anétakìt, ǽnni nínauàki, áχkitonìtoχsòp. Kitoχkémaiks apå'χpiskinisàu. A'iakauåχkìsiau. Sàámists itáisapoχkyàkiu, okámipuyisaàmists, atskináisaàmists. Mátsitaisapoχkyàkiu áuotànists, áiistsåχsatòmiau. Ninámiskaχkùiinuimàuists matáiistsåχsatòmiau. Saáitsikoχkìniks mátåχkiniåχsatsìauaiks. A'påχsoyisokàsists mátaisapskåχsatòmiauaists. Sapæpístatsiks iχ'táutauanàuaχkìsiau, ækspíkainàmaiks mátoχtautauanàuaχkìsiau, ki omá námaχkau omí námaii otoχké-

they [the returning warriors] were 539
known: We shall have a circle 727
in sight. Then they [the people
in the camp] made a rush out.
We ran singing scalp-songs. Then [533]
they [the returning warriors] ran
through the camp. We were
shooting. We began to run across
one another.

And that one that got a gun
ran ahead [of his companions].
When he ran into the camp, we
— all the people — were shooting.
Then he told what he had
done: There he lies, where I shot
him down. I took his gun from
him. And then the women yelled
for him. He then entered his
lodge. After a short while the 539
Women-society gathered. They 727
[the women of that society] went
to him. They came to the lodge 575
of him who had killed [an enemy] 555
and counted coup. They had [535]
there a happy dance. All his
relations gave presents for him [431]
[to the dancing women]. Horses
[and] things were the presents
they made. And the Women-society
also would go to the other
one who had taken the quiver
and arrows and counted coup.
They also had a happy dance for 539
him [in his honour]. There were 727
many things given to them [to 575
the dancing women] by him [by 555
his relations] for presents. And 535
the Women-society would also [431]
have a happy dance for still
another one who killed an enemy.
And there were many things again [431]
given to them by him [by his

539 man mátoχtautauanàuaχkìsin. Ki
727 akå´χtsimaie ómæχkètæχsin. A´u-
535 matapauaχkìsin ótakèsin. A´kai-
[555] kanistsinìm opokúiimatsists. A´ita-
[575] nistsinatsiaists ǽnni otsikékinaχ-
[431] soàts. Omá saχkínau námaχkau
[302] omí nápii kákitsitokapoχtasiu-
[292] anàakaie. Ki otúiapitæχskotokùie.

[293]

● [533]
[555]

539 Ki omíma ómåχtsinìkịχ pim^,
726 otúutsapàakaie. Itsáipiu. Itáuauχ-
[721] kàutsimiuaie. A´isakayayìu ótakèsi-
na. Maiáiks moyísts spóχtsim
atoksípistàn ǽnnimaie taiχ´tsiu.
A´istæmauauaχkautsìm ksistsikús.
A´ikakaiåχtsimiàu námaikså´χtàs.

relations]. They hurried one another: Come on, make haste, all of you, men, that we may have the scalp-dance. You must put paint on the faces of your wives. They [your wives] will shake their heads [dance]. They [the men] put on the war-bonnets, the war-bonnets with tails down the back [literally: the war-bonnets standing straight up], [and] the horn-war-bonnets. They [the men] would put on shields, they would pack them on their backs. They would also pack medicine-pipes on their backs. They put sleigh-bells on their necks. They also put on weasel-tail-suits. Some of them would use spears as canes while dancing, others would use bows as canes while dancing, and the wife of him who had taken the gun would use that gun as a cane while dancing. And there was a big scalp-dance. Now the women began to shake their heads [to dance]. They already held their fans. They [the fans] looked like snow-birds [literally: shoulder-bone-tail-feathers]. That young man that took the gun was just led round about through the crowd by an old man. And he [this old man] was singing old man's songs [praises] to him.

And he was pursued by those people, one of whom he had killed. [They came near the Peigan camp.] Then they [the Peigans] made a charge on them. Then they [the Peigans] had a fight with them. All the women ran out fast.

^ [Erratum: this should read ómåχ tsinìkiχpim--Analyst]

Á'nnimaie itsipótau inákåχtsi. Itápaisauàkstsitsikiòp. A´iksistàkstsitsikìau, otópimoàuaists itápaisaukapinimiàu. Ksaχkúmi itsítsikænniauaie. Istsíi osoχktsímokui itopítsiaχkìmiau. Á'nnimaie itamátosimàiau. Okímmanoauaists áumatapapòtsimiau. Omím otámatosimàni itáiinimiau. Itauátsimoiiχ`kau: Kímmokit, nitsikímmatàps. A´χsiu ponokå´mitaua naχkókaiχ`koau. Ki asáni iχ´tæsoksksiu. A´iksistapaisoksksiu, íniχ´koχtå`χsiu. Nató'si ámaitstsis, aiikótakns, ki itomátapàkaipiu. A`istæχkapìu, itsíkakimau. Aipstsíksisæmòs kokúyi ákitsitotòaie. A`kitoχtoyiu imitáiks å´χkisi. A`kstæmitotàupiuaie. A´kaiåχkoyiuaie, máχksokaniai. A´kaχtasæminiuàie. Túkskæm ákoχkusksinim nistsépiskani. A`kanistsiuàie: Iíksistsepiskìu. Ki ákoχkapaiàkopaksinàup nistsépiskan. Omá manikå´piu ákstæmsautoyìu otoǽn, ákitæ̀skìmatsìuaie. A`kaniu: Imákoχpomokìnistsàkis ómåχtsisksipistàχp, nitáksikæχkàpitau. Nitákoχktsinitaii okítsiks.

There they made a small fire. 539 726 Then we began to put on other moccasins. [When] they had done putting on their moccasins, they began to stretch out their ropes. They smoothed the earth. They pulled a char-coal from the fire. 539 726 On that they made their incense. 782 They began to untie their top-knots. They held them over there over their incense. Then they prayed: Pity me, I am very poor. May I go straight to a good horse. And they painted their faces with the paint. 539 726 [When] they had done painting their faces, [302] they sang [war-songs] to themselves. [533] When the sun was over on that side, late in the evening, then they began to run towards the camp [to steal horses]. The sun was down, then they tried hard. After a short while, in the night, they would come up to [the camp]. They would hear the dogs bark. They would sit by it [by the camp]. They would wait for him [for the enemy], that he might go to sleep. They would look at him [from where they sat]. One [of the war-party] would find out about the horse-corral. He would tell him [the leader]: They have a very strong corral. [The leader said:] We shall go to tear the corral somewhere about. That young man [that had made a vow] then would take out his knife, he would begin to sharpen it. He would say: Even if he [the owner of the horse] holds the rope in

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Ki omí iχ´púmmàiin áitotatsimiauaie. A´´isopoaχtsisatsìauaie okóauaists. Otánikoaiauaie: Pαχsíiks ánnistsimauki kokóauaists. Itsíkiχ´kiχ´taukunàiiu amó Pekániua. A˜inimiau okóauaists. Itsipótaiau. Itomátapsoksksimàiau. A`kotamiàtainyìau. A`pskíiks áikakaikiχ´tsìpskyaiau. Apíks aitsítsanatsìau amă´χkisauìsts. A´´iksis-
539 tsoksksimàmau, itáutamiatniàii.
727 A˜iniχ´kiayìau. A´istoniχ´kìau:
Nitanátaini. Á´nni nitástoniχ´kìau.
231 Itáiăχtòaiau. Ki ită´χkanaisaisaipìau. A´uataiaiòp. Nápiks itáiapìtαχsìau. A´´istαmotòiau óksòkoauaiks, únnoauaiks. Otă´χkanaisìnauskipokòaiau. Okóauaists itauánitsitapaχkaĩìau. O´takemoàuaiks itáiitskaχtoyìau. O´´sonuaiks matáiitskaχtoyìau. U´nnoauaiks itá-
539 pauatsimaiau. Itátsinikatòmiau,
727 omoχtóχpiau, ómoχtapauàuaχ-
533 kaχpiau, manístoχkotàspiau, manistsíkαχkapitαkiχ´piau. A´nnistskaie áitsinitsìnikatòmiau. Ki átomαχksisòaiau miniáukaki.

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came to a forest. Then they made fire. Then they cooked. Then they made a hole in the ice. With their knives they made a hole in the ice. When they had done eating, then they drank. Then they went away.

And they met some people [Indians] who were travelling to trade. They asked them [the traders] where their [own] lodges were. They were told by [the traders]: It is at Sweet-roots [a local name], where your lodges are. These Peigans camped along in different places. They [the war-party] saw their [own] lodges. Then they made a fire. Then they began to paint the faces of their horses. They would come in sight of the camp in a circle. They [the Peigans] put red stripes on the faces of white-faced horses. The red paint looks plain on white horses. When they had done painting their horses, they came up in sight [of the camp] in a circle. They sang while they were running. They worded their songs: I run in a circle. That way they worded their songs. Then they were heard. And then all the people ran out on a charge to them. [Now all the people would say:] We run in a circle. The old men then sang their praises. Then their relations, their fathers would come to them. They were kissed by all of them. They separated going home to their lodges. They gave horses to their

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Two songs.

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1. This song was sung by warriors, when they came back from a raid, having taken the scalp of an enemy.

Pek*á*ni, is*á*mmokinàn, káχkitaistunnòkiχ′pinan annóχk.	Peigans, look at us, that you may be afraid of us now.

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2. When Indians had been a long time on a raid, and they began to feel lonesome, the leader would sing the following song to cheer them up:

Motúiekàkimàk, kokúnun matsipúmapiu, áχkau*a*komètsis.	Try hard, all of you, our lodge is not [so] good, that we should love it [that means: it is better to be on the war-path than to be at home].

539

Morning-eagle diving for guns.

Apinákuipìtau nátok*a*mi otsikímmokaiks, ksistsikúmi ki p*a*χtsíksistsikùmi. Iχ′tsíniχ′kataiau p*a*χtsíksistsikùmiks, otskúnatàpsau, ki mamíks otáiin*a*χsàu.

Omík Kyáiesis*a*χtài ais*a*mó nitsksínoau Apinákuipìtau. *A*ním Pítaisiksinàm onámaiks itsúiatsìin niét*a*χtai. Iχ′tókimiu amóka niét*a*χtai. Otsítanik omí Pítaisiksinàm: Ninámaiks itsúiapsàmis. Kónoainikiau, kitáksinamoàtai. Sot*á*msoo. Itsíkatsìmau, ki itsístaiiu, ki iksís*a*mo otsístaisini. Piínapoχts iχ′topítsasoo. Iχ′kónoyiu omíksi námaiks.

Morning-eagle was pitied by two, the thunder and the false-thunder [a kind of bird]. They were called false-thunders, because they were strong and because they caught fishes.

A long time ago I saw Morning-eagle over there on Maria's river [literally: Bear creek]. There was a man called Black-eagle, he lost his guns in the river. This river was full [that means: the water was high]. He was told by that Black-eagle: Look for my guns in the water. If you find them, you will own them. Then he went in [into the water]. Then he

back down the double-track and went "down in the hill by the crick" 122
where Phillip's brother lives.

To my surprise, we stopped at the little house at which I, upon first arriving, had made inquiries about the Chief. And to my astonishment, Phillip's brother turned out to be the skinny little Indian with the ear-lopper cap and the terrible teeth. There is no resemblance between them. Brother's name is Paul, and he brought along his wife, the retarded boy with the black birthmark, and a small boy of very dark complexion.

Back at the ranch . . . Jimmy produced two rawhide rattles from (534)
the Chief's room and handed one to each of the Many Hide brothers. The Chief said that it would not be religiously proper to play a drum inside the house, but Jimmy circumnavigated this prohibition with the fish-on-Friday expedience of pounding with a stick on the back of a chair, and while the singers made their other preparations, I attempted, with small success, to figure out who in the group was related to whom. The small boy that Phillip had brought was his grandson; the dark boy was Paul's son; the retarded boy with the patch whom we had picked up at Paul's house really belongs at Phillip's house, but I was never able to establish his exact relationship to anybody. The small boy ran around the house eating bread and butter; the dark boy sat on the sofa and picked the Chief's old Hudson's Bay blanket coat to shreds; and the boy with the patch—his name is Pete—sat in a corner and smiled.

Paul's wife, although by no means ugly, is terribly unkempt. She has absolutely no teeth, poor woman, and one of her fingernails is almost ungular in its grotesque malformation. What these people need, in addition to a little education in personal hygiene, is better nutrition.

The good woman can really sing, though, and I was somewhat 122
startled to hear such lovely and moving music emerging from her 533
thoroughly edendate mouth. It was Paul, that other most unlikely of musicians, who started things off, and he lived up to his boast that he had been a great singer in his day ("Sometimes when they gonna had a dances, I showed you").

The music commenced with a shaking of the rattles. Then Paul began to sing in a high quavering voice, and then Jimmy and Phillip joined in, and finally the women added a sort of minor key obbligato. All the singers had magnificent voice control, and the performance was really a very musical one.

Unfortunately, no one seemed to know the songs very well. No one except the Chief, that is, for whenever they started to foul up,

122 the Chief would thunder in the correct phrase. Jimmy said, after
533 a didactic interruption by his father, "Goddam! He interfered with
me and now I can't get back where I'm going." The whole thing
was really very relaxed and informal, though, with a lot of laughing
[522] and clowning around. At one point, Jim put a large funnel on his
head in gesture of crowning himself with a dunce-cap for having
goofed up. The only time that a serious note discorded the proceedings
was when Paul started to sing a Cree song. The Chief got
on him right away and said that he could damn well sing Blackfoot
songs or not at all. So they tried to sing some Blackfoot "Crazy Dog"
songs and immediately got all screwed up. "Sound like bunch
drunks," Jimmy said.

122 [126] I played back the songs, but the recorder had distorted the music something terrible. So I turned the damn thing off, and while the singers gave out with a few more selections I made a large pot of coffee. Paul and his wife both looked starved, so I heated up some bean soup too. At the table, Paul's wife took her soup spoon directly from her toothless mouth, plunged it into the sugarbowl, and stirred a heaping tablespoonful of sugar into her cup of coffee. Oh well, she sings beautifully. And I don't use sugar anyway.

I am afraid that the Chief's cold is no better. He sneezed loudly
at the table, and Phillip said, with a tone of lachrymose poignancy,
[827] "In a old days when you sneezed we used to say your girl friend
is thinking for you. Now-days we say you better get to that drug
store and get you some medicine."

After I had driven all the guests to Paul's house, Jim and Dad and I each drank two hot toddies. It was still reasonably early, and the medicine songs had induced Dad into a story-telling mood, and as we sipped our drinks he told some medicine stories.

YELLOW WOLF VISITS THE SAND HILLS

539 This happened during the big measles [one of the several
764 epidemics of small pox which struck the Blackfoots]. A lot of
[731] Piegans died at this time, and among them was Yellow Wolf.
[164] We cared for Yellow Wolf in the same manner that we cared
[165] for the others that had passed away: we dressed him in his
best clothing and placed a blanket over him and kept him for
two days in his lodge. On the second night, when Yellow Wolf's
relatives and friends had all arrived and were sitting around
the lodge preparing for the funeral, one of the relatives suddenly
said, "The blanket is moving!" Then, as everyone

122 *11:00:* Jimmy just came in with an armful of wood and said, "Goddam! It's a cold outside! Guess I got wear cap today." He asked me whether I had seen his hat, but he said it in Blackfoot and I didn't understand him at first because instead of using the word for hat (*ist-tsím-o-kahn*) with which I am familiar, he used "*o-toh-kahn-o-kós-toh-mok*," which refers specifically to a cap or hat which has a round shape. He was right about it's being "a cold outside," though; I know because a short while ago I borrowed the Chief's overshoes and went down for two buckets of water. The butane tank is empty, but there is a wood fire going in the kitchen and it is nice and warm in there and as soon as my water heats I am going to take a bath. The wind is really strong outside, blowing the snow almost horizontally.

Night: Well, I'm clean! While the Chief dictated a letter to Jim (for me to type up), I took a bucket bath—what my old Texas friend, Cap Fowler, calls a "possible" bath. Cap described the procedure as follows: "First you wash down as far as possible; then you wash up as far as possible; and then you wash possible."

After lunch the Chief wanted to go to town, but when he stepped
out onto the porch and felt the power of that wind he changed his
mind. So instead he seated himself in a chair and sang some of his
● [533] old war songs, accompanying himself by pounding on the floor with
[538] his cane, and the war songs put him in a story-telling mood so I
[126] turned on the recorder and the Chief expounded in detail the preparations which the Blackfoots made for going to war. He began
829 by remarking that the White Man has done a magnificent job of
misinterpreting and misrepresenting the Plains Indian culture. As
Jimmy interjected, "Always make Indians look like bunch damn
fools." This phase of discussion arose from the fact that the film,
[546] *Chief Crazy Horse,* is coming to the local flick. Indian films, and
[522] other comedies, are quite popular on the Reservation, and the older
[301] Blackfoot ladies are especially titillated by the fact that the movies
always portray an Indian maiden wearing a beaded headband with
562 a feather sticking in it. The beaded headband is itself both contemporary and ersatz, and it was at one time considered indecent
301 of an Indian woman to adorn herself with feathers. The Sun Dance
237 Holy Woman wore a small plume tied at one side of her head, and
Blackfoot women frequently did (and still do) wear their husband's
or boy friend's hats while the menfolk are dancing, but certainly no
Plains Indian woman in the old days went around with an eagle
feather sticking up behind her head.

721 Considering the relative lateness of his appearance upon the

ing Woman, told me about the Holy Woman's having been 159
killed by lightning. Goods Stealing Woman had been in the 346
Medicine Lodge at the time, but she, like everyone else except 165
the Holy Woman, had been spared by the lightning bolt. 793

Iron Pipe had arrived in time to claim the Thunder Lodge,
but Many Guns, a friend of mine from Gleichen, came to my 159
teepee and told me that the Thunder Medicine Man had saved 778
for me a medicine drum, some medicine bells, and some other 796
things. In order to receive the medicine articles I had first to go through a ceremony, so at the appointed time I called at the lodge of Iron Pipe. Iron Pipe's wife would not at first allow me to enter the lodge, but Many Guns explained that I was an invited guest and so the woman allowed me to take my place in the lodge.

The ceremony was conducted by the medicine man from 159
Gleichen, the Thunder Medicine Man. I sat on his right, and 778
Iron Pipe sat on his left. The Thunder Medicine Man lighted 796
a smudge of juniper and then handed the smudge stick to 756
Iron Pipe. Then he sang four songs.

The words to the first song were, "When the wind blows, [533]
that is my medicine."

The words to the second song were, "When it rains, that is my medicine."

The words to the third song were, "When it hails, that is my medicine."

The words to the fourth song were, "When the weather becomes clear after a storm, that is my medicine."

When he had finished singing, the Medicine Man took the smudge stick and with it scratched a jagged line in the earthen floor of the lodge from the place where I sat to the door; then he drew a similar line from the place where Iron Pipe was sit-
ting. Then the Medicine Man resumed his seat, and immedi- [789]
ately lightning flashed along the jagged lines from in front of Iron Pipe and me to the open door of the lodge.

This was the most frightening thing I have ever witnessed. I knew that this medicine man had great power, and I asked him whether there was anything in his power that was against me. He said, "No, there is nothing in my power against you.
But you must never again eat roseberries; if you do, your whole [784]
body will break out in a rash the same color as the roseberries." [262]

I said, "What about tomatoes?"

He said, "Tomatoes are all right, but you must never again, under any circumstances, use red paint on your blanket."

122 participated with equal enthusiasm in this perplexity. Jim has a
157 way of repeating things I say—of sharing my observations and opin-
572 ions—and he does not hesitate to share the burden of my miseries. Now that I temporarily have a bum leg, Jim's old rodeo injuries (to his leg) are bothering him; and brother Jim finds similar experiences whenever I sleep poorly, have poor appetite, etc. This is the Indian way of participating in a close friendship. The Irish are the same way.

122 Both Jim and the Chief were in high spirits this morning, kidding around like a couple of clowns. The Chief told Jim that since he is Chief around here, from now on he will take his morning coffee in
[195] bed. Jim replied that the old fellow is chief all right—"Chief by the table" (an Indian metaphor for someone who eats a great deal).

At ten o'clock we drove down to "Starr School," which refers not only to the actual school building there but to the scattered residences in that area. The Pipe Dance was to be held at the home of Jim White Grass, but it wasn't scheduled to start for a while yet
[123] and so we drove on into town. Jimmy checked the P.O. box for mail, and at the hotel I bought the Chief some cigars.

On the way back to Starr School, we stopped at the residence of an Indian family named Kicking-A-Woman, and there I met some of the best looking Indians I have ever seen. There were an awful lot of people wandering in and out of the house, and I still don't know who lived there and who didn't. One chap that didn't, I am sure, was a large Blackfoot man, wearing spectacles and a baseball cap, whose name was Jim Buffalo. Jim Buffalo was good-natured and voluble, and he kidded the Chief by saying that the Chief was really a Cree, not a Piegan.

Actually, according to Jim, several of those persons present really were Crees, including one extremely beautiful girl of about twenty-one. She was really a knock-out, but her fine white teeth held a toothpick, and a cigarette dangled from her delicately formed fingers, so I don't think I'll be taking her home to meet Pater.

There was a large quantity of fresh meat hanging from the drying poles in the house, and it turned out that someone had just killed a large elk over by Kiowa Camp. As we were leaving, the host gave the Chief a chunk of elk meat.

122 All the way back to Starr School, Jimmy hummed Indian songs.
●533 Like most outsiders, I had always associated Indian singing with rituals—religious ceremonies, war dances, etc.—and it still is difficult for me to accept the fact that Indians sing for fun too. The Indian way of humming is merely to devoice the vowels—to sort of whisper

the hi-yi-yi's. I miss so *much* by not knowing music! Music doesn't 122 miss much by not knowing me, though, because when I secretly re- 533 corded some of the Blackfoot songs Jim has taught me, the play- [126] back sounded like background music for a Hitchcock film and I hastily erased the tape. Indian music is not so simple as it sounds.

The Pipe Dance is a religious ceremony, customarily held each 122 year after the first thunderstorm of spring. This year, luckily for me, 796 the dance was postponed until the present date. I have not been able to establish definitely the reason for the postponement, but there are rumors that a polio scare discouraged all public gatherings earlier in the year. I do know that the movie house was closed for a while.

But by the time we returned to Starr School, to Jim White Grass' house, people were beginning to arrive for the Dance. Cars and trucks of all descriptions—from ancient jalopies to brand new station wagons—were pulling into the yard. One car had a decal on the rear window which read, "Blackfeet Indian Reservation, Browning, Montana," and a sign in luminescent tape on the bumper which declared, "JESUS SAVES." As a matter of fact, there are quite a [794] few "saved" Indians on the Reservation, and I do not think it particularly paradoxical that the best Christians among them are the same ones who are most faithful to the ancient Indian beliefs. In Blackfoot there are many words for God.

For a while Jim and I watched silently as the cars and trucks filled the yard and then began to spill over onto an adjoining lot, then finally Jim shook his head once, in a characteristic gesture, and said, "In old days you see at these dances there was nothing but wagons and horsebacks. Now-days you don't see." (To Jim, "the [554] old days" refers to any time prior to the end of W.W. II, for it was not until the post-war period that the automobile replaced the horse as a prestige symbol here on the Reservation. To the Chief, on the other hand, "not long ago" means any time within his memory span, and "just recently" suggests any time between W.W. I and the present.)

When I picked up my shirts at the local laundry, the Norwegian 122 who runs the place confided, "I came out here from North Dakota 602 to get away from too many relatives. Then I married an Indian girl and so now I've got twice as many relatives as before." I know what he means. I am a Blackfoot by adoption only, but I have yet to meet an Indian who is not in some way related to me. However, this profusion of in-laws is attributable only in part to the endogamous social structure of the community; a fair portion of my rela-

122 rituals which were, of course, Roman to me. The experience was
796 somewhat akin to my first attendance, as a small boy, at an Italian
Opera; I didn't understand half that was going on, but I thoroughly
enjoyed every minute of it. I especially enjoyed the drumming.
[534] Each of the four drummers held in his left hand a flat, tambourine-shaped drum. The top of the drum was covered with horsehide;
the bottom was open, criss-crossed with rawhide thongs which
held the drumhead tight and which also provided something by
which the drum could be held by the drummer. The drum was
struck with a single padded drumstick, and the tempo was fast.
[533] The rhythm consisted in a hard beat and then a soft beat—like a
rapid heart—and at the end of a sequence (or whatever the musical
term is), the final soft beat would be skipped, the music ending
with *hard beat, pause, hard beat.* No two drums were of exactly
the same size or pitch, and they all sounded in perfect unison and
the effect was magical. Once again I felt cheated because I have
no real knowledge of music.

One of the drummers was Phillip Many Hides; another was a blind old Indian named Fish. The other two were strangers to me, and I was pleasantly surprised to see that one of them was a very young man—not many of the younger Indians participate actively in the old Blackfoot ceremonies.

122 The most striking ritual of the Pipe Dance ceremony is the unwrapping of the Medicine Pipe. The Medicine Pipe—actually a large
796 and highly ornate pipe stem, without a bowl—is kept wrapped in
778 cloth and wound with buckskin thongs and can be opened only at
276 a religious ceremony with the proper ritualistic procedure. The
procedure included chanting, drumming, much symbolic pointing
and gesticulating with the Pipe, and the burning of sweetgrass. A
[824] braid of sweetgrass and a pair of wooden tongs made from the
[412] bifurcate branch of a sarvis berry bush are included in the wrapping
along with the Pipe. The tongs were presented to Mary Ground,
who used them to transport a burning ember from the stove to a
flat stone on the floor in front of the functionary. With much
chanting and gesticulation, old Dan Bull Plume shredded some of
the dry sweetgrass over the hot coal, producing a sizeable amount
of sweet, pungent smoke.

The Medicine Pipe itself, when finally exposed to view, was a beautiful thing. Over three feet long, it was marvelously decorated with such things as ermine tails, colored feathers, fur, beads, tiny brass bells, human hair, etc. The Medicine Pipe itself is not used for smoking, but during the ceremony another pipe (the long, stone-

54: Lancaster F-3(1958-1966)1966 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Piegan
Montana

539
825 So Round Scabby Robe passed the seven moons of winter in the lodge of the Beaver Persons. He became good friends with everyone, but he grew especially fond of a small white beaver which was the youngest son of the Chief Beaver and which soon became his constant companion.

When springtime came and Round Scabby Robe was preparing to leave the Beaver Lodge, the small white beaver called him aside and whispered into his ear: “Do you see those medicine bundles over there? And do you see that small stick amongst them? Well, when you leave our lodge you must take that small stick with you. That small stick represents myself, and I have gotten used to you as a friend and so you must take me with you when you go. My father will offer you your choice of any of the medicine bundles and all the power that goes with it, but you must accept nothing but the small stick which represents myself and my power.”

Sure enough, as Round Scabby Robe was preparing to leave, the Chief Beaver offered him his choice of any of the medicine bundles, and when Round Scabby Robe said that he wanted only the small stick, the Beaver Chief attempted to dissuade him from his choice. He said, “You cannot make use of that stick. I will give you other gifts instead.” But Round Scabby Robe insisted that he desired only the small stick.

The Chief Beaver made a ceremony then, and sang three songs, and then he offered Round Scabby Robe a bundle which contained the pelt of an otter (*ém-moon-i-sey*). Round Scabby Robe refused the bundle, saying that he wished only the small stick. Three more times the Chief Beaver performed ceremonies and sang songs, and in turn he offered Round Scabby Robe bundles which contained the pelt of a beaver (*ksísk-stah-ki*), the skin of a loon (*máht-sey-i-sèy-pi-eh*), and the skin of a turtle (*spoo-pí*), but each time the bundle was refused. Round Scabby Robe spoke to the Chief Beaver: “I am honored that you offer me these medicine bundles and the great powers that they possess. But I am a simple man and I cannot accept such fine gifts. I can accept only the small stick.”

The Chief Beaver said, “You have spoken well. And you have chosen well, for the small stick which you have chosen possesses the most powerful medicine of all. You shall have the stick, but first I shall teach you two songs which you must sing
[533] in order to evoke the power of the stick.”

The words of the first song were:

> In the spring of the year we come out 539
> from our lodges, and if we see enemies, 825
> we dive back down beneath the water. (533)

The words of the second song were:

> In the spring of the year we come out
> from our lodges, and if we see enemies,
> we do our best to save our lives.

Then the Chief Beaver said, "When you meet your enemies you must first sing these songs, and then you must chant four times, *yuh! yuh! yuh! yuh!*"

So the Chief Beaver gave Round Scabby Robe the small stick, but first he wrapped the stick in cattail leaves and admonished Round Scabby Robe never to place the stick upon the ground but always to place it on a buffalo chip. He said, "If ever the stick touches water or swampy ground it will immediately turn into a young beaver, so never allow the stick to become damp unless you wish to evoke the full power of the Beaver Medicine which the stick represents."

Round Scabby Robe accepted the stick then, and as he was 539
about to leave the lodge the small white beaver came and whis- 648
pered once again into his ear. He said, "Soon you will have occasion to use the power of the stick. When next the Blackfoots and the Snake Persons meet at the water of *Ó-mach-K'tai*, Big Top, Chief of the Snake Persons, while pretending to touch the Blackfoot Chief with his lance, will treacherously attempt to kill him instead. You must save your chief by meeting Big Top in the water and fighting him. Sing your medicine songs, and tie the small stick across your chest, and then Big Top will not be able to harm you because my power is too strong for him. Big Top will be wearing his hair in two braids, and at the front of his head he will have a large topknot decorated on the one side with white shells and on the other with black shells. After you have killed him, you should take his scalp. If you do these things, you will become a great warrior and a chief."

So Round Scabby Robe returned to his people, and he told his plans to his partner. He said, "Partner, Big Top is going to try to kill our chief, but I am going to save our chief's life by meeting Big Top in the water and fighting him. After I have killed him I will take his scalp, and since you are my partner I will share the scalp with you. Some of our other warriors will

122 cover that the two female assistants, seated on his right, were Mary
796 Ground and Maggie Bear Child (Plenty Treaty's wife).

I am an observant person, I think—or at least I try to be—but when
122 I observe people it is usually a conscious and sometimes a strenuous
151 act on my part (occasionally there is the embarrassing moment
796 when I am caught staring). But I have discovered that my Indian
friends, who usually appear not to notice anything or anybody, are
actually more observant than I—in fact they don't miss a thing.
Jimmy was one of the functionaries at the ceremony—he sat cross-legged
and cut tobacco with a knife on a brass tack-decorated
wooden cutting board, and he filled and lighted the long ceremonial
pipe and performed various other functions. I didn't think he took
special notice of anything or anybody. But when later I asked him
to explain some of the rituals—who had done what when and why—
my omnipercipient Indian brother was able to give me the most
intimate detail of anything that had happened at any time during
the ceremony. I would have liked to take some pictures and do a
[126] tape of the ceremony, but, feeling that this would be a tourist-like
intrusion, I did not seek permission. But I wanted to include in this
journal the names of the people present at the Beaver Dance, and
when later in the day I asked Jim to help me out, he was able,
without the slightest hesitation, to name them all. On the Chief's
left, in correct order, were Louis Bear Child, Fish Wolfrobe, James
White Grass, Tom Many Guns, Henry Little Dog, Charlie Horn,
Joe Morning Gun, James White Calf, Richard Last Gun (myself),
Juniper Old Person, Jim Buffalo, Paul Many Hides, and Francis Redhorn.
To the right of the Chief: Mary Ground, Maggie Bear Child,
Mrs. Tom Many Guns, Mrs. Fish Wolfrobe, Mrs. Charlie Horn, Mrs.
Joseph Morning Gun, Mrs. Jim Buffalo, Mrs. Molly Arrowtop, Mrs.
Phillip Many Hides, and Mrs. Henry Little Dog. All these people
122 were seated on the floor, and there were others that could not find
seats and so stood in doorways or along the walls. I was relieved to
796 see that not everyone sat cross-legged because I am currently unable
516 to sit in this manner—I can fold under one leg at a time, but not
both at once.

The four drummers all sat cross-legged, and they were positioned,
[533] as at the Pipe Dance, in a row in front of the women. But this time
the drum rhythm was not a pulsing, heart-like, hard-soft beat. This
time the drumming was a rapid steady pounding. But it was much
more than that. Perhaps a musician could explain how the drummers
achieved such an unusual effect with their steady pounding
drumming. I cannot.

And at the Beaver Dance Ceremony the pounding of drums was 796
accompanied by the sound of rattles. There were four rattles, played 533
at various times by different men—sometimes the Chief had one in
his hand. But the rattles were not shaken in the air; they were 534
pounded on the animal hides that covered the floor, so there was the double sound of the rattle striking the hide and the pebbles chattering inside the rawhide rattle. And then, too, there was the piping of the eagle-bone whistles. (The striking of the rattle upon the hide is a symbolic representation of the beaver's striking the water with his flat tail as a signal of danger; the blowing of the bone whistle represents the beaver's whistle-like warning sound.) The Chief had his whistle hung about his neck on a buckskin thong, and Plenty Treaty and Fish Wolfrobe had similar whistles. At special times, the whistles would inject a series of shrill peeps into the music, and the over-all effect of the drums, the rattles, the whistles, and the chanting was spellbinding—truly fascinating.

There is a theory, rather widely held in music circles, that Ameri- 121
can jazz derives not from African Negro music but from the music 533
of the American Indian. I would be inclined to go along with this theory. Indians are the most musical people I have ever met. And although my opinion admittedly is unqualified, it is not prejudiced. I think that Keely Smith is the greatest female singer of popular songs, and I held this opinion even before I found out that she is an American Indian. And I did hear jazz—really good jazz—in the music of the Beaver Ceremony.

When everyone had taken his place, and the hides had been 796
spread on the floor and the Beaver Bundle had been placed before the Chief, the ceremony began with the burning of sweetgrass on some earth which had been poured onto a hide and then flattened and swirled with the fingers into a pattern which, I feel sure, was symbolic. The sweetgrass was shredded by the Chief over a hot coal which had been carried in by Mary Ground with a pair of wooden
tongs and placed on the earth on the hide. The long series of rituals 796
which followed are, like the rituals of the Pipe Dance, defiant of 562
description, but I think it interesting that women play such important roles in Blackfoot religious ceremonies. Interesting too is the fact that, with the exception of the carrying in of the coal, female functions are always carried out by groups of women, whereas the men usually dance singly.

I had somehow gotten the idea that I was to be number one 123
debutramp at this here cotillion, but not so. I was just one more 796
Blackfoot, and actually I preferred it that way. I was allowed to par-

was raining hard now, and I was glad that it was because it made the visibility very poor. 721

We made it back up to the high ridge where the other fellows were, and when the other boys saw Crazy Crow and me coming with all that loot they sang a victory song with our names in it. We immediately moved our camp farther down the ridge, and when we had made a shelter of the canvas, and had all eaten our fill, we had a good-luck ceremony.

Young Pine began the ceremony by singing a song. The words of the song were: 721 533 539

> Married or single, it is a woman that sends us off on a war party and it is she about whom we think until we get back home again. She sends us away with a good-luck charm to wear and a good-luck song to sing.

Then each of us said a prayer and sang the song that our sweetheart had given us.

Wolf Sitting sang:

> Whenever I see you, alone or in a crowd, no matter how great the distance, I never fail to recognize you.

Prairie Chicken Old Man sang:

> As soon as I see you, I recognize you as my sweetheart.

My own song was:

> Last Gun, If I never see you again,
> I will do nothing but cry all day long.

Then, in order to have good luck on this war party, we all took new names. 721 553 777

Crazy Crow took the name, "Looks-Like-A-Coyote."

Calf Robe took the name, "Single Spot." [The name of his brother, a minor chief.]

Prairie Chicken Old Man took the name, "Many Mules."

Young Pine took the name, "Big, Fine Young Man."

Wolf Sitting took the name, "Front Wolf."

I took the name, "Everybody Talks About."

We started out again at dawn, and we had gone only a short 721

539 not worry about the enemy because they could not do her any harm. Heavy-set Boy said to her, "You must fetch my shield when you hear me sing this song:

[533] Now, Lady, go out and bring me my shield.
Do not worry. Nothing can harm you."

Then Heavy-set Boy asked his sister to bring a cottonwood log and place it in the doorway of the lodge. In the early days the Indians did not have any way of measuring things, but I would estimate that today the log would measure about four feet in length. Heavy-set Boy told his sister that if ever the camp were attacked by enemies, he would need the log as part of his buffalo ceremony.

Several days later, the Crees attacked the Blackfoot camp, and Heavy-set Boy sang the shield song, and his sister brought him his shield. According to instructions, his sister took the shield from its rack, walked once around the teepee, threw the shield to Heavy-set Boy through the open doorway, and then stepped aside.

[533] Then Heavy-set Boy sang his buffalo medicine song:

Whenever I charge, nothing stops me.
If anything gets in my way, I run right over it.

Then he charged from the teepee and jumped on the log in the doorway and split it right in two. He was not carrying any weapon at all, but with the buffalo shield held before him he charged the Crees with the power of six buffalo bulls and sent them running for their lives.

Later on the Crees attacked the camp again. They tried to steal Heavy-set Boy's shield, but they could not budge it; it was as though they had tried to lift six bull buffaloes. Once again Heavy-set Boy made his ceremony, and when his sister threw him his shield he charged from his lodge in great anger and split the log in several pieces and killed every Cree in the raiding party. This time he sang:

[533] Nobody has the power to steal my shield.

From that time on, whenever the Crees found a Blackfoot camp they would look to see whether it was the encampment of Heavy-set Boy. If they saw the buffalo shield on its rack by his lodge, they knew that he was in the lodge, and they kept right on moving away from there as fast as they could go.

remote wilderness by firing several salutes in the court-yard 000
of the fort, for which it is usual to give them something to
drink, or else a present. Our entertainment for the evening 533
was the noise of the drum of the Indian camp, which is employed 534
not only to drive the evil spirit out of the sick, but in 535
their dances and other amusements, and is, therefore, heard
almost every day and every hour. We were likewise much 136
entertained by the antics of three young bears, which ran
about in the court-yard. Another very pretty animal had been
brought up in the fort: this was a young prairie fox, which
Mr. Mitchell made me a present of, and which, by its tameness
and vivacity, helped to amuse us during the following
winter. Our new lodging swarmed with mice, which ran over
our feet while we were writing, and kept the traps set for
them continually in motion. We trained my pretty little fox
to this sport, which was new to him, and he soon became a
capital mouser.

Also on this day preparations were made for the solemn 439
reception of the Indians, which always precedes the opening
of the trade, and which is considered by the Indians as a matter 177
of great importance. The flag being hoisted, two small
cannon, placed in the middle of the court-yard, fired signals
for the commencement of the trade. It was full half an hour [533]
before a noise arose in the Indian camp: we heard singing,
firing of guns, and saw the mass of the Indians advancing on
all sides. When Ninoch-Kiaiu (the bear chief) approached
the gate, it was opened, and the two cannon were again
fired. He entered, followed by three or four chiefs, who approached [576]
Mr. Mitchell with their heads inclined; and, after
shaking hands with him, were made to sit down in the Indian
apartment. Soon afterwards another body appeared, and Mr.
Mitchell went out of the gate to meet them. They advanced [431]
in small parties, headed by their chiefs, who always bring a
present consisting either of some beavers' skins or of a horse.
The first horses that we received in this manner were two [231]
greys and a light bay, which were variously painted with red,
chiefly on the forehead, the shoulders, and the haunches, and
marked on the legs with transverse stripes like a zebra.

The chiefs and about thirty of the principal warriors were
admitted, and, after being seated on buffalo hides in the dining
apartment, they refreshed themselves by drinking and
smoking. In this manner three or four different bands advanced [533]
with rapid strides, repeatedly discharging their guns,
and singing their rude songs. We observed some remarkable, 302

lost in thought. When Mr. Mitchell perceived this, he caused 439
it to be intimated to the chiefs, that "they saw how the
American Fur Company distinguished its faithful friends; that 177
they, on the contrary, had generally taken their beaver skins 578
to the English; that he, therefore, could not give them much [431]
now, but would make every chief a present. That it would be
their interest to deal with him in future, like Ninoch-Kiaiu,
and then it would be in his power to make them more considerable presents."

Several Indians rose, among whom was Haisikat (the stiff
foot, formerly the old head), who, with violent gesticulations,
made a long speech. He was brother-in-law to the Bear
Chief, and plainly advised him to go home, and keep himself sober, because otherwise something serious might happen.
The Blood Indians were offended; they spoke loudly of shooting Ninoch-Kiaiu, between whom and his friends long conferences took place. While this was passing, we saw all the
other Indians sit down in half circles before the gate of the
fort. The warriors sat on the ground, and, while liquor and [533] ●
tobacco were distributed among them, they sang without
ceasing, and sometimes fired their guns. At six in the evening, 000
when we were relieved from these troublesome guests, and
hoped to have some repose after the fatigues of the day, a
violent dispute arose among the *engagés*, which might have
had serious consequences. Blows had been exchanged, and
the example which the Whites gave the Indians was not very
creditable to them.

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Bartering had gone on late into the previous night and we 439
saw most interesting and comic scenes. Those of the Indians 177
who had drunk too much whiskey became exceedingly affec- [273]
tionate, shaking hands without end and even embracing and
kissing us heartily. They traded their furs for whiskey and
clamoured for it incessantly. Most entertaining was the sight [302]
of a wizened old Indian who was painted grey and had [231]
brought a very tame female bear to the fort in order to sell
her. He sat down on the ground with his charge, played with
her and kissed her repeatedly. The animal was charming and
completely tame. Today I bought her for whiskey. Mr. Mitchell then made me the present of a very nice young male to
serve as her mate.

In the afternoon at the fort the scenes of bartering and 439
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bacchanals were soon repeated. The Indians came with a small cask and with everything serviceable they owned and gave everything to get their favourite drink. Many came singing and dancing and offered their wives and daughters in exchange for whiskey. Others brought horses, beavers, and other skins, and we saw indescribable scenes. The young as well as the old got something to drink, and even very small children here and there could neither stand nor walk. 439 177 273 [533] [535]

AUGUST 12, 1833

About noon, the Blackfoot chief Kutonapi arrived in the fort with his band, firing their guns, and was received with the usual discharge of the cannon. The cheerfulness that then prevailed among us was immediately interrupted by discord and mourning. Some Blood Indians had stolen three horses belonging to the fort, and search was made in vain after the thieves, when, in the afternoon, a much more serious event occurred. Mr. Bodmer had just begun to paint the portrait of Hotokaneheh (the head of the buffalo skin), with his large, handsomely ornamented calumet, when we heard a shot in an adjoining room, and immediately saw the people running together. A Blood Indian, who had often been in the fort, and had, till that time, always conducted himself well, had shot, with a pistol, one of our young men named Martin. All the people were assembled round the perpetrator, and nobody knew the cause of this event. The Indian seemed, indeed, to be rather confounded, and affirmed that his pistol had gone off by accident. Many of the young men were for having him shot, because, as they said, he had doubtless committed the murder designedly; but Mr. Mitchell decided with more moderation, considering the occurrence as an unfortunate accident. When the first moments of exasperation were past, he forbade the murderer the fort, but at the same time strictly enjoined the *engagés* to refrain from all acts of violence towards this Indian. 177

Ninoch-Kiaiu, who was present, did not take the matter so easily. Though he had been offended in the forenoon, because brandy was refused him, he warmly took part with the Whites, and was going to shoot the murderer; but being prevented in this, he beat him with the butt-end of his gun, and drove him, as well as several Gros Ventres des Prairies, who happened to be present, with blows, out of the fort. Kutonapi, who was likewise present, stepped forward, and made a violent speech,

[p. 103-A]

placed against the walls; others, in their deplorable condition, were pulled about by their relations, amid tears and lamentations. The White Buffalo, whom I have often mentioned, and who had received a wound at the back of his head, was carried about, in this manner, amid singing, howling, and crying: they rattled the schischikué in his ears, that the evil spirit might not overcome him, and gave him brandy to drink. He himself, though stupefied and intoxicated, sung without intermission, and would not give himself up to the evil spirit. Otsequa-Stomík, an old man of our acquaintance, was wounded in the knee by a ball, which a woman cut out with a penknife, during which operation he did not betray the least symptom of pain. Natah-Otann, a handsome young man, with whom we had become acquainted, was suffering dreadfully from severe wounds. Several Indians, especially young women, were likewise wounded. We endeavoured to assist the wounded, and Mr. Mitchell distributed balsam, and linen for bandages, but very little could be done; for, instead of suffering the wounded, who were exhausted by the loss of blood, to take some rest, their relations continually pulled them about, sounded large bells, rattled their medicine or amulets, among which were the bears' paws, which the White Buffalo wore on his breast. A spectator alone of this extraordinary scene can form any idea of the confusion and the noise, which was increased by the loud report of the musketry, the moving backwards and forwards of the people carrying powder and ball, and the tumult occasioned by above twenty horses shut up in the fort.

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When the enemy were still very near the fort, Mr. Mitchell had given orders to fire the cannon of the right-hand front block-house among them; but this had not been done, because the Blackfeet were partly mixed with the Assiniboins; no use, therefore, had been made of them, of which the Indians complained bitterly. The enemy gradually retreated, and concentrated themselves in several detachments on the brow of the hill, and this gave us an opportunity to open the gate, with due precaution, and view the destroyed tents and the bodies of the slain. The Indian who was killed near the fort especially interested me, because I wished to obtain his skull. The scalp had already been taken off, and several Blackfeet were engaged in venting their rage on the dead body. The men fired their guns at it; the women and children beat it with clubs, and pelted it with stones; the fury of the latter was particularly directed against the privy parts.

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[p.110-A]

Before I could obtain my wish, not a trace of the head was to 727
be seen. Not far from the river there was a melancholy scene;
old Haisikat (the stiff foot) was lamenting over his grown-up
daughter, who had concealed herself in the bushes near the
fort, and had been shot in mistake by Dechamp, who thought
she was an enemy.

At the very beginning of the engagement, the Blackfeet 726
had dispatched messengers on horseback to the great camp
of their nation, which was eight or ten miles off, to summon
their warriors to their aid, and their arrival was expected
every moment. Meantime, Ninoch-Kiaiu came and called 721
on Mr. Mitchell for assistance, for they had been attacked 177
by another party of the enemy. Hotokaneheh likewise came to
the fort, and made a long and violent speech, in which he
reproached the Whites with being inactive while the enemy
were still in the vicinity; they ought not to confine themselves
to the "defence of the fort, if they seriously desired the alliance
of the Blackfeet, but endeavour to attack the common enemy
in the prairie," &c. All these reproaches hurt Mr. Mitchell, and
he resolved to show the Indians that the Whites were not
deficient in courage. With this view he made the best hunters
and riflemen mount their horses, and, in spite of our endeavours
to dissuade him from this impolitic measure, he
proceeded to the heights, where 150 or 200 Blackfeet kept
up an irregular fire on the enemy.

We who remained in the fort had the pleasure of viewing a 726
most interesting scene. From the place where the range of
hills turns to the Missouri, more and more Blackfeet continued
to arrive. They came galloping in groups, from three 714
to twenty together, their horses covered with foam, and they 292
themselves in their finest apparel, with all kinds of ornaments
and arms, bows and quivers on their backs, guns in [411]
their hands, furnished with their medicines, with feathers on [237]
their heads; some had splendid crowns of black and white
eagles' feathers, and a large hood of feathers hanging down
behind, sitting on fine panther skins lined with red; the
upper part of their bodies partly naked, with a long strip
of wolf's skin thrown across the shoulder, and carrying shields
adorned with feathers and pieces of coloured cloth. A truly
original sight! Many immediately galloped over the hill, 727
whipped their tired horses, in order to take part in the engagement,
shouting, singing, and uttering their war-whoop; but a [533]
great part of them stopped at the fort, received powder and
balls, and, with their guns and bows, shot at the disfigured